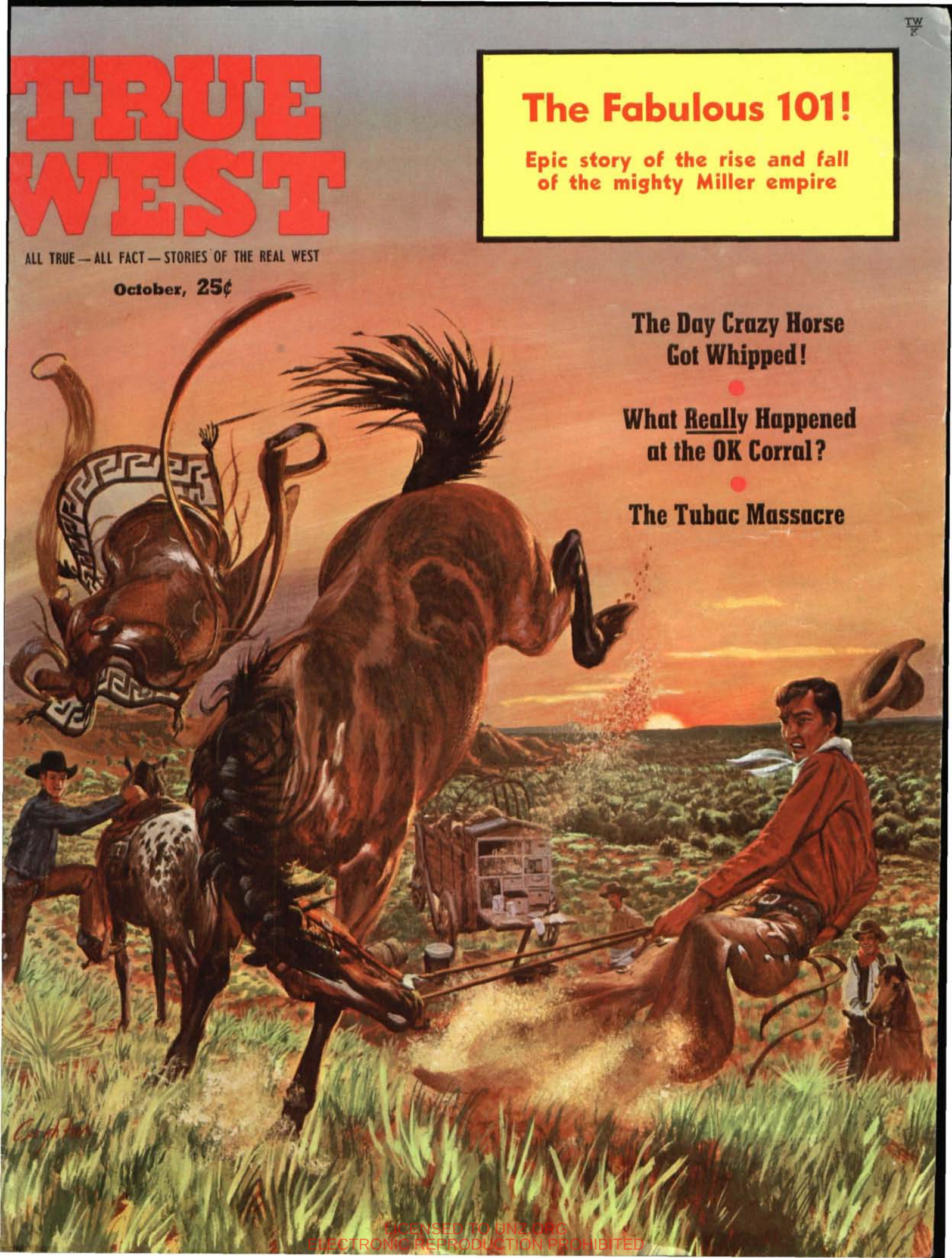
TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

October, 25¢

The Fabulous 101!

Epic story of the rise and fall of the mighty Miller empire



The Day Crazy Horse Got Whipped!

What Really Happened at the OK Corral?

The Tubac Massacre

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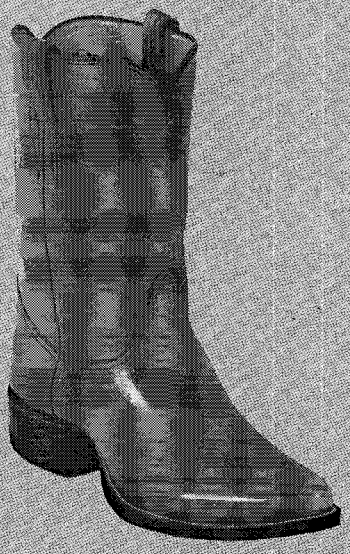
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Champions Choose Kangaroo

GUY WEEKS, a top contender in three rodeo events, has been among the top ten in the all-around standings since 1954. He is one of the few who ever got to be top hands both in riding and roping. This handsome young man is also vice-president of the Rodeo Cowboys' Association.

Guy Weeks chooses Tony Lama boots for their quality, comfort and authentic western styling. Take Guy's advice, "See your Tony Lama dealer for these famous boots in quality kangaroo leathers!"

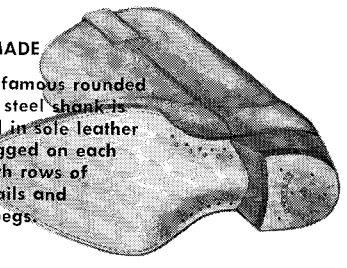


STYLE 39 WELLINGTON

STYLE 58 BENEDICTINE KANGAROO

For real comfort and good looks choose Tony Lama boots of aniline tanned benedictine kangaroo. This fine leather deserves the quality construction built into every pair of Tony Lama boots.

Tony ★ Lama CO., INC.



HANDMADE

Lama's famous rounded arch. A steel shank is encased in sole leather and pegged on each side with rows of brass nails and wood pegs.

WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

219 S. OREGON ST.
EL PASO, TEXAS

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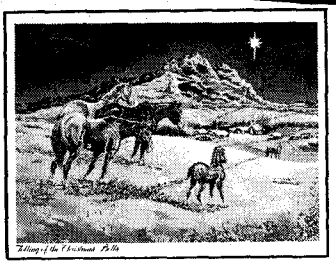
14th ANNUAL ROUNDUP

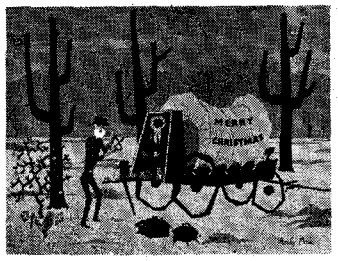
WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS IN FULL COLOR

L1747 — **Thinkin' of you at Christmas**
"With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season"



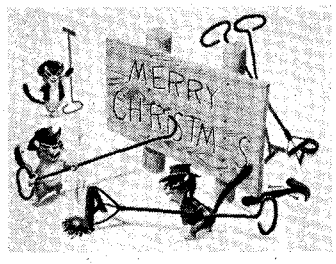
L1748 — **Tolling of the Christmas Bells**
"May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year"

T1750 — **The Merry Christmas Claim**
"Season's Greetings and Good Diggings all the Year"



P1751 — **Chuck Wagon Santa**
"With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season"

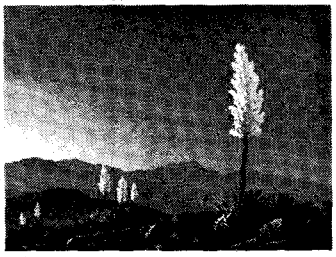
L1753 — **"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd—"**
"Wishing you all the Blessings and Joys of Christmas"



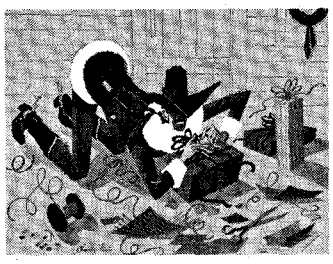
T1754 — **Season's Stampings**
"And Best Wishes for the Brand New Year"

L1755 — **A Christmas Visit**
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"

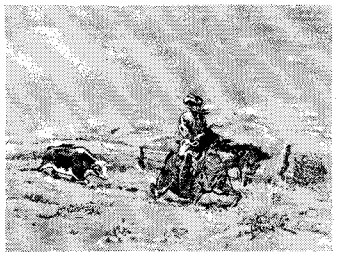
L1757 — **Season's Greetings**
"With Best Wishes for the Coming Year"



H1758 — **Candles in the Big Church**
"May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year"



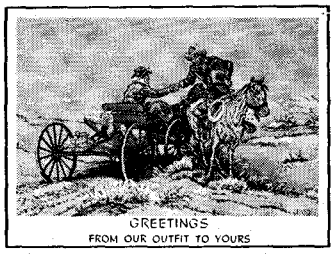
P1759 — **Christmas Capers**
"Merry Christmas"



L1761 — **A Christmas Kindness**
Greeting is an appropriate verse

S1762 — **Christmas Eve in the West**
"Wishing you all the Blessings and Joys of Christmas"

L1763 — **The Christmas Dance**
Greeting is an appropriate verse



L1764 — **Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours**
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"

All new and different for 1960. Created by top Western artists Lorenz, Stahley, Tilton, Paris, and Hilton. All cards in full color, beautiful heavy-grade textured paper, folded to 5" x 6½", complete with matching envelopes. With or without your name imprinted in red to match greetings shown above. These exclusive cards available by mail only. Use this handy order page by writing quantity of each type you want in the box below the illustration, or mention card number in your letter. Print your name, address, and circle your total order in coupon below. Specify imprint desired. Your order given personal attention and shipped within 24 hours. Orders for Christmas 1960 accepted through December 15. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. **(Mail this page or your letter with cash, check, or money order today.**

WE PAY POSTAGE
IN U.S. AND CANADA

Quantity of cards	*Without imprint*	*With imprint*
15	$ 2.50	$ 3.50
25	3.50	4.50
50	7.00	8.50
75	10.50	12.50
100	12.50	14.50
125	14.75	16.75
200	22.75	26.50
300	34.50	39.50
500	56.75	62.50

Circle total quantity and price of your order

Colorado residents add 2% sales tax.

The LAZY RL RANCH P. O. BOX 950 BOULDER, COLORADO

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

Names to be Imprinted _____

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GALVESTON

A sparkling isle in the Gulf of Mexico, sprinkled with palms, oleanders, and other tropical plants. 32 miles of beach and sparkling surf to enjoy. All sports and entertainment facilities. Fishing is tops—night life bright—perfect for your vacation. Write today for color folder and full information.

Your hosts on the beach are

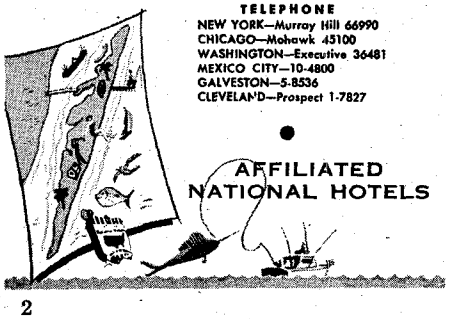
hotel BUCCANEER and hotel GALVEZ

- SWIMMING POOL
- COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED
- TELEVISION — RADIO
- SUPERB SEAFOOD

AFFILIATED NATIONAL HOTELS

ALABAMA
HOTEL ADMIRAL SEMMES ..... Mobile
HOTEL THOMAS JEFFERSON ..... Birmingham
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
HOTEL WASHINGTON ..... Washington
INDIANA
HOTEL CLAYPOOL ..... Indianapolis
LOUISIANA
JUNG HOTEL ..... New Orleans
HOTEL DESOTO ..... New Orleans
NEBRASKA
HOTEL PAXTON ..... Omaha
NEW MEXICO
HOTEL CLOVIS ..... Clovis
SOUTH CAROLINA
HOTEL WADE HAMPTON ..... Columbia
TEXAS
HOTEL STEPHEN F. AUSTIN ..... Austin
HOTEL BROWNWOOD ..... Brownwood
HOTEL BAKER ..... Dallas
HOTEL TRAVIS ..... Dallas
HOTEL CORTEZ ..... El Paso
HOTEL BUCCANEER ..... Galveston
HOTEL GALVEZ ..... Galveston
HOTEL JEAN LAFITTE ..... Galveston
CORONADO COURTS ..... Galveston
HOTEL PLAZA ..... Laredo
HOTEL LUBBOCK ..... Lubbock
HOTEL FALLS ..... Marlin
HOTEL CACTUS ..... San Angelo
HOTEL MENGER ..... San Antonio
ANGELES COURTS ..... San Antonio
VIRGINIA
HOTEL MOUNTAIN LAKE ..... Mountain Lake
HOTEL MONTICELLO ..... Norfolk

TELEPHONE
NEW YORK—Murray Hill 66990
CHICAGO—Mohawk 45100
WASHINGTON—Executive 36481
MEXICO CITY—10-4800
GALVESTON—5-8536
CLEVELAND—Prospect 1-7827



September-October, 1960
Volume 8, No. 1
Whole No. 41

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Editor and Publisher

PAT WAGNER
Assistant to Publisher

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Taylor Oughton

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. $3.75 for 12 issues in Canada and all other countries. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, April 22, 1953, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1960 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

True West

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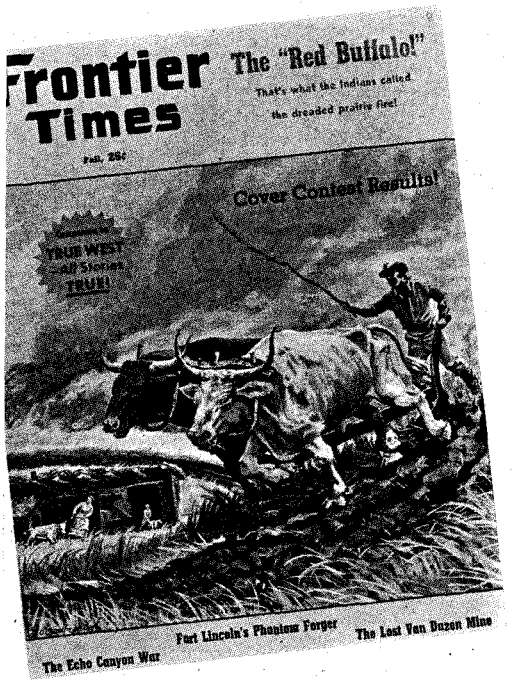
Did You Ever Hear of "The Red Buffalo?"



That is what the Indians of the West called the prairie fire—the scourge that destroyed the rangeland, wiped out villages, and frightened into stampede huge herds of buffalo!

In the Fall Frontier Times

"The Red Buffalo"

Don't miss this exciting article by Robert F. Scott in the Fall *Frontier Times*, on sale now at your local newsstand!

This is True West!

FRONTIER TIMES is TRUE WEST—with just a different title. This was done in order to keep both magazines on the newsstands longer so we could sell more copies and come out better financially in order to do what you want us to do—EFFECT MONTHLY PUBLICATION. If you can't find FRONTIER TIMES, look under Magazines in the yellow pages (or ask your newsstand owner) and call the wholesaler. Tell him you've just GOT to have more TW and FT at your favorite newsstand, and you won't go without. We'll send any number to any wholesaler—as many as he wants.

CHECK THIS PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS:

FORT LINCOLN'S PHANTOM FORGER. A phantom forger hovered over history for twenty-three years, costing the U. S. thousands of dollars and army officers in the West, many a night's sleep. But he came within an inch of saving Custer from the massacre at Little Big Horn.

THE LOST VAN DUZEN MINE. Murder, thievery, starvation —all have become a part of the history of the search for the fabulous Van Duzen gold mine somewhere in the San Bernardino Mountains!

THE ECHO CANYON WAR. Brigham Young and Jim Bridger slugged it out for the trading post in Wyoming's Green River Valley—and both of them lost!

THE CASE OF THE BUNGLING BANK ROBBERS. It was a daring attempt—but that day everything went wrong. The hostages ran away, the "foolproof" plan fouled up—and the money sack was left behind!

THE PEACEMAKER. One determined man rode out alone to save his people from Navajo retribution — for a crime the Mormons were not guilty of.

JOHN BROWN'S SHADOW. How the family of the famous —and infamous—John Brown finally found a home in California!

"I KNOW WHAT I SAW!" There are folks in the cedar thickets of Texas who know blamed well ghosts are real—they've **seen** them!

This is really a jam-packed issue with more stories than we can tell you about—like HAND MADE TOWN, DUEL AT DUSK, THE INDIANS COULDN'T CATCH HIM! THE GREAT ARIZONA LAND FRAUD, and THE SAND HILLS TRAGEDY. "Nuggets" brings you A CHINAMAN'S RACE, HOSPITALITY, TRAGEDY ON THE TRAIL, and IF PHOTOS COULD SPEAK. All these stories, along with your favorites, "Frontier Post," Western Book Roundup and a special report on the results of the Cover Contest will carry you down the rutted back-trails of the Old West to high adventure! Don't miss the Summer issue of FRONTIER TIMES.

If you have trouble finding FRONTIER TIMES on your newsstand, fill in the coupon and make sure of getting it regularly.

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-60, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing ☐ $1 for 4 issues; ☐ $2 for 8 issues; ☐ $3 for 12 issues (check one) of FRONTIER TIMES.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

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Liquor Ad Decision!

Wow! This vote on whether or not TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES should run alcoholic beverage advertising is almost getting out of hand! If we get an issue out at all this time, we'll be lucky! It's almost a full-time job just reading the letters. One thing for sure, when you folks are asked a question, you aren't coy about giving an answer!

But I'll hush and let you read these letters. They are completely fascinating. Obviously, we could print only a very small percentage, so don't feel hurt if yours isn't among those following. It got counted in the "yes" or "no" columns —don't you worry! Here they go!

Howdy, Podners:

Y'all askin' about them thar likker ads. Y'all jist rope and hogtie every dadburned one of them y'all can get. Fill the corral full enough to put a awful strain on two saddle cinches and bulge the corral rails. It is no disgrace to run likker ads.

If you do, I'll say y'all will hold 99 44/100 percent of your subscribers, also be able to get yourself a good beefburger with onions now and then. I am 75 years old. Never took a drink of hard likker. A good likker ad with horses or hounds, a good stand of timber and other pictures, is not hard to look at.—G. A. W., Shellrock, Iowa.

Sirs:

I am a bootlegger. I know whisky. Please don't let it ever be advertised in your DECENT magazine.

Also I would like to protest the silly cracks by your writers who say PROHIBITION caused bootlegging. We haven't had prohibition in twenty-five years!

When will some people wake up anyway?—F. M. G., Iola, Kansas.

Dear Sir:

When I go into a cafe to eat, and have been there before, I am going there for the good meal I expect to get for the money it costs. If there is anything in the darned world that makes me mad, it's a place that cuts down on the quality and quantity of the food served. You only get half of what you expect and it ain't as good as it used to be. I don't care if they raise the price, if they have to, but when I'm hungry I want to eat! Good grub and lots of it and to heck with the price! I feel the same about your magazines, TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. I buy it for the clean, truthful and interesting magazine it is. If and when your publications cease to contain these admirable characteristics, I, for one, will cease to buy it!

I realize to some extent, the problem you face and would like to help. If manufacturers won't advertise with you, to the devil with them. Raise the price of F.T. and T.W. to 35c! I don't subscribe to them yet as I ain't got around to it yet but I buy *every* edition that comes out. I like them and think they are well worth the price of 35c. The man that buys one and doesn't like it, chances are he won't ever buy another. But if he does like it, he'll be waiting for the next issue long before it comes out and will be more than glad to pay the extra 10c for all the enjoyment he gets out of it! It's only human nature. So please keep the books clean, fellas, and no liquor ads.—J. S., Medford, Oregon.

We've thought of raising the price to 35c, J. S., but are told by experts in the newsstand sales field that it might eliminate enough of the occasional readers, the "shoppers" and the "hefters" to do more harm than good. There are many people who are not steady readers, but buy only certain issues that appeal to them. A big percentage FEEL the thickness and heaviness of a magazine to determine whether or not it is worth the price.

We are also told by these experts that a man won't mind paying 10c extra at all if he likes the book, but a woman resents the raise to a point where it becomes almost disastrous. You'd be surprised how many women readers we have! The biggest thing, however, is the new reader problem. We have people writing in constantly saying "IF WE'D ONLY KNOWN!" They have seen both magazines on the stands for months, thinking they are just "another western," but finally got curious enough to buy and read one. Then we get glowing letters. Statistics show that these new customers buy very cautiously and the extra dime on an unknown item makes a mighty big difference. So you see some of our problems there.

Dear Editor:

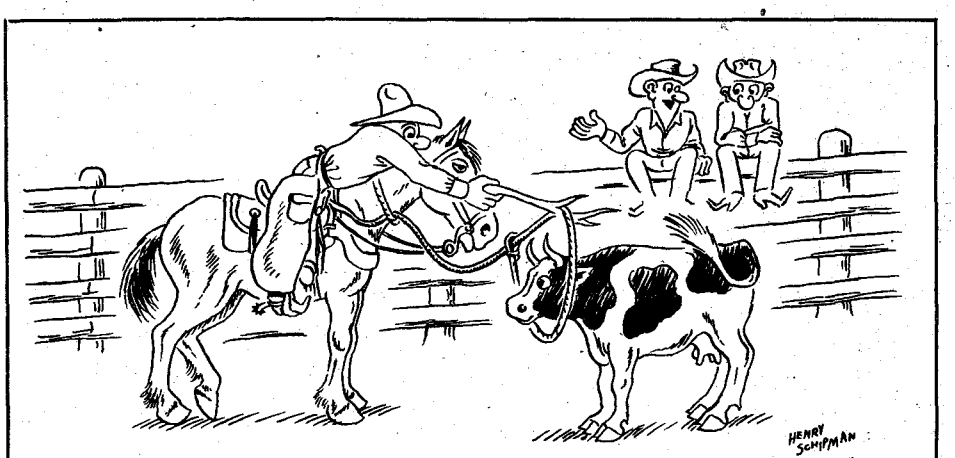
May I say a few words? I have been in this country twelve years and this is the first 'mag' I have really and truly enjoyed. It is wonderful to be able to leave a "clean" magazine around the house or in the car—even the ads are clean!

However, regarding the liquor ads—I'm all for them if it will help us get a MONTHLY issue. After all, anyone who will stop buying a magazine with about sixty or seventy pages of magnificent reading on account of liquor ads is narrow-minded and bigoted. At least liquor ads are clean. The stories are about saloons and killings, etc., so what's the difference? I say it's all in the mind and how you think. Besides, I admire you tremendously for turning down ads which you think not fit for TW and FT and I say more power to you. Can't think why I did not send in my subscription for FT the same time I sent for TW. Well, as my husband says, "They will keep me quiet for a while." (I'll have 40 issues when I receive the above.) I can't find one fault with either of your magazines except of course some stories are better than others or more exciting, but it's the best twenty-five cents worth of reading you can buy today and I like it because it's all TRUE.

Can honestly say it is the first magazine I read from cover to cover and the stories are told so simply and honestly one is almost carried back to the time it happened. By the way, I met Wyatt Earp's nephew a few weeks ago. He's with the Police Department in the city of Crane, Texas. (Mrs.) F. W., Odessa, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Please, please, please! Don't start having liquor ads in your wonderful magazines. They are the only decent "westerns" on the newsstands. I put the others in the same group as most of the so-called "Men's Magazines," in that I wouldn't dream of letting any of my four children read them or even look at the pictures. We save every one we can afford to buy, or beg from our relatives, so that our little boy (age 2) and his three older sisters can have a way to tell what the old West was really like. Both my husband and I are very interested in western lore. I guess that's why a Yankee like me (from Illinois) happened to marry a Texan in the first place. I hope you do have more stories in the future on Indian lore other than their wars. I have already written three companies suggesting they look into your advertising rates and will write to others when I can. I've written to Lone Star boats, "Mobile Homes" of Chicago, and the Gun Digest. I hope you get a flood of new advertising so you won't even have to think of having liquor ads



"He'll need a little more practice before he enters the world's championship roping contest!"

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again. We don't subscribe to a single magazine that carries such advertising. —Mrs. A. E. R., Gatesville, Texas

You're giving us ideas! If every person who has written in objecting to liquor advertising were to write the manufacturers who would benefit most from being in our magazines, we wouldn't need liquor advertising! To get them to KEEP writing, off and on, would be the trouble. Just a flurry would do little good. Another thing, if every person would work on dealers who handle western wear, what a help that would be! Don't leave—ideas are sprouting. We'll go into this a little more in detail later on.

Dear Joe,

On May 1st I got my copy of June TRUE WEST and automatically turned to your special page—Page 4, "No Liquor Ads?"—and started reading. Needless to say, the title itself shocked me and when I read I on got madder by the second. So mad, in fact, I read every ad in the book and then the stories.

On May 2nd—after finishing the whole book—I sat down at this old blunderbuss and started writing letters (and I'm not through writing them yet!). Am enclosing one letter I thought you might like to read, an answer to my ranting at the poor company (poor?—they got enough money it won't hurt them to spend a little of it). Here's hoping it'll do some good. At any rate, they are considering the situation and from the sound of the letter they must have gone out and bought copies of the magazines, 'cause I sure didn't send them mine.

I just figured, by golly, that if I could buy these different companies' hunting and fishing equipment, the least they could do would be to advertise in *my* magazines and I told them so. Didn't get mad in doing so, just pointed out the advantages in advertising their products in a magazine we put as much faith in as we do that the sun will shine EVERY day in this country. Also told them I wouldn't part with their products any more than I'd turn loose of my copies of TW and FT.

I guess you can figure out by the above that I definitely do NOT want to see liquor ads in the magazines. Not that I have anything against liquor—I just don't drink it is all—but just want to see better advertising than that in your most enjoyable work. Okay? And so help me, I'll keep on writing letters every time I get a few minutes to do so.

Continued good luck and I hope a few others have done as I have.—Mrs. E. W., East Flagstaff, Arizona.

By dingittoheckfire, Mrs. E. W.! Letters like yours make us feel all funny inside. We don't exactly know what we've done to deserve such help, but we blamed sure aren't going to argue with help when it comes along! Looks like we're always crying on somebody's shoulder, but if anybody thinks it's just a big put-on, I'll double-invite them (plus about $200,000 in loose change!) to get into the publishing business these days. You could establish a verdant oasis on burning sand with the overflow from their tears in a year's time!

So when the going gets rough with us, we just tell it exactly like it is and seems like our readers won't LET us die! Our circulation continues to climb (we're the biggest selling magazine of a western nature in the country by a considerable margin) but the advertising hasn't come along to support it so that puts us in a squeeze. We wouldn't need advertising if all circulation came in on a free will basis—but there's mighty little of that.

Bet you one thing, we're the least BRAGGINGEST concern you've run across in some time. Every business in the U.S. today, according to their promotion, is just doing GREAT because they put out the BEST. So our tears, now and then, should be a novel relief, at least!

Howdy, Joe,

I just stumbled on your magazine at our local newsstand. Believe me, you have one worth reading. I enjoyed every story (June). You'll have no trouble selling this magazine.

Stories like "Fabulous Gambler" were actually pretty common in Nevada history and many interesting things have never been written, especially mining and the people who ran the boom towns in the old West.

"It's not supposed to mean anything. It's for the tourist trade!"

If there isn't enough money in Texas to back a magazine such as yours look around in a truly Western state—Nevada—the place for a magazine of such calibre.

As far as we (Nevada) are concerned, advertise your liquor ads. Out here we drink in the open as they did in the old days. A man who would be shocked by a liquor ad doesn't belong in the West anyway.—D. D., Fallon, Nevada.

Old Joe:

Have been a subscriber of The Grand Old Rag since Spring, 1954; Volume 1, Number 4. That comes close to the beginning. Naturally, I am interested, but you are asking a lot to decide if a starving man should continue to die of starvation for the sake of principle. Therefore, I can only say I hope that I shall never see a liquor ad in TRUE WEST. This does not come from a "Do Gooder." Fifty-three years ago I rode a topsail yard around Cape Horn on a square-rigged ship. For years, I have commanded steamships to various parts of the world. I have seen liquor and what it will make men do and the trouble it will cause, until I hate the thought of the damn stuff. Hope you can keep going without it.

It may please you to hear that after my copy of TW has been read, it is passed on to three other persons and then returned for permanent keeping. Carry on.—Capt. F. N. L., Mendocino, California.

Dear Sir:

May I, as a subscriber to both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES give my opinion regarding liquor ads in your magazines?

I think it is a nice gesture on your part to even ask your public for their opinion.

Myself, I see nothing wrong with liquor ads. Most of them are in good taste. Sometimes those on TV are silly in the extremes they go to, but not offending.

Having teen-agers in my house, I wouldn't want any book with off-color ads coming into my home. Such as ads for pornographic pictures and movies and books that "come in plain wrappers." Ads for pep pills, too, are offending. There are so many things that one cannot begin to think of them all.

This subject has often come up when a group of us get to talking and I have said I don't want that type of book in my home. Some argue, "Well, the children see them outside." That may be, but I'd be ashamed to have my daughter see me reading the type of books that are compatible with these ads. I am very fussy what kind of reading material I read. I am not ashamed to have anyone pick up a book or magazine in my home. TRUE WEST and FRONTER TIMES I am very proud of. Please keep them clean. I honestly don't think your average reader would be interested in the off-color type ad. People who read your books are the kind not given to such low thoughts as these ads thrive on.

I have no fear that you gentlemen will debase your fine publications. You aren't built that way or you wouldn't have invited comment as you did. I would even be willing to pay a higher price for my book than see them soiled.—A. D., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Sir:

In your May-June issue of TRUE WEST you asked the subscribers for advice regarding the inserting of liquor ads in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. While I am no prohibition crank, I do rejoice in receiving a magazine that is not "plastered" with liquor ads attempting to cause the reader to believe that alcoholic beverages are the "magnum bonum" of life. Moreover, I feel free to pass on these magazines to young people for their perusal, knowing that they will not have to endure the blatant advertising of the liquor interests.

I realize the temptation "to take on" liquor advertising is great. What your magazine needs is more publicity so that people interested in **true**—emphasize the true—stories about the West may know about them. Especially is this needed in the East. I like your magazines since they deal with **true** stories of the West. The gamblers, gun-men, and sharpers of the Old West were "pikers" compared with the gangsters, crooks, bookies, thugs, muggers, etc., that we are compelled to tolerate here in the Northeast. Most of your old-time marshals lived up to their oaths of office, but the prevalence of crime in 1960 in the Northeast makes one wonder how much stamina and desire to enforce the law the law enforcement officers in this

(Continued on page 38)

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The mighty Miller clan built an empire of thundering hoofs, flowing fields, and rugged cowboys. No matter how dim old-timers' memories are, there are few who will ever forget the epic story of

The Fabulous 101!

By MADELON B. KATIGAN

IT WAS ON THE Salt Fork in northern Oklahoma where Shorty, the foreman, and his riders went for a swim one sultry afternoon. A cowboy named George felt something sharp on the bottom and reached down. He came up with a freshly severed steer's head. He held it up for the others to see.

"Aye," said Shorty in an ominously quiet voice.

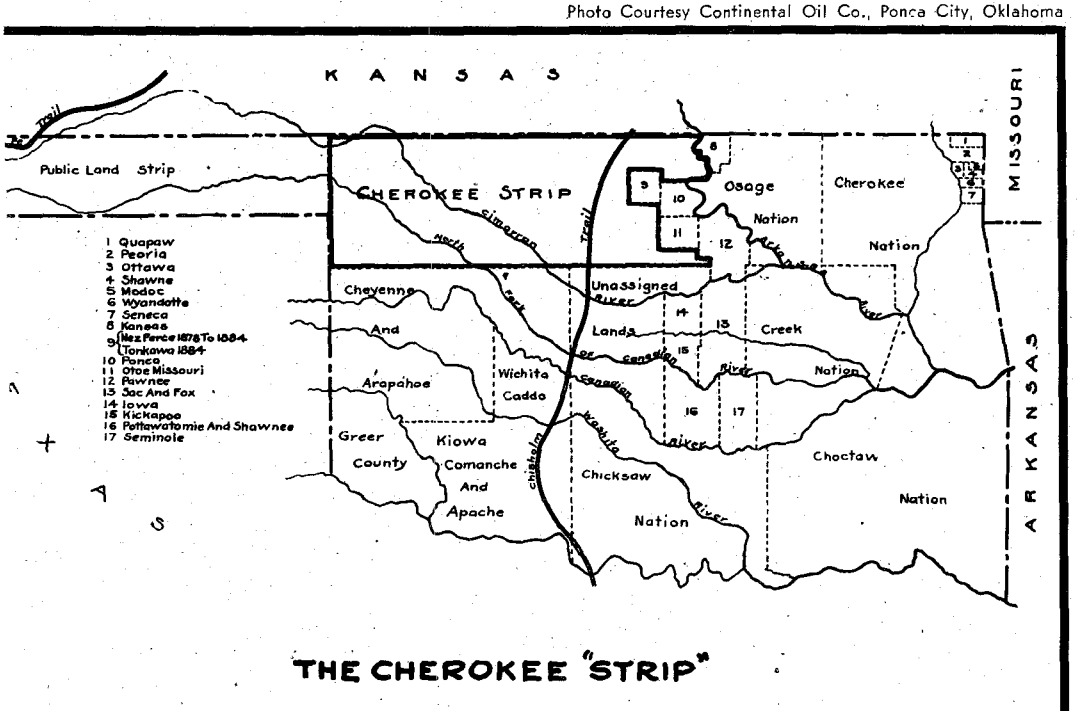
"That ain't all, Shorty!" the cowboy cried. "There's more."

They found a dozen heads that had been lopped off and tossed into the stream. They dressed and got under way quickly, the look on Shorty's face more doggedly determined than before. Riding straight west on the prairie, they came to another little creek and found the evidence they sought—fresh hides with the brand 101 on them.

"It be them, all right." The gleam in Shorty's eyes was fierce now. "It be them damn track-layin' outfit."

The Cherokee Strip, showing the area in which the Miller's famous ranch was located and the regions portioned off to each of the various Indian tribes for reservations.

Photo Courtesy Continental Oil Co., Ponca City, Oklahoma



They quickly found the camp of the railroad track-laying crew. Shorty demanded of the foreman $30 for every missing steer.

The foreman's fists knotted but the grim look on Shorty's face and his pointed rifle decided the issue. A check in the amount of $1,020 made payable to the 101 Ranch was turned over to Shorty.

It was but one of the hundreds of incidents that are crowded into the history of the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch in the Cherokee Strip in what is now Kay County in northern Oklahoma.

There could never be another 101 Ranch because today there is not so much rich soil to be had so cheaply, nor is there room left for such a colossal spread.

The 101 was the granddaddy of all ranches. It involved many enterprises, including a 101 Wild West Show, cattle and hog raising, saddle making, corn production and many other innovations that made it one of the most extensive ventures in ranching ever undertaken anywhere. How it came into being, its growth and achievements makes one of the most interesting stories of the Old West.

The ranch consisted finally of 172 mile-square sections located in the center of the Strip, with the Salt Fork making its way through it; the grass was tall and sweet, the best to be found in the whole Strip, and it was costing the ranch's founder, George Washington Miller, but two cents an acre per year.

The ranch abounded in wild game. Turkeys courted in the blue-stem grass and at sunset flew to roost in the trees along the bottomlands. White-tailed deer emerged timidly from the elms, pecans, blackjack, cottonwoods, walnuts and aspens.

It was a ranchman's paradise, a dream come true. The bad seasons were short, the good seasons long and there was an

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Photo Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Top, the three Miller brothers: George L., Zack T., and Joseph C. Miller. Bottom, the 101 Ranch "Real Wild West Show" advertising poster, showing scenes from the Free Street Parade, the Wild West Show, the Round Up, the Buffalo Hunt and the pageants of the West "as it really was."

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abundance of the most essential needs—grass and water.

Skinny longhorn cattle were available in Texas for a song and Miller brought them in by the hundreds. In no time they were fat and ready for the northern markets.

SUCH WAS THE beginning of this inland empire G. W. would leave to his three sons—Joseph Carson, born March 12, 1869; Zachary Taylor, born October 26, 1879, and George Lee, born September 9, 1881.

The 101 cow brand was to make the sons famous, and G. W. came by it in 1879. Coming up out of Texas with a herd of cattle, the drag halted at San Antonio to rest and to let the hired hands snort around a bit. After weeks on the trail, under a blistering sun, the boys cut loose. They piled into a hole-in-the-wall dump called "The Hundred and One" which they wrecked and practically tossed into the dusty street.

Miller understood what the monotony and hardship of a trail hand's life would do to a man, but just the same he wanted no more run-ins with "The Hundred and One." He cured his crew by using the 101 for the road brand. The men just naturally didn't hanker to cut-out for that little place in "San'tone" after those numbers had danced before their eyes day in and day out.

Education for the Miller boys was catch-as-catch-can, and they were not in favor of catching much, unless it came from the wide-open range and in the company of the carefree trail hands. Besides, they looked up to their father and he seemed to know all a man should, and taught them lessons they never forgot. G. W. was the best when it came to horse trading or judging livestock, and he sharpened his sons' wits early by pushing them into deals. Sometimes they were clipped and sometimes made the neat profit that was more to G. W.'s way of handling matters. Either way, G. W. figured they were taught a lesson that would make men of them. Nevertheless, no matter how they resisted they were tutored for a while by the Misses Limerick. Then, there was a spell in Sweet Springs, Missouri, at the Marmaduke Military Academy, and a little bit more at Spaulding's Business College in Kansas City. Formal schooling was not to their liking, especially when there were better ways to teach a man.

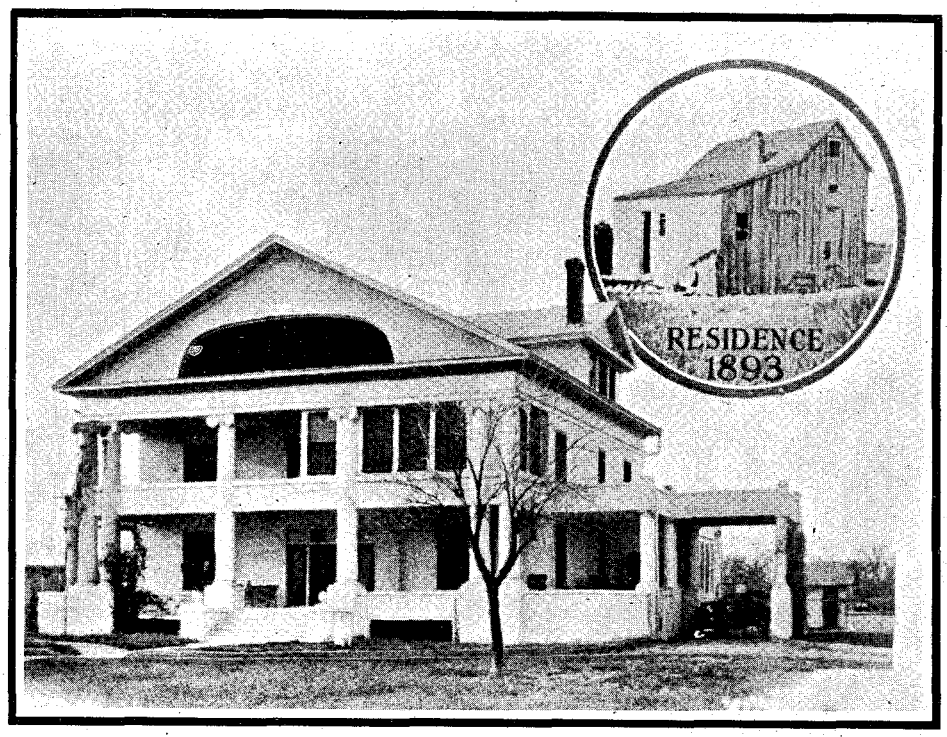
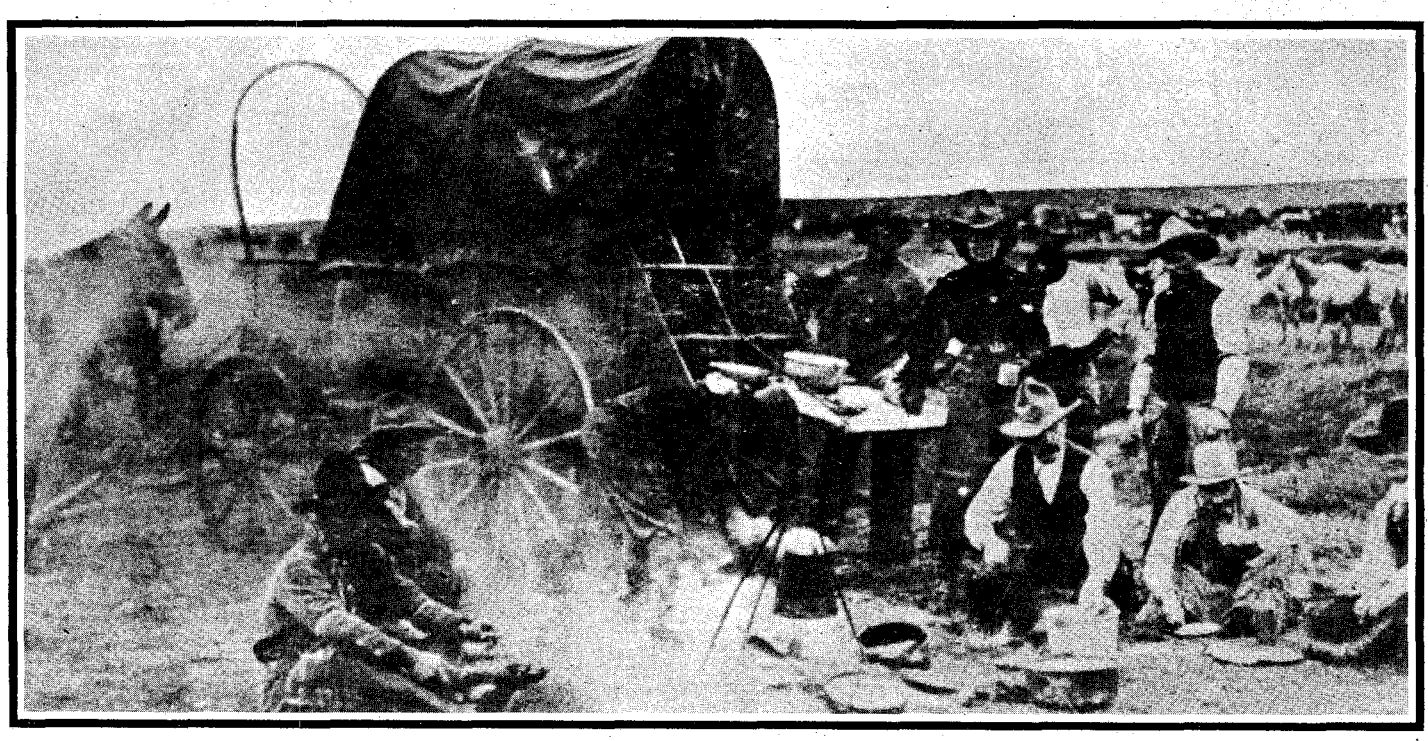


Photo Courtesy Continental Oil Co., Ponca City, Oklahoma

Residence 1893 (upper right) and the famous "White House," 1914.

For instance, there was old Comesy, a Ponca warrior, who was all Indian, even though the Government tried to make a country gentleman of him. He was given a fine house, horse and farming equipment. "Sure, house good," Comesy agreed, "for horse and tools." He preferred his tepee down in the grove of walnut trees. His real name was Comes-from-War, but those around the ranch had whittled it to Comesy. Comesy did not mind. In fact, there was much affection between him and his friends at the 101. When the hungry wolves got to howling around his tepee he would pick himself up and wander down to the 101. A good meal of beef, vegetables and coffee was always his to be eaten on the spot and more to be taken back to his tepee.

Comesy taught the boys how to moccasin-soft up on a covey of quail or flock



Dinner on the Roundup, Miller Brothers Ranch.

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of geese. He knew just the instant to fire. He was a smart Indian, all right. Also, he was good at warming the seat of a boy's pants if a shot was made too soon.

Sits-on-Hill was another unexcelled teacher. To some of his Indian chicanery the boys just never did get the hang. Sits-on-Hill was born bald-headed and stayed that way all his life. The longer and thicker the hair, the more proud an Indian. Naturally, Sits-on-Hill's shining pate was abhorred by the tribe. He was an outcast and banished to a cave on the Salt Fork. He bore his castigation without complaint, emerging only when his loneliness became too acute. He would climb a hill and sit and stare at the great rolling lands for hours.

One bright spring morning he left the hill abruptly, deciding he had endured enough. He got on his pony and rode fast to his tribe. One look at the bald head and his people scattered. They were sure he was the evil spirits' errand boy.

"Wait," he challenged them. "The Great Spirit came to me on hill."

They hesitated and he told them how the Great Spirit had come and explained he had been singled out for big medicine man. His lack of hair was the sign.

The medicine men did not welcome this encroachment. They banded quickly, gathered willow switches and drove the outcast from the camp. Sits-on-Hill's patience was at an end. He turned his pony and uttered a fearsome threat for his people.

"Beware Sun Dance in August. I will put ring around moon the first night. When sun goes down on second night I will make big storm. Death will come to many. Tepees and cattle will be blown away!"

The medicine men were not worried.

August came. The Sun Dance was started. The moon climbed the sky and, yes, there was a ring around it.

The braves demanded, "What about this?" of the medicine men. The medicine men wondered exactly the same.

That ring around the moon took some of the zest out of the dancers. By afternoon of the second day they were uneasy and kept searching the sky for storm signs. By sundown the storm hit with lashing fury, and Sits-on-Hill's prophesy was carried out. Tepees toppled; some were sucked into the air and disappeared. Men, women and children were killed as well as cattle and horses. After it was over the women sat down in the midst of the chaos and got to serious wailing. The men hastened to the cave on the Salt Fork and brought back the outcast. Needless to say, Sits-on-Hill was big medicine man now, and his first matter of business was his rival medicine men. He had them bound, beaten with the accursed willow sticks, and then they were driven to the lonely cave on the Salt Fork.

THEN THERE WAS another teacher, a runty little Irishman, Shorty Moore, who knew everything about riding, roping, horses, cattle and the range. He had ridden into Miller's outfit one day, broke and hungry. He had stayed, proved himself and was made foreman. When riled sufficiently, Shorty's brand of profanity could make the hair stand on a man's neck.

It was Shorty who collected the $1,020 check from the railroad for the butchered cattle.

Shorty took George and Zack for his special charges. He taught them how to saddle a horse, and put them through the paces with the rope. When he was satisfied, the boys were more than a fair hand at roping.

Shorty was honest as the day was long and expected everyone else to be. When they were not, his Irish was up.

FROM 1875 TO 1890, luck seemed to trail right along with the herds G. W. brought out of Texas. He made good money and was beginning to see the realization of the empire he hoped to build for his sons. Trouble started to brew, however, raising an ugly head here and there. Other cowmen came in wanting to take advantage of the cheap grass. Some were honest and paid the Indians as G. W. did. Others came and stayed by the right of the guns on their hips. Battles ensued. Men were killed. Men disappeared, but G. W.'s outfit hung on with sheer guts and determination. His hands could be as tough as the next if occasion arose.

The earthquake came, though, when the planter or nester with the plow, as he was called, started hankering after that fertile land of the Strip. It was a natural for corn, cotton and wheat. He aimed to snort and paw up such a storm that the Government would take notice.

Pressure was brought so great upon the Government that officials started negotiating with the Cherokees to give up their claim to the Strip for $1.25 an acre. The Cherokees declined, naturally, since they had leases that brought in $200,000 a year. That income meant better schools and all sorts of improvements for the Tribe. If they wanted to sell they had a better offer, anyway, from a group of cattlemen who wanted to buy the entire area for $3.00 an acre. The Government had them there, for the Cherokees could not sell without Government permission, and permission was denied.

The pressure grew and the Strip business between the Indians and Government was sharpened to a fine edge in the form of three Commissioners appointed to deal with the Indians. This Cherokee Commission, as it impressively was called, tried, but the Cherokees refused to negotiate. Undaunted, the Commission knew there were other ways to skin a cat. They decided the title held by the Cherokees was invalid since they had never used the land. Also, the Commission asserted the cattlemen were trespassing because their presence and their money paid the Indians made the Cherokees get their backs up and refuse the Government's fine offer.

Accordingly, in February, 1890, a proclamation was issued by the President ordering all ranchmen to remove their herds from the Strip by October of that year. The insult to injury was a bill introduced in Congress that allowed the Government to take the lands at the price set. Defeated, the Cherokees agreed to negotiate. The United States bought the entire Strip for $1.40 an acre, and the money was to be paid in five equal payments once a year for the next five years. The nester and his plow won out. The proclamation opening the Strip to white settlement came from President Cleveland on August 19, 1893. The lands would be open to settlement at noon, September 16, 1893.

In 1877, when the Poncas were pushed from their home in Nebraska, G. W. had extended the hand of friendship to the homeless Chief White Eagle and his people, and had been instrumental in getting them settled on the Strip. Although the Cherokees owned the Strip, the Government held the right to locate other Indians there, so the Cherokees had no choice except to sell to other tribes. Thus,

Photo Courtesy Continental Oil Co., Ponca City, Oklahoma

An early day picnic. Picket, a Negro, is throwing a steer on the 101 Ranch.

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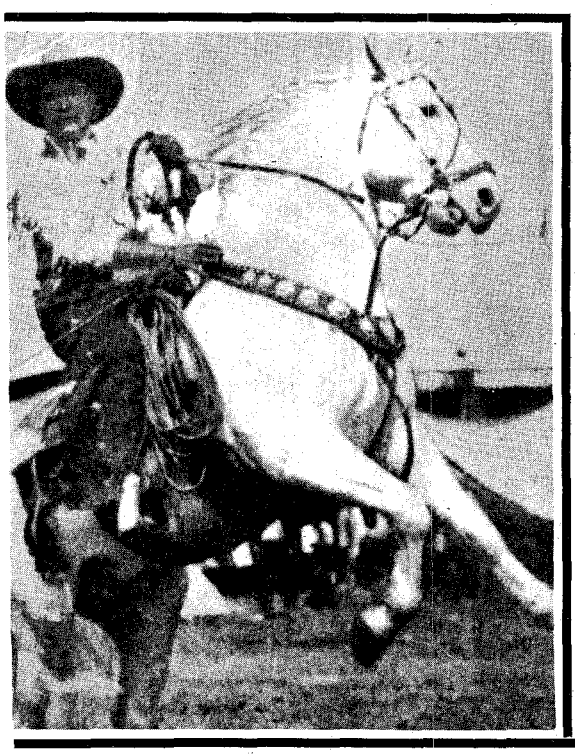
Ponca Chief White Eagle, a friend of the Miller family.

Photo Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Joe Miller's horse was led to the veranda to bid his master a final farewell.



the Kaw, Tonkawa, Ponca, Otoe-Missouri and Pawnee Tribes were located on the Strip. The Poncas were to keep their lands and the surplus lands of the other tribes' small reservations were bought by the Government to be included in the opening. After the President's proclamation of 1893, G. W. realized he had best rustle around and find grass for his herds. He thought of his old friend, White Eagle, Chief of the Poncas. White Eagle received him warmly and cooperated immediately. White Eagle recommended to the Indian Agent of the Ponca Reservation that 100,000 acres be leased to Miller for one cent an acre. That was not all White Eagle wanted for his old friend. He also recommended that Miller would have the priority to re-lease each year if he wished. G. W. was fixed. He could still build his empire.

ONE CLOUDY April day in 1903, G. W. got off the train at Bliss and no wagon waited for him. He did not hesitate to walk the six miles, more or less, to the ranch. The heavy clouds overhead let loose, however, and by the time he reached the ranch he was drenched and with an ache in his bones that set his teeth on edge. He never left his bunk, and by the third day his family and friends had gathered. The mighty G. W. had double pneumonia. Everyone knew as did G. W. that the long journey was near, and there was nothing they could do to stop it. He accepted it in his usual matter-of-fact way and kept those around him calm. Rational to the end, he told them he wanted them to stay together and to hold to the leases and to build up his holdings.

Chief White Eagle and numerous Indian friends came to pay respects to Tescanudahunga, "Big Cow Chief," before the family took G. W.'s remains to Crab Orchard Springs, Kentucky, where he was put to rest beside his father.

"Here," White Eagle said, drawing himself proud to hide his grief, "I weep in heart for great friend. In tepee my tears will fall long and hard for this good man."

Everyone who had known G. W. agreed that nothing could take the place of the mighty man of the handsome strong looks, booming voice and great heart.

The empire G. W. left his sons had an anuual income of approximately $500,000. Out of that the expenses ran from $70,000 to $80,000. On the payroll were 250 men; 100 head of horses was required to work the range; the tools and equipment necessary to maintain an establishment of its kind were valued at $40,000.

G. W.'s wife, Molly, and their daughter, Alma, had kept the family home going in Winfield, Kansas, but remembering G. W.'s dream of a plantation-like house right in the center of their holdings, Molly set about to make his dream come true. G. W. had left her $30,000 from his insurance and she bought a wide spread from the Poncas, six sections across the Salt Fork opposite the rough little cabin the men had been using for headquarters. That was the first land the Millers ever owned on the Strip. Until then their holdings were entirely on lease from the Indians.

True West

Left, J. C. Miller and his Arabian stallion "Ben Hur." Below, buffalo on the 101.

Photo Courtesy Continental Oil Co.,

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The house was completed in December, 1904, and the hospitable Millers with their love of life and people, made a home what it should be. Molly was a pleasant hostess and visitors swarmed to the big friendly 101 as its fame spread.

The three sons were different, with talents quite distinct and apart. Where G. W. had been over-all manager and could hold all the strings in his capable hands, the boys branched out into separate responsibilities. Joe supervised the lay-out and he, more than Zack and George, stepped into G. W.'s shoes. As his father before him, the Indians came to him and trusted him as their friend and advisor. He was a kindly man with a heart and hand ready to go out to those in need or trouble. A rancher by trade, at heart Joe was a farmer. He enjoyed planting and watching things grow. His hobby grew into time-consuming experiments that came to the attention of Luther Burbank. Burbank gave Joe plants to be used for experimental comparisons and Joe kept detailed records of plant developments, errors and success of different soil enrichments, soil analyses, and costs and profits. Burbank had a complete record when Joe was finished. He was painstaking, and luxuriant growth was the usual reward as was his drought-resisting, soft grain corn that he called "white wonder." It was the result of a hard-kernel drought-resisting corn from Brazil crossed with soft-grained Indian corn. People came to see the "white wonder" and before long Joe was selling all the seed-corn he could raise for $2.50 a bushel.

Joe got a hankering to raise hogs and started in a big way. He bought a boar and forty gilts, top Duroc-Jersey breeds, and paid $6,500 apiece for the gilts and $4,500 for the boar. Joe was not too popular with his brothers for a spell. They spared neither time nor words in letting him know the hog venture was rank extravagance. Their comments did not stop Joe's big plans. He gave the boar the fancy name of "The Great I Am," and built quarters for him that were real hog heaven, to say the least. No wallowing in mud and rooting in the slops for "The Great I Am." He was fed scientifically in tiled quarters with fans to keep him cool, and sows were brought intermittently to make him a contented boar. When the first gilts were old enough to breed, Joe informed Zack and George he was ready for the big kill.

By then Zack and George were fresh out of stinging retorts. "Show us," was their unmistakable attitude. Joe did. He advertised his pigs in scientific journals, agricultural magazines and hog papers in such glowing terms that hog breeders sat up and took notice. At the auction they ran over each other to bid in one of gilts out of the famous "The Great I Am." The gilts sold for $800 apiece and Joe finished with a profit twice that of the original investment. In five years he had 5,000 registered Duroc-Jersey sows.

Zack had talent for trading and he picked up most of the buying and selling responsibility.

George was the financier and his talent for investment and financial management grew as their holdings did. When oil entered the scene he invested and the first oil wells were brought in a couple of miles northeast of the home in 1911. They produced enough that George saw the need for a refinery and before long the Millers had their own refinery which turned out a hundred barrels of gasoline a day.

The Millers were a close-knit family and their aim was "bigger and better" as G. W. would have wanted. Their house burned to the ground in 1909 and immediately they built an even more pretentious establishment. Their choice was a huge three-storied affair, austere with great pillars, yet friendly with verandas that ran the width of the house. "The White House," they called it. Imposing and beautiful it sat in the Salt Fork Valley and within, under Molly's careful management, the Western hospitality was warm and gracious.

By sticking together and pooling their interests and talents, the Millers accomplished more than G. W. would ever have thought possible. The income rose to more than a million dollars a year. They bought and leased more land until they had approximately 172 sections under control. Their empire swelled ever larger, year after year, until, indeed, it became an empire with a dairy of 500 cows, ice plant, private telephone system, laundry and packing plant that processed 100 hogs and fifty head of cattle a day. The meat was sold for over 100 miles around and was carried to the shops in refrigerated trucks. A tannery was born and quality saddles, harnesses and other leather gadgets were made. A modern poultry department developed with the latest scientific operations. The ranch was a settlement all its own and as it mushroomed, needs arose and were met with no pinching of pennies. The Millers knew how to live and how to provide. A general merchandise store came into being for the employees and their families. In turn, a novelty shop was soon there where visitors shopped for mementoes of their stay at the 101. A cafe was established and flourished with meat fattened on the grass and processed in the plant right there at home. Bigger and better it grew until there were twenty-six divisions. There was no board of directors but an organization called "The Wheel Club" was formed of the heads of the divisions.

The bear Joe kept in a cage by the store was the big attraction of the grounds. Everyone got a kick out of the clumsy old animal and his craving for soda pop and his spoiled brat antics. He would drool like a babe as he waited for

Joe Miller's Indian friends came to his funeral. Fourth from the left in the above photo is Horse Chief Eagle.

Photo Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

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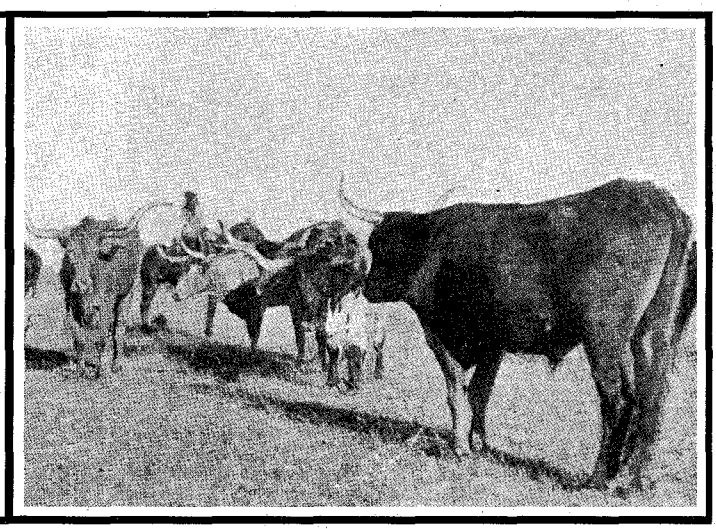
One of the Miller Ranch's green fertile valleys.



The kind of longhorns that were bred on the 101 Ranch.

the visitor to emerge from the store with his soda pop. And if they stepped out with no bottle! Now there was a tantrum! With one big howl, he would throw himself down in the cage and kick up a ruckus that could be heard for a city block. But let him catch sight of the soda pop. Ah, what a coy, smirking angel. That is, until he was within reach of the bottle. He would grab it between his paws, throw back his head and down his addiction in one 'slurp.' Out the bottle would be pitched. That visitor forgotten, he would be a'drool again for the next arrival.

So great and picturesque was the ranch that movie companies came to shoot scenes there. The Millers stayed the friendly down-to-earth people they always were. Their "Hi, neighbor!" policy was a matter of honor. An old friend was never forgotten, a neighbor in need was given a helping hand. Employees were never made to feel "employed." They were part and parcel of the big 101 family.

THE 101 SHOW got its beginning actually in the cowboy roping and riding contests that were common in ranch countries. The cowhands got a kick out of displaying their skills at roping and riding before an audience, and especially if a purse was in the offing as was usually the case, for they pooled their money and made up a winning pot for the contestants. The 101 had men who could really ride, bulldog and rope. Will Rogers, a close friend of the Millers and not an employee, took part in the contests for the 101. Others were Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix, Kurt Reynolds, Johnny Brewer, Jim Hopkins and Bill Picket. Picket, a Negro, was the famous bulldogger who held undisputed claim to being the only man who could throw a steer without using his hands. From his horse Picket would leap on a running steer, grab the horns and twist up the head until he could grasp the steer's upper lip between his teeth. Then, Picket would raise his hands and throw the steer by the mouth hold only.

Frank Greer, editor of the *Guthrie Leader,* told Joe he was hankering to have the National Editors' Association meeting in Guthrie sometime.

"But what could we offer them out in this country?" Frank lamented.

"Well, I'll be damned," Joe exploded. "I could put on a show with a hundred cowboys that would push those editors' eyes right out of their sockets."

With Joe promising a one-day entertainment, Frank got the 1905 convention at Guthrie. And what a day that 101 day was! The Territory folks were as ready and eager as the visitors. Over 64,000 streamed to the Salt Fork. City slickers, with their peg-top pants and high yellow shoes, were there by the hundreds to charm the country gals. The Santa Fe ran special excursions to Bliss and improvised hacks waited to haul the people to the 101 at $3.00 a head. Some clung to their $3.00 and trudged along on foot to be passed and hooted at by the more flush. The 101 was overrun with vehicles of all sorts, even gasoline buggies. Horses and humanity had descended upon it thick as chinch bugs in a cornfield. Hundreds of tents were pitched along the Salt Fork. Two springs went dry and water had to be hauled from a third. Thirsty throats guzzled two carloads of 'red sody pop', and there was many a bellyache from too much hoky-poky ice cream.

One buffalo was to be barbecued and served the editors, and the newspapers had played up the 101 day so much that they had it hundreds of buffalo were to be slaughtered for a little blood-curdling drama. The Humane Societies reared up. Telegrams deluged Teddy Roosevelt to stop the savage debacle. He worked himself out from under the avalanche and wired the Governor of Oklahoma to send three companies of militia to the 101 to protect those pesky buffalo. Joe was delighted with the troops. He gave them the job of policing the crowds.

Everything was in fine shape, so Joe thought, up to an hour or so before the performance. Then, he noted the heavy clouds gathering in the northwest, and realized profit was in jeopardy as well as his investment. He winced at the thought of having to give back the money his ticket-sellers had taken in, but the clouds grew heavier and blacker and seemed to shift toward the southeast. They had every appearance of being one of "them banshee prairie fits", as Shorty Moore used to call a big blower.

"Big blow. Big rain. No show," someone spoke softly in Joe's ear.

Joe turned to see Sits-on-Hill looking as pessimistic as he felt.

"You want big wind and rain stopped, friend Joe?"

"Nothing's going to stop them devils. They're getting blacker and bigger every minute."

"Sits-on-Hill can stop 'em. For five beef, friend Joe."

The storm was rolling nearer, getting close enough that Joe could almost hear the wail of the banshee Shorty had always imagined. There was no time for bargaining.

"They're yours. If you stop it."

Sits-on-Hill was intent for a moment as if considering. "Me stop 'em!"

With his tom-tom and inevitable pouch of mystic charms, he pranced proudly off to the hill overlooking the Salt Fork. He hunkered down, beat his tom-tom and chanted eerily into the sky.

On, the storm came. As if saving the fiercest for last, Sits-on-Hill put aside the tom-tom and from his pouch took out the shell gorget which was the symbol of the god of day. He shook it at the advancing storm and his chant was fearsome. The storm took heed and turned at the very edge of the Salt Fork and followed the bank eastward leaving the show grounds on the south side dry. When Sits-on-Hill came to collect, Joe remembered too late the Indian theory that big wind and rain not cross big river.

The dare-devil cowhands thrilled the crowd, performing with no thought to life or limb. Old Geronimo, the Apache who had pestered the United States and Mexican Armies for years was a prisoner in Fort Sill and appeared at the show for Joe. Geronimo killed the buffalo with bow and arrow, and the squaws butchered it on the spot. The editors had their first and probably last barbecued buffalo. The thrill of the day was the climax which "snuck" in and caught the audience unaware. The hardened frontier folk who had seen a few Indian skirmishes in their lifetime, and the easterners who definitely had not, chewed their nails trying to figure if it were real or make-believe. A wagon train lumbered into view over a rise up a way from the show grounds and the leader put them into a circle, obviously settling down for the night. Horses were hobbled, campfires lighted and women busied themselves with iron kettles. Suddenly 300 war-whooping Indians rode down on the helpless camp, encircling it, and letting go with the hardware. The audience had no way of knowing the shells were blank. For all the world, it seemed real. Some

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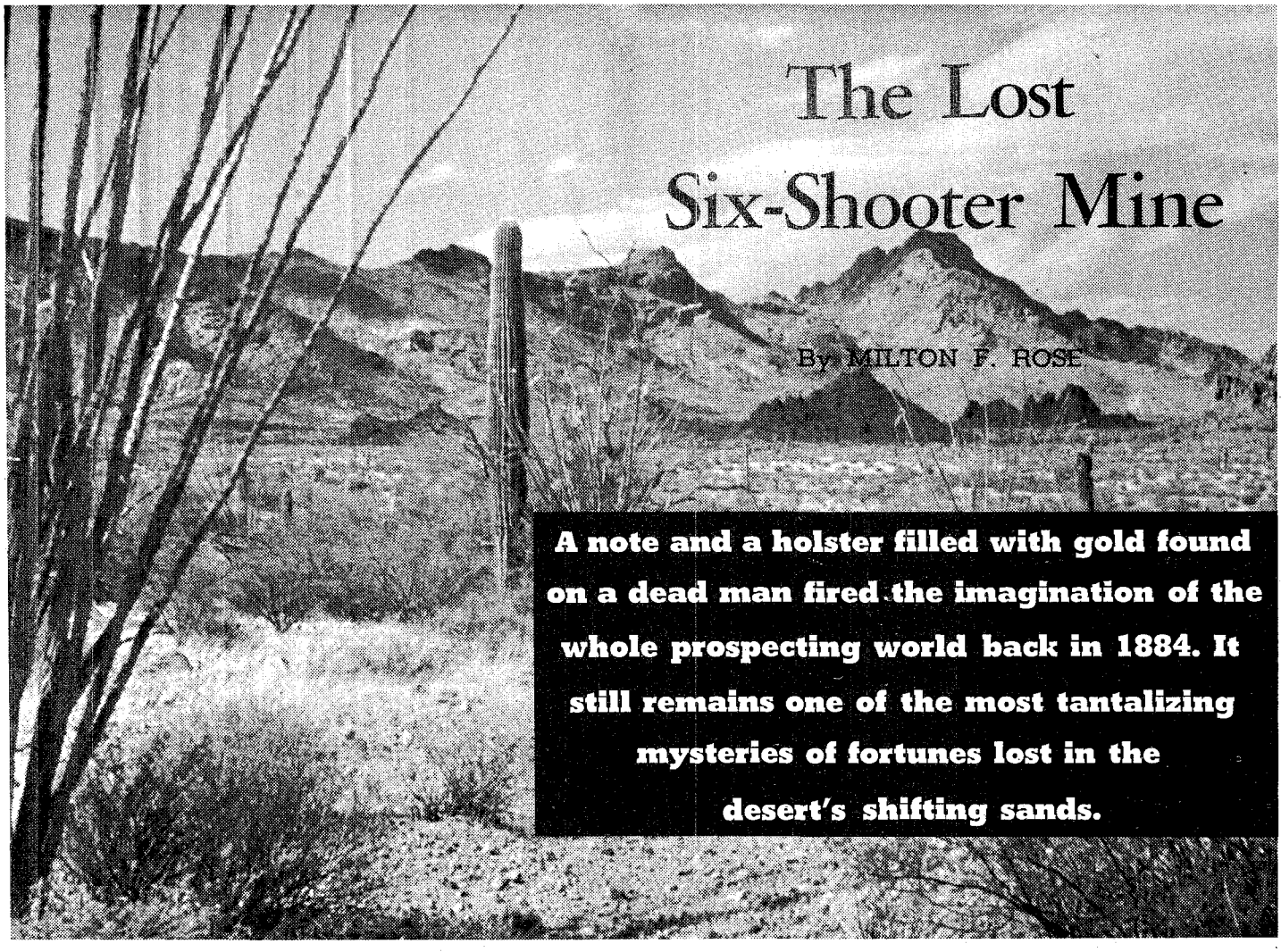

The Lost Six-Shooter Mine

By MILTON F. ROSE

A note and a holster filled with gold found on a dead man fired the imagination of the whole prospecting world back in 1884. It still remains one of the most tantalizing mysteries of fortunes lost in the desert's shifting sands.

We just happened NOT to have a photograph of the Lost Six-shooter Mine in our files, but this picture of desert country near Yuma, makes it easy to understand how a small gold ledge could become hidden by the shifting desert sands.

Editor's Note: There are few lost mines of the West that hold such avid interest for treasure seekers as the Lost Six-Shooter Mines of Arizona. There are two—both located in Yuma County. One was stumbled upon by Billy Orme and was described by author Rose in the August issue of TRUE WEST. That one was a ledge of silver. This other Lost Six-Shooter Mine was uncovered during a sandstorm some years earlier, about 1884, and was a gold ledge. Both are located in the same general area and involved lost six-shooters. This is author Rose's version of the Lost Six-Shooter gold mine.

"FOUND GOLD LEDGE by rocks fifteen feet high. Two rocks alike. Knocked off some pieces. Very rich. Dust in air too thick to tell exact location. Think it is above ravine I come up 7 miles."

The searchers from the Planet Mine, near Yuma, Arizona, stared wide-eyed at the words in the dead man's pocket notebook. Then they looked back at the chunks of quartz they had removed from his pistol-less holster. Gold! Before he died, the man they found dead on the desert had stumbled across a once-in-a-lifetime ledge of gold. But the sand and sun of the waterless Arizona desert had sealed the secret of his amazing discovery within him forever. Only the scribbled words in his notebook remained.

He was—had been—the superintendent of the Planet Mine, known variously as Perkins or Jenkins (the name has never been confirmed by any source). He had left the Planet three days before to escort some prospective mine investors into Quartzsite, the nearest town. On his return he'd been caught in a sandstorm, one of the worst seen in years. And, somehow, he had—perhaps in the very midst of the storm—discovered a ledge of quartz rich in gold, gold that later assayed at twenty-five thousand dollars to the ton!

What happened to him during those three or four days between the time he left Quartzsite and the time he was found, dead from heat exhaustion, will never be known. But every prospector in town, and quite a few more who arrived especially for the occasion, were speculating on it. A man, lost in the desert, discovering gold and dying before he could ever reveal where it was! Stimulation enough for any imagination, but the old-timers figured the story something like this:

The sandstorm had been an ugly one. The sun hung like a golden disc in the darkened sky and the wind swirled over the land, whipping the sand-dunes into fantastic shapes. The small particles of sand, driven by the force of the wind, cut like points of steel, and finally the sun disappeared behind the dark clouds of sand and dust. There was darkness, only darkness—and the man Perkins and his horse wandering, lost, hoping for shelter, praying for the storm to end . . .

Finally, too tired to continue any farther, the mine superintendent stumbled across a rock that stood up several feet from the desert floor. He crouched beside it, pulling his coat over his head and shoulders in order to keep out the blinding sand.

At last the storm passed. He had ridden it out safely, but he was lost, tired and thirsty. For a while he couldn't move. He sat staring up at the ledge that had protected him from the storm—a quartz ledge, rich in gold! Hurriedly he broke off a few pieces of the ore, wrote down the location in his pocket notebook and laid his six-shooter beside his coat on the ledge so that he might return and claim the mine.

He started back, directionless, towards the Planet Mine. Both he and his horse were weak from having wandered for several days and nights without food and drink; they could scarcely walk. He held onto his horse's tail for support, dragging himself toward what he hoped was safety —and wealth!

This is the picture that was vivid in the minds of the gold-seekers as they

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It took nineteen years to clear up the haunting mystery of the men who disappeared while chasing a wily Mexican desperado.

THE TUBAC MASSACRE

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

ON A HOT JULY day of 1858 a posse of eight men rode out of Tubac, Arizona, (then in New Mexico Territory) in pursuit of a pair of killers and vanished from the face of the earth. For ten years the fate of these men remained a mystery. The affair involved one of Mexico's most distinguished families and only through the quick action by President Andrew Jackson was an invasion of Mexico by a posse of Arizona ranchers averted.

That morning of July 8 in Tubac was scorching hot but the heat did not interfere with a scheduled horse race. In the midst of this holiday atmosphere a woman ran into the street screaming that her husband had been shot.

Fred Jenkins, a merchant, was found on the floor. He died within minutes without naming his assailant.

Mrs. Jenkins sobbed out that two Mexicans she recognized as employes of the Heintzelman Silver Mine, 30 miles from Tubac, had entered the store and demanded whisky. When told the supply was exhausted the pair insisted on searching the premises.

Jenkins grabbed up a miner's pick and a scuffle followed, during which one of the Mexicans fired two bullets into his chest.

Identification of the men came from the mine owner, Colonel Charles D. Poston, who said the pair had quit the mine that morning and drawn their pay. They planned to return to Mexico. They were M. Gutierrez and Felix Lopez. He had seen them run from the store and recognized them.

The horse race was called off and a posse composed of eight men was hurriedly organized, led by Joe Cartright. The others were Frank McGill, George Mason, Frank Parker, Bill Lugi, John Crossfield and two dragoons, Alan Doe and Joe Ferrell.

The posse, all heavily armed, tucked a few meager supplies in their saddlebags and rode toward the border. Most of them had families living in Tubac and the wives waited anxiously through that evening and the next day for their menfolk to return. When they were not back at the end of the second day, tension began to rise.

In that year of 1858 there were five Mexicans to every white person in Tubac. Because of the rising tension, Colonel Poston ordered the Americans indoors. With no laws in the territory at the time, Poston was the local law. He owned the mines and everyone was dependent upon him. He granted divorces, served as judge and jury and even issued the money that was in circulation in Tubac at the time.

The fourth day passed and still there was no word from the missing men.

By the fifth day there was real concern. A dozen men mounted up and with food for a week rode toward the border. They discovered that rain had been falling below the border and the trail of the posse was washed out. After four days the second posse that had gone out to hunt the first was back to report no success. It was feared the eight men had been slain by Apaches.

Joe Cartright had twin sons, Carl and Chet, who helped support their mother by working in Poston's mines.

Weeks passed and finally months slipped by without a word from the missing men. Their families adjusted themselves to the new conditions and became reconciled to the belief that all were dead.

When the War between the States broke out, most of the army officers in the area rode off to join the Confederate forces. Military posts were abandoned as enlisted men departed to join their respective sides.

The result was catastrophic. With no army to check them, the Apaches ran wild. Day after day came word of raids on white settlements. Cochise, notorious chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, took the war trail and it was a bloody one.

Poston succeeded in getting his people out of Tubac just in time, finding homes for them in Tucson and Prescott. Those who chose to remain in Tubac paid with their lives.

IN 1863 THE TERRITORY of Arizona was created out of the vast New Mexico Territory and the Cartright boys saw a future in freighting supplies. They organized a freight line between Tucson and Prescott and with the moving of troops to Fort Whipple after the war had ended they did a good business. They were twenty years of age now and maintained their mother in Tucson.

After the war those who had fled Tubac returned, among them the families of Lugi, Crossfield and Ferrell. The mines resumed operations.

The Cartrights had a couple of Mexican teamsters working for them and Chet, who spoke Spanish, became well-acquainted with a man named Mendez who said he had grown up in the area around Cananea, Sonora. He spoke of finding a canyon full of bones.

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The men who rode into the canyon north of Cananea, Mexico, never returned. A band of assassins, lying in ambush, made sure of that.

"What kind of bones?" Cartright asked. "Were they the bones of cattle that perished for lack of water?"

"No, Señor, they were the bones of men. Leg bones, arm bones, ribs, scattered all along the canyon."

He said he had been in the canyon one day and had counted several skulls.

Did he remember where the canyon was and could he go back to it?

Yes, it was just north of Cananea and he was sure he could go back to it.

One day Cartright and Mendez rode south. For eight days they scouted the canyons north of Cananea but could not find the one with the bones in it. Mendez thought that by coming in from the north he had been confused. If he could go in from Cananea as he had gone originally, he might remember the route better.

They rode south to Cananea and made another effort to locate the spot, but were unsuccessful.

They found an old Mexican north of Cananea who said he had seen the bones. He brought from his saddle bag a brass buckle bearing the letters "U.S." which he said he had found in the canyon. While examining the buckle, Cartright noticed that on the side next to the body two initials had been scratched by the point of a knife or some other instrument. They were 'B. L."

The first name that came to mind was Bill Lugi. As a youngster Chet remembered that Lugi had worn an army belt, which was heavy enough to support a .45 and a .44, which Lugi carried. Lugi was one of the missing posse.

The old Mexican led them to the canyon. Wild animals had so thoroughly scattered the bones that they were difficult to find in the weeds and brush that covered the area. However, during the afternoon they turned up three skulls. A faint trail passed along the bottom of the canyon over which the men who had been slain were apparently riding when attacked. The next morning Chet found two army rifles and three pistols, all so badly rusted they would be forever useless.

One cap and ball gun was identical to one Cartright's father had carried.

Apaches operating at the time had possessed few firearms. If the attack had been made by Indians, it seemed that a few arrows would be lying around. But not one arrow was found.

There was but one way the attack could have been made, from the rim of the canyon. It suggested an ambush rather than a head-on assault.

Kicking around in the leaves, Cartright discovered what appeared to be a Mexican army canteen. The old Mexican, who said he had been in the army, identified it as a cavalry canteen. On it was a coat of arms, in addition to the government insignia, which Cartright thought might be a family escutcheon. Nearly every prominent Mexican family of that

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day had a coat of arms, and Cartright reasoned that it could have been carried by the scion of some rich landowner. He thought it worth checking into.

A few days later he rode into Hermosillo where he knew the escutcheons of many families were registered. The one he wanted to identify represented a prehistoric bird of some sort with its wings spread in flight. Below the bird was an inscription so badly eroded that it was illegible.

In Hermosillo he went to the registrar of deeds who also was charged with the responsibility of registering escutcheons and cattle brands. The clerk had nothing of record resembling the design Cartright wanted to identify. He suggested that an inquiry be made in Chihuahua, where there were more and older landed families.

His visit to Chihuahua paid off. There he found the escutcheon registered to the Gutierrez family and the discovery gave him a start. One of the slayers of the Tubac merchant had been M. Gutierrez!

The present Gutierrez family was represented by the grandson of the original land grant owner. He was Señor Ramon Gutierrez, one of the richest men in all of Mexico. Señor Gutierrez made his home near Cananea in Sonora but owned much land and cattle in Chihuahua, where the family originally had settled. The land grant had been made to Señor Gutierrez' grandfather in 1797 by the King of Spain and consisted of some eighty square miles. The land in Sonora, where Gutierrez now lived with his family, had been acquired by purchase from the Mexican government.

Could Ramon Gutierrez and M. Gutierrez be related? This Cartright had to learn, so he journeyed to Cananea where he was told Señor Gutierrez had no sons, but he did have three lovely daughters, aged fifteen, seventeen and nineteen.

Cartright posed as an American cattleman with plans to buy land in Mexico.

A few days after his arrival in the area, he rode to the Gutierrez hacienda. Playing the role of a wealthy young man about to drop a bundle of cash in Mexico, he quickly impressed the Gutierrez daughters. But their father was away for a few weeks on a trip to Mexico City, they said. Speaking Spanish fluently, Cartright's conduct won him an invitation to be a house guest for a week.

Señor Gutierrez had a nephew, he learned, who had served in the Mexican cavalry from 1856 through 1859. He had become a company commander early in 1857.

Had their cousin ever taken a furlough during those years?

The girls did not remember and seemed vague in their replies. They did not know where Mañuel was now or when he had left the army.

AFTER A delightful week at the hacienda, Cartright returned to Chihuahua and visited departmental army headquarters where he bribed a clerk to show him Gutierrez' service record. It disclosed that the soldier had taken a furlough between February 1, 1858, and August 1 of that same year for the purpose of working in the mines at Tubac. The pay for a captain in the Mexican army was small compared to that paid mine workers and apparently Gutierrez had wanted to enrich a flat purse. It was a common practice, the clerk said, for soldiers to take a few weeks' leave each year to work for wages. Serving their flag was a patriotic duty.

The date of the murder, the probable date of the massacre, the canteen and Manuel Gutierrez' service record all tied in, but how had young Gutierrez managed to return to Mexico ahead of the posse and assemble enough strength to annihilate it? Apparently he had worked fast. He'd had but a three-hour start on his pursuers.

Cartright obtained a list of names and addresses of men who had served under Gutierrez' command and began running them down, but much had happened in Mexico during the past few years to scatter them. Mexico had achieved a victory over the French in 1862 and there had been a couple of revolutions meanwhile, along with changes in government. The company Gutierrez had then commanded was no longer active.

Finally Cartright located an ex-soldier who had served in Gutierrez' company. He was now a member of the Chihuahua rurales, or national police.

This man was past his retirement time, an oldster of fifty, and when offered a job driving freight wagons in Arizona, he eagerly accepted.

Over tequila in a cheap restaurant where they could talk by themselves, Cartright pumped the ex-soldier about his service connections.

"Who was your company commander in 1858?"

"Captain Mañuel Gutierrez."

"Oh, yes," said the American, "I've heard of him. Wasn't he the man who ambushed the eight Americans north of Cananea in July of 1858?"

"Si, señor, the very same." The Mexican spoke frankly and apparently without fear. "It was horrible, disgusting. And all because Captain Gutierrez had killed a man in Arizona. Señor, it was hard to believe. All those fine Americans shot down in a minute or two, so many lives taken to save the name of one man, the fine name of one family. I personally fired not a shot but many others did."

The ex-soldier said that Captain Gutierrez had been away on leave and one day he sent word he was returning to his command, then stationed at Cananea. That was on the first of July, and twelve days later the captain in company with another Mexican officer on leave rode into camp hurriedly, whereupon Gutierrez assumed command and ordered the men into their saddles. A group of gringos were riding south, he told them, ready to attack, and they were to be met and annihilated. Nothing was said at the time about Gutierrez and the other Mexican officer on leave having killed an American in the town of Tubac. This information came through later when the American cavalry contacted the rurales commander, seeking information about the eight Americans. Those who had participated in the massacre realized then that Captain Gutierrez had acted hastily to save his own skin, and to save his family name. When Captain Gutierrez suspected that he had been identified as one of the Tubac slayers, he swore the men of his company to secrecy about the massacre, saying that it would go badly for everyone if word of it leaked out to their superiors.

"Did word of it ever leak out?" Cartright asked.

"No, señor, not for a very long time."

Suddenly the Mexican realized he was revealing truths heretofore unknown to anyone except the members of Captain Gutierrez' company and he was frightened.

"But, señor, I was an innocent bystander. I fired not one shot."

"Who did fire the shots?"

"Oh, everybody. Everybody but me. A volley was fired on command, straight down into the canyon. It killed everyone, all eight riders. Then we made off with their horses and rifles. But I took no rifle or horse for myself, señor. It's the truth."

"How did Captain Gutierrez know where to find the Americans?"

"By backtracking himself, señor. He knew they were on his trail. When a scout sighted them in the distance, we were stationed along the canyon's rim."

"Captain Gutierrez told you then that the Americans were going to attack; he did not say why, is that it?"

"No, señor, he did not say why. But we knew later when word reached us that the American cavalry had entered our country. We knew then also why they had entered. They were after Captain Gutierrez and the other officer for killing a man in Tubac."

"And what became of the other officer, Lopez?"

"Oh, he was killed soon after by one of his own men. They had gambled and there was a violent quarrel."

"And where is Captain Gutierrez now?"

The answer was a shrug. "I do not know, señor. It has been a long time since I have seen him."

"You said the secret was kept for a long time. When did it become known?"

"About a year later. Some men who got drunk bragged about it to a señorita in Cananea. She reported it to the army authorities and it was then that Captain Gutierrez was forced to resign his post. He has not been seen around since."

Wishing to keep the man under his thumb as a witness, Cartright hired him as of then and instructed him to remain silent and report to him every few days.

Just what action he would take if he found Gutierrez puzzled Cartright. The notion that the massacre had remained a secret all these years was blasted by the ex-soldier's statement concerning the action the army authorities had taken when word of it finally leaked out. Gutierrez' resignation had been demanded and he had vanished from sight.

This undoubtedly explained the reluctance of the Gutierrez girls to discuss their cousin. Disgraced, he had dropped from sight. To be forced out of the army for some serious infraction or regulations was a disgrace.

A THREE-MONTH'S search failed to reveal the whereabouts of the murdering ex-captain and Cartright returned to Arizona to take up where he had left off. But word of his discovery leaked to the ranchers of southern Arizona, five of them the sons of those men who had been massacred, and talk spread of a foray into Sonora with the sole purpose of destroying the Gutierrez hacienda, which was less than a day's ride from the border. So rapidly did the move take form that in a short time some thirty or forty ranchers had pledged themselves to ride on this mission of retaliation to avenge the killing of the fathers whose sons were bitter over their loss. Friends and neighbors quickly lent support to the movement and an actual date was set for the invasion.

Hearing of the move, Chet Cartright acted quickly, for he wanted no such foolishness that would reflect on the

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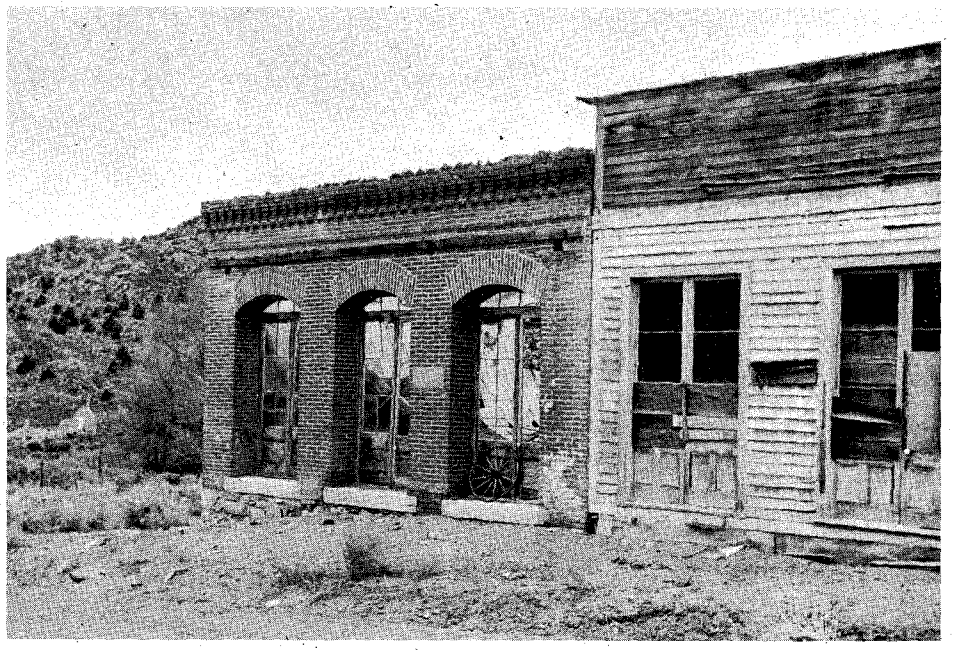
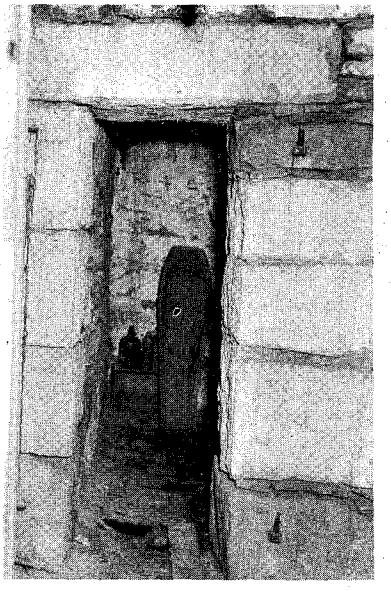


This simple brick-fronted building once housed the complete courthouse of the nation's second largest county, Nye, Nevada. The dungeons were directly underneath the front sidewalk of this building.



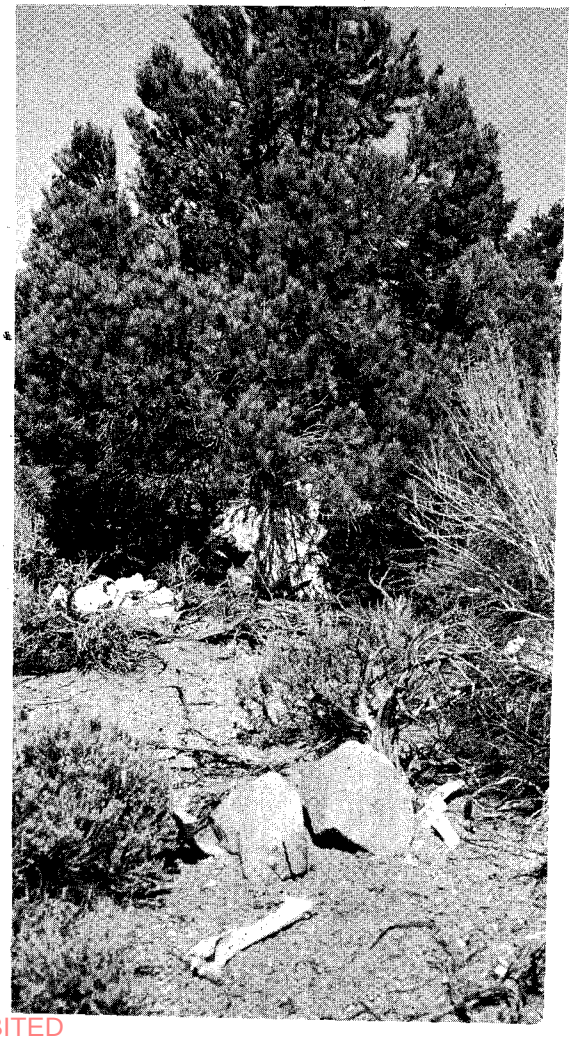
Underground entrance to the dungeon cell. The pins that once held the giant iron doors are seen on either side of the entrance. The room is now used for storage.

The Underground Hanging

These men weren't even given the dignity of a formal hanging. They swung from hooks in a basement!

BY JOE PIRES

Evidence of frontier humor: the carcass of a horse was left to mark the graves of the two lynch victims. This burial site is two miles below Belmont, separated from the cemetery that is the final resting place of Belmont's more respected citizens.



THE VIGILANTES watched as the two men twisted and kicked, strangling but not yet dead. The ceiling of the underground cell was too low—the drop had not been sufficient to break their necks. "That's enough," muttered one of the vigilantes, "shoot them, somebody. Spare them the torture, at least."

The shots echoed loudly through the closed cells. Both criminals were dead, executed by pistol-shot after hanging had failed. The blood their thrashing bodies splashed aginst the walls of the narrow unlighted cells would, someday, become indelible reminders of their tragic story.

The two men were Jack Walker and Charles McIntyre, victims of an impromptu lynching at the hands of Belmont, Nye County, Nevada, vigilantes, in 1874.

According to the Belmont *Courier* of the time, Walker was accused of wounding H. H. Sutherland in a gunfight. He and the sixteen-year-old McIntyre had been imprisoned as a result, to await action of the grand jury.

Helped, apparently, by outsiders, the two escaped, but did not flee the district. Sheriff James Caldwell found them, well-fed and supplied with bedding, hiding in an abandoned mine shaft. He took them back to the cells under the old Belmont courthouse.

Walker and McIntyre were known as coal miners from the Pennsylvania area. Walker was supposed to be trying to organize the miners into the Molly Maguire Union. This action was not to the liking of the powerful mine owners, nor the businessmen of the community; consequently, the two developed the reputa-

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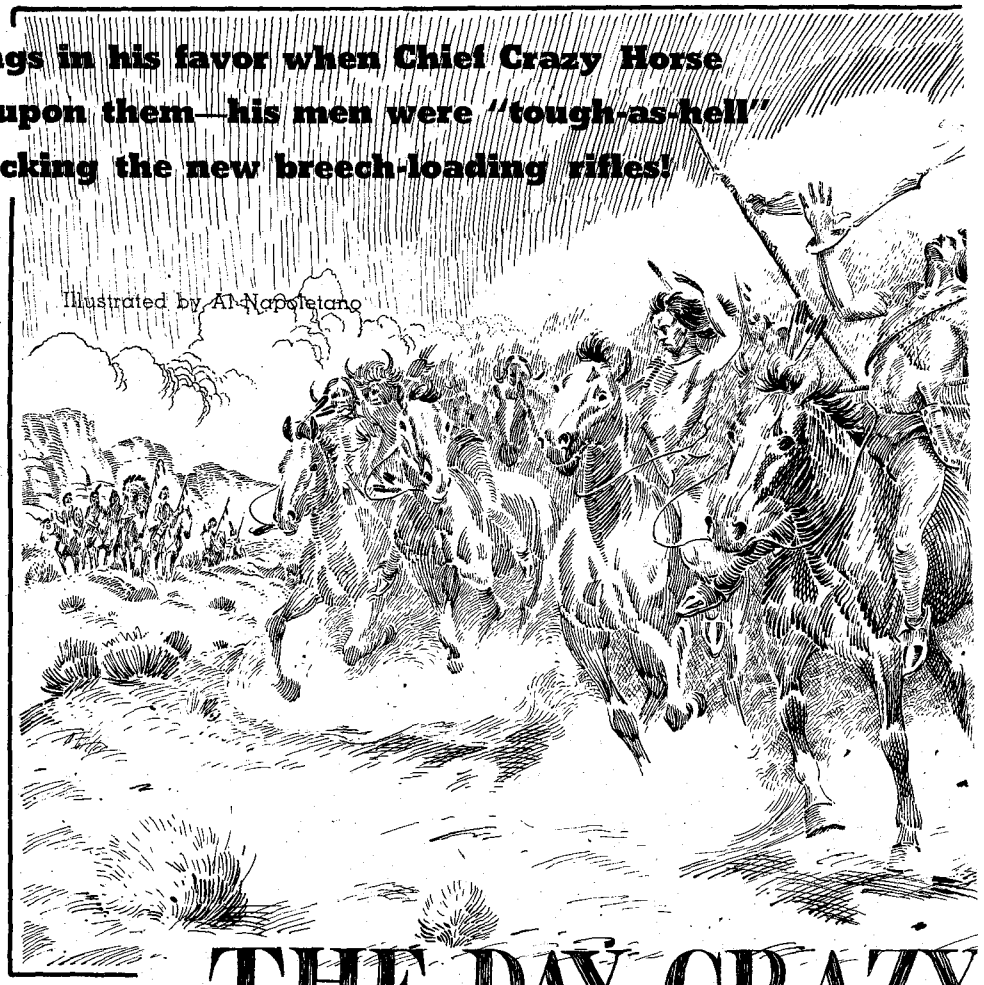
Nelson Story had two things in his favor when Chief Crazy Horse and his Sioux bore down upon them—his men were "tough-as-hell" Texans, and they were packing the new breech-loading rifles!

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY



THE DAY CRAZY

IN LATE SUMMER of 1866, lean, wiry Nelson Story strode into the C.O.'s quarters at Fort Laramie. The Texas cattleman was mad clear through. He pushed his dusty sombrero back on his windburned forehead, stared down at the post commander sitting at his desk and said bluntly:

"Colonel, I ain't about to call off my drive to Montana just because your scouts say it can't be done. Damn it, me and my men drove three thousand steers all the way from Texas—nigh on to one thousand miles! If I don't get 'em through to Virginia City, my men don't get paid and I go broke."

Colonel Maynadier loaded and lit his pipe before replying. "Mr. Story, I don't believe you quite understand the seriousness of your position. Obviously you have brought three thousand steers from Texas and granted it was no picnic. But, sir, the really dangerous part of your journey still lies before you—six hundred miles of rough country absolutely controlled by Red Cloud, Crazy Horse and their warriors. The Bozeman Trail to the Montana gold camps is blocked by an estimated three thousand hostile Sioux. Our forts along the Trail are harassed daily by raiding war parties. Can you imagine what a tempting target your wagon train and cattle will present? Speaking strictly as a military man, I would say the odds are a thousand to one you can't make the one hundred and seventy miles to Fort Reno without losing your wagons, your cattle and your scalps. And, if by some miracle of luck, you reached Reno, you'd never get beyond Fort Phil Kearney. Only scouts and soldiers have got through to Montana in recent weeks—and very few of them."

Story rolled a wispy cigarette, lit it and inhaled deeply. "Colonel," he drawled, "excuse my saying so, but you talk just like all the Army officers I've ever met—and I've met a slew of 'em! You West Pointers will never get through your heads that out here on the frontier there are differences in men. Your men are soldiers; they're trained to act on command or not at all. My men are cowboys and vaqueros; trained by experience to take care of themselves since they were knee-high to a yearlin'. Sure—they're impulsive and reckless, but that's where I come in as trail boss. Just a word or two of advice and my boys take it from there."

Nelse extracted the last bit of smoke from his brown-paper cigarette, dropped the butt on the floor and stepped on it as if he were stomping a rattler. Unconsciously, his right hand dropped to the butt of the Army Colt at his side as he leaned forward over Maynadier's desk.

"Just thirty of us trailed them longhorns across Red River and up through Comanche country. The Injuns threatened us, tried to bluff us, tried to collect ten cents a head toll for every 'wohaw' we had, oxen and all. We told 'em to go to hell and kept on comin'. They attacked us—once. Every man in my outfit packs a Remington breech-loading rifle and a Colt's revolving pistol—and knows how to use 'em. The Comanches found that out. So did the Pawnees and the Cheyennes, later on. Now Colonel, you make this deal sound like a stacked deck—but, by golly, we're goin' to draw cards! 'Bout my whole stake is tied up in my herd and wagon train, and I sure don't aim to hole up here at Fort Laramie like a scared pussy cat because the Sioux are on the warpath. Not with ten thousand miners around Virginia City hungry for Texas beef and willin' to pay well for it. We're goin' through!"

Colonel Maynadier rose and held out his hand. "I believe you will, Story—by God, I believe you will! I ought to put you and those wildcats of yours under military arrest until you agreed to turn back—but if I did, I'd probably have a fight on my hands. Goodbye and good luck!"

The lean Texan gripped the officer's hand. "You're backin' the right hoss, Colonel, even though the odds seem a mite long right now. I'll drop by on my way home next spring just to prove it."

"Good!" smiled Maynadier. "I have a spot of good whiskey left. I'll save it to toast your triumph."

THE FIRST Indian trouble on the trail flared one hundred and fifty miles north of Laramie. A small party of a dozen Sioux raced whooping from behind a low hill, dropped two cowboys with arrows and cut out and made off with about fifty steers.

The boys were all for taking off after the Sioux, leaving only enough men to hold the herd. Story let them blow off steam and simmer down before he said a word. "Shut up, you jugheads!" he snapped finally. "You want to wind up with your hair flappin' in the breeze on Sioux scalp-poles? Then listen to me—and listen real hard!"

Nelse picked up a stick, fished a jackknife from his shirt pocket and began to whittle. And while he whittled he talked, slowly and carefully.

"There's only one way to tackle Injuns and live—and that's to outsmart 'em. Now these here redskins expect us to act like all the other fool white men they've run across. Right now they're out there a ways, just waitin' for us to come bullin' along like locoed steers and run smackdab into an ambush. When we don't come, they'll figure we're scared and let down their guard. Come night they'll go into camp, leavin' mebbe two or three warriors to keep the steers from driftin' back to the herd. Sioux ain't like Comanches—they don't fight at night and won't expect us to. We'll show 'em they made a bad mistake figurin' thataway. Those roto hombres will fall asleep on

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HORSE GOT WHIPPED!

the plains—but they'll wake up in the Shadow Land. Savvy?"

The boys looked at each other and grinned. Vaquero Mañuel Cardenas spread his buckskin-gloved hands expressively. "Muy bueno, Señor Nelse. You are El Sabio—the Wise One."

Next day, Story's three thousand head of steers were intact—and, here and there, a blood-wet Sioux scalp decorated a Texan's saddle. The drive continued, the cattle moving slowly in a northwesterly direction, averaging ten miles a day where the trail was fairly level, less in rough, rocky terrain.

At Fort Reno the commandant listened to Story in amazement and tried tactfully to persuade him to turn back. "Sir," said Nelse in weary patience, "I've been through all this with Colonel Maynadier at Laramie. All I'm asking is to leave my two wounded men here for your post doctor to patch up. I'll pick 'em up on my way back to Texas next spring."

The C.O. at last agreed to let Story pass, adding sharply that he disclaimed all responsibility for the safety of his outfit.

"Sure, I understand," nodded Nelse. "We got a string of Army officers stretchin' all the way back to Texas thinkin' we're dead and scalped. Every damn one of 'em 'disclaimed all responsibility for our safety.' I'd a-been plumb disappointed, sir, if you'd a-turned out different."

Nelse left the commandant fuming at his desk and went back to camp. "Okay, boys," he called. "Throw 'em on the trail and get 'em movin'. Fort Phil Kearney is seventy miles miles north by west—and Virginia City damn near four hundred miles farther on. Let's go!"

THE SIOUX LEFT the hard-bitten Texans severely alone all the way to Fort Kearney. Story's riders bunched the cattle a mile or so from the post stockade, and Nelse rode in alone to see Colonel Carrington, the C.O. The boss was expecting real trouble from Carrington and he wasn't disappointed. The Colonel kept him waiting twenty minutes outside his quarters and then told him curtly that (1) he'd have to move his beef cattle and work oxen at least three miles from the post and (2) he would not be permitted to bypass the Fort and continue on up the trail toward Montana.

"Why?" asked Story crisply.

Carrington flushed angrily at the audacity of this dusty civilian daring to question his orders.

"I am not obliged to justify my decision to you, Mr. Story. However, I will tell you this: your thousands of cattle will devour the grass needed for government animals. I refuse to allow you to continue toward Montana for the obvious reason that you and all your men will be killed by the Sioux if you proceed beyond this outpost. Now, Mr. Story, if you will excuse me, I have a report to make."

"Thanks for your hospitality, Colonel," Nelse replied evenly. "Don't know as I've ever had such a warm welcome in my life. You don't give a damn whether me and my men get rubbed out by the Sioux or not, do you? Well, sir, we're not going to quit now like a passel of greenhorns when we're gettin' near Montana."

Colonel Carrington struck his desktop with a clenched fist. "Let me acquaint you with some of the hard facts, Mr. Story. Here at Fort Kearney I command a garrison of three hundred trained soldiers, yet we are immobilized by the Sioux. In the last six months over a hundred white men have been killed by Indians within a twenty-five mile radius of this post."

"I can well believe it," smiled Story. "Soldiers or freighters, not cowhands." Deliberately, Nelse lapsed into Spanish. "Adios mi Coronel y muchas gracias por nada." Gracefully, he doffed his battered sombrero in an exaggerated bow and left the Colonel's august presence.

Later, Story reported to his men, "We can't do a damn thing with this fellow. If he was even halfway human he'd give us a cavalry escort till we got past Crazy Horse's stomping grounds. But he ain't—he's got the worst case of West Pointitus I ever saw. We'll move out past his three-mile limit, feed the herd and oxen for a few days, and shove off on our own."

Four days later, cattle fed and rejuvenated and men rested, Story broke camp

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Brother Van and Charles Russell, the famous Western artist, were close friends. Shown above is a painting by Russell, "Brother Van Hunting Buffalo," depicting the time he went on a hunt with the Blackfeet Indians.

The Cowboys' Skypilot

By 'TANA MAC

Photos Courtesy the Author

IT WAS SUNDAY morning in Fort Benton, Montana Territory, and the revelry from the Four Deuces indicated some of the cowboys, bull-whackers, trappers, gamblers and soldiers were still going strong after a long night of carousing.

William Wesley Van Orsdel stood outside the saloon, breathing deeply. He had just gotten off the steamboat, after a trip all the way from Missouri. It was Sunday morning, he was a newly appointed Methodist minister and he wanted to begin his career with a service in the new rough land.

There were no churches in Fort Benton in 1872; if he were going to hold a service, he would have to do it in the rowdy, boisterous saloon. Would he dare? For a minute longer he hesitated; then, clutching his Bible firmly in his right hand, he pushed through the swinging doors of the Four Deuces.

The drinkers inside looked curiously at his "dude" clothes and obviously refined appearance, but no one sneered. William Van Orsdel was a big man, six-feet tall and broad-shouldered. He looked like he could take care of himself in any knock-down-and-drag-out brawl.

Walking up to the bar, Reverend Van Orsdel asked the bartender if he could hold a service under this roof.

The bartender looked at the sincere young minister. He pushed his lower lip forward, thought on the matter and finally agreed. With one slap on the mahogany he silenced the house. The announcement that the Four Deuces would observe an hour in honor of the Lord was enough to rock the building; the stillness that followed was enough to shake the confidence of even the most experienced man of God.

Reverend Van Orsdel sought the right words, but they were far away. His tongue and throat were dry as he walked nervously to the middle of the floor. For a long moment he was silent. Then he drew forth his own private ace in the hole. In a beautiful baritone voice he began to sing a hymn, a hymn that the hardened men of the West could understand. *In the Sweet By and By* . . . . The saloon pianist, hearing the beautiful voice, softly began filling in the accompaniment. Contemplating that "meeting on a beautiful shore," the cowboys and bull-whackers, trappers, freighters and outlaws, felt their hearts soften and their eyes grow moist.

When the singer finished, they asked for more. The young Reverend obliged, and began singing the hymn which was to make him famous throughout the West: *Diamonds in the Rough*—a song about a circus clown who hears a gospel mission band and gives his heart to Jesus. After the young minister sang the chorus, he had won over every person in the saloon.

They were all diamonds in the rough in the Four Deuces, and when the hymn ended, they cheered the singer. They bowed their heads when he asked the blessing of the Lord, and he gave a

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When Brother Van got off the train that Sunday morning in Fort Benton, there was only one place to hold services. He cleared his throat, tucked his Bible under his arm and walked into the toughest saloon in Montana.

homey little frontier sermon that cowboys, and dancing girls, and gamblers could understand. He did not call them sinners; he only reminded them that the Lord loved all men, regardless of their station in life, and he asked that they think on the goodness of God. When the service was over, a scout from Fort Benton asked, "What's your name?"

"William Wesley Van Orsdel," replied the preacher.

The scout thought a moment. "I think we'll jis' call you Brother Van," he said.

And Brother Van he became throughout the territory.

RAISED ON A FARM, Brother Van was at home in a saddle. He acquired a chestnut gelding that he called Jonathan, a horse with plenty of endurance and great speed. Riding Jonathan there was no point too remote, be it ranch, rangeland or distant town, to which he would not journey to preach or perform a wedding ceremony. Sometimes he rode as much as 200 miles just to comfort the sick.

Alson Jesse Smith, in his biography of Brother Van, tells that on one July Fourth, the cowboys "lifted" Jonathan to run him in a race at Augusta. The big horse won. The prize they brought back to Brother Van was a five-gallon barrel of beer.

It was characteristic of him that he could laugh and think of this as a good joke.

BEFORE HE ACQUIRED Jonathan, Brother Van was almost hanged as an outlaw. Afoot, dressed in cowboy clothes to save his broadcloth, he was mistaken for a notorious outlaw, and

This is a youthful picture of Brother Van that hangs in the Beaverhead County Museum at Dillon, Montana. It is possible that this picture was taken to give as a present to Jennie.

promptly bound and led to a hanging-tree.

"Wait!" he beseeched. "I'm not the man you want."

"You shore look like him, mister. Your clothes fit the description. You're in the neighborhood where he was supposed to be."

"I'm the Reverend William Van Orsdel."

"Tell that to the devil! You're the horse-thief we're after," said a vigilante. "You're no preacher. Why, you don't even look like one!"

"But I am!"

"Prove it."

There was a man present who had heard the Reverend Van Orsdel at Fort Benton. He said, "Let 'im sing *Diamonds in the Rough* and I'll tell ya if he's Brother Van."

So Reverend Van Orsdel sang for his life.

When he finished, the man said, "Yep—that's Brother Van. Ain't no one else can sing that hymn like he can."

From that day on, Brother Van wore his black broadcloth even in the saddle. And the big chestnut was fast enough to spirit him away if mischance struck.

So capable was Brother Van in the saddle that he was invited by the powerful Blackfeet Indians to accompany them on a buffalo hunt. He was given an Indian pony accustomed to chasing buffs for the occasion. It took great skill to remain in the saddle running buffalo, as well as great skill to kill a buffalo. On this particular hunt, the Indians hung back to let Brother Van make the first kill. He had told them of the white man's God, and how they wanted him to prove how strong was the "medicine" of this Christ who Brother Van said watched over all men.

It was a dreadfully trying hour, but the minister of the cloth summoned his courage. Mounted on the Indian pony, he charged into the herd of 5,000 racing buffalo and drawing his pistol, he headed his pony for the lead animal. Pointing the weapon, and saying a quick prayer to the Lord, he pulled the trigger. The buffalo dropped. The Indians then rushed in to contribute their share to the kill, and the prairie was strewn with plenty of carcasses.

That experience of Brother Van's was immortalized by the great western artist, Charlie Russell. In oils, he painted Brother Van, his coat-tails flying, his pony charging into the buffalo. It's a great painting, and a great favorite with cowboys. And the artist and Brother Van were close friends for years; Russell was one of the pallbearers at Brother Van's funeral.

It was always a favorite story of the cowboy artist to tell of his first meeting with the Reverend at the home of a hard-boiled old-timer—"Old Babs" Babcock, up in the Pig Eye Basin in the Upper Judith. In a letter written to Brother Van thirty-six years later on the occasion of the minister's birthday which was state-celebrated at Fort Benton, Russell wrote:

". . . we had stopped for the night with old Bab, a man as rough as the mountains he loved but who was all hart from his belt up and friends ore strangers were welcom to shove there feet under his

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Reverend William Wesley Van Orsdel was known throughout Montana as Brother Van. The name became so famous that it was his wish to be buried with only that on his tombstone.

Brother Van (right) and the Reverend Thomas Cliff, another early day Methodist minister in Montana.

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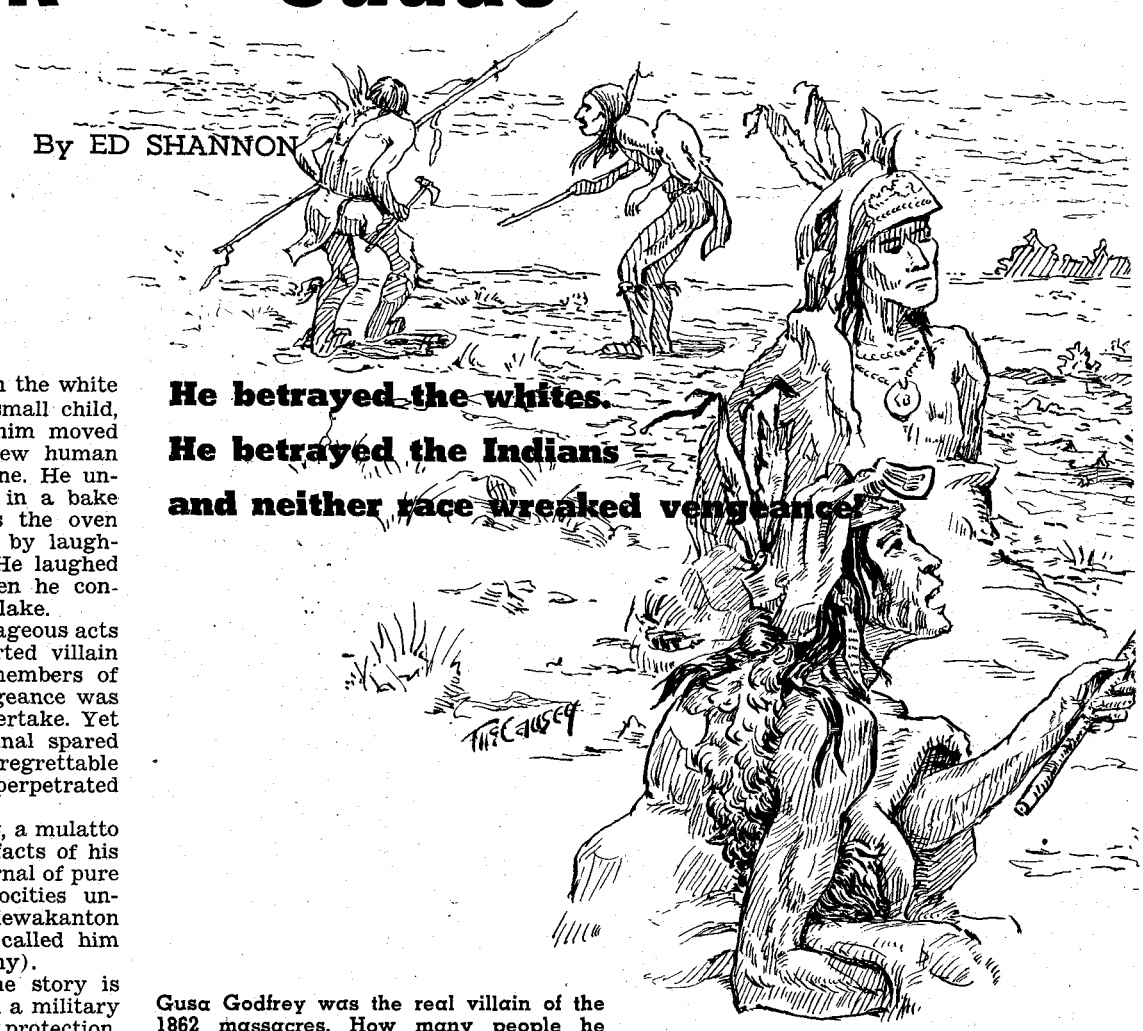
Black Judas

By ED SHANNON



Gusa Godfrey was the real villain of the 1862 massacres. How many people he actually killed is still a matter of speculation.

HE HAD KNIFED TO death the white father and mother of a small child, and now the utter fiend in him moved him to do something that few human beings in all history have done. He undressed the infant, placed it in a bake oven and kindled a fire. As the oven generated its heat, he stood by laughing as his victim screamed. He laughed until the screams ceased, then he consigned the body to a near-by lake.

This was but one of the outrageous acts committed by this black-hearted villain against humanity. Against members of the white race no act of vengeance was too horrifying for him to undertake. Yet in the end a misguided tribunal spared his life in one of the most regrettable miscarriages of justice ever perpetrated on the American public.

His name was Gusa Godfrey, a mulatto who had turned Indian. The facts of his life constitute an amazing journal of pure luck, deceit and savage atrocities unequaled in all history. The Mdewakanton Sioux Indians of Minnesota called him A-ta-kle (One Who Kills Many).

The regrettable part of the story is that Godfrey escaped death in a military trial and lived under federal protection, enjoying the benefits of a government annuity.

A Minnesota Supreme Court Justice called him an "arch fiend" and deplored the fact that the scoundrel was still living in 1904. Others, including two United States presidents, were to deplore the fact that his life had been spared. No man so much deserved hanging as did this man whose luck carried him through more than ten years of unbelievable violence.

FOR A CLEAR picture of his murderous life, it is best to start with his birth in 1839 near the pioneer settlement of Mendota, Minnesota. His father was a French-Canadian, his mother, a Negro. Unwanted by his parents, he was raised by Mrs. Alexander Bailey, his mother's former employer.

In trouble as a boy, Godfrey soon became an outcast. At the age of twenty-two, he renounced all whites as well as Negroes and went to live with the Indians in western Minnesota. He married an Indian girl from Chief Wabashaw's band and became an accepted member of the tribe.

In 1862, as the North and South were locked in fratricidal combat, a full-scale war erupted in southern Minnesota. It was then that Godfrey's hatred for the whites came to the surface. Chief Little Crow and his Mdewakanton followers were infuriated by the influx of white settlers, principally German immigrants. The Indians blamed the whites for poor living conditions on the reservation and for the poor hunting. Government officials also were cheating them in their dealings and on August 17, five whites were killed.

Chief Little Crow decided to go on the warpath and drive the whites out of Minnesota. He began his campaign with pillage and murder, even rape. In the worst single outbreak in American history, somewhere around 700 whites were to die in a few months.

Godfrey took part in the campaign and sat in on tribal councils. He pointed out that the Civil War had taken most young men from their farms and that only women, children and old men remained This, he said, made it easier to subdue the whites and now was the time to strike. He soon became a leader in the looting, burning and wholesale slaughter that followed. Godfrey participated in the first of two battles for the town of New Ulm, Minnesota. The town on both occasions was well defended, however, and the German inhabitants drove off the Sioux.

After the battle, Godfrey bragged to his Indian friends of killing nine people who had remained on farms just outside the town. He claimed to have counted only adults. It was during this time that he murdered the parents of the white child and roasted the helpless infant in a bake oven.

Besides fighting at New Ulm, Godfrey definitely took part in the battles of Fort Ridgely, Birch Coulee and Wood Lake.

It didn't take long for the aroused Minnesotans to strike back at the Sioux. The successful holding operations at New Ulm and Fort Ridgely were followed by a general advance westward by the troops. The Sioux retreated up the Minnesota River, taking along many white captives. The defeat at Wood Lake split the Sioux and ended most of the fighting. One group of warriors retreated on west into the Dakota Territory with Chief Little Crow; the rest of the beaten Sioux kept the white captives and waited to surrender to the soldiers.

Camp Release, near the present city of Montevideo, Minnesota, was where the

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Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

uprising of 1862 ended, and one of the strangest trials began there. The white captives were released and their captors placed under military guard. Then the commanding officers decided to set up military court to try the worst criminals of the war, and satisfy the general feeling for revenge. The first man taken out of the Indian camp to face the five officers of the court was Gusa Godfrey. The charges against him ranged from murder to rape.

Witnesses told of his part in the battles, and of his claims of killing the whites near New Ulm. Godfrey's own defense was a long narrative in which he claimed to have been an unwilling participant. He related how he went along with the Indians to please his father-in-law. He went through the motions of fighting the whites, but did no actual harm. He told story after story of seeing a white person alive, being distracted by something else, and then seeing that same person a few minutes later either dead or dying. He admitted striking an old German named Schling on the shoulder with the flat side of a hatchet. When Godfrey saw Schling a few minutes later, the old German was dead. No one actually saw Godfrey kill anyone, so the court acquitted him of the first specific charge. On the second general charge he was found guilty and sentenced to hang.

Gusa Godfrey then seemed to take over the court. Like many another condemned man, he hoped to change the death sentence by becoming a witness. To the Indians he was a double-crosser of the worst kind. Godfrey was the government's star witness as he pointed out brave after brave and recounted to the listening judges the particular crimes each had committed. Many men were to hang because of his testimony. No one questioned Godfrey's amazing memory for places, names and details, or his mobility during the fighting. In the words of one court official, "He was the scourge designed by Providence to direct vengeance."

As if his damaging testimony weren't enough, Godfrey also enlivened an otherwise somber court with his light jokes, melodious voice, and fits of musical laughter. The Sioux Indians, the eastern newspapers, certain religious leaders and even President Abraham Lincoln didn't see any humor in this military court. When the trials finished in November, 303 Indians (including Godfrey) had been sentenced to hang, and eighteen sentenced to life imprisonment. The outcry in the East for mercy was louder than the desire for revenge in Minnesota and President Lincoln ordered that the trial verdicts be reviewed in Washington.

While awaiting the results of this review, Godfrey and the rest of the Sioux were taken under guard to Mankato, Minnesota. Just why the Sioux didn't kill the "Judas Iscariot" who gave the deadly testimony has never been satisfactorily explained. Gusa was kept with the rest of the prisoners. There is no evidence that Godfrey was protected or given any special treatment for his work at the trial. Two factors may have saved his life; the Indians were chained and under a heavy military guard to protect them from certain Minnesotans who would have gladly lynched the entire group.

President Lincoln's final decision on the trial was for thirty-nine Sioux to die by hanging, the rest to serve prison

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Ghost Town—8,700 Feet Up

By E. R. HARRINGTON

Telluride's old hearse. Notice the highly engraved doors and heavily draped windows.

Bird's-eye view of Telluride, which lies in the valley of the San Miguel Mountains. Telluride, at an elevation of 8,700 feet, is surrounded by steep cliffs, some of which top 12,000 feet.

IN ITS HEYDEY, Telluride, Colorado, had 5,500 people, twenty-six saloons, a uniformed brass band, two fire companies whose uniforms would have made Joseph's "coat of many colors" look like a tow-sack, and no church—at least for a while. Then churches came, and a school, along with an "opera house." During those prosperous years any coin of less than a quarter was looked upon with disfavor as change in the public marts. It was a good-time town, with various saloons of varied pleasures catering to its citizenry. David Lavender described is as "a town of sudden death, sudden wealth, and sudden poverty."

But Telluride's heydey passed, and the old-timers who had known it in its "good old days" began calling it a "ghost town."

What is a ghost town?

Defined, it's a town that once was a place that blossomed in all its splendor and then went to seed, or is about to cast its last pod to the winds and dry up for want of attention, love and affection. A deserted place given over to the rats, rattlesnakes and prowling skunks.

Some towns cling to life for a while, the few remaining residents hoping that things will get better and the place will boom again.

Such a town is Telluride, ten miles from Ouray and thirteen miles from Silverton, in southwestern Colorado. It lies 8,700 feet above sea level in one of the canyons of the great San Juan mountain range, a canyon so steep one of Telluride's early residents recommended that you should lie flat on your back in the main street and look up to best see the massive walls that enclose it. Despite its proximity in miles to Ouray and Silverton, Telluride was practically isolated in the old days, because the mountains that separated it from these neighboring towns were impassable. Since then a tunnel has been constructed, connecting Telluride to Ouray, but rockslides make this means of exchange dangerous.

The mines that supported this once-properous town are high above it, perched at the top of sheer cliffs. Great falls tumble down these cliffs, the most beautiful being Bridal Veil, named after the famous falls in Yosemite National Park, in California. Telluride's Bridal Veil drops 350 feet.

Eighty-five years ago John Fallon, a prospector who'd been combing the Ute Indian Reservation for possible gold finds, caused the first ripple in what later was to become one of the West's richest—and most exciting—boom towns. He founded claims at the Emerald, Sheridan and Ajax mines. Later, a rich strike at the famous Smuggler mine started a rush that further increased the town's population. The name Telluride is derived

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The mines made it—the mines broke it. Yet there remains a treasure in the very "feel" of Telluride, Colorado, that lack of valuable ore can never destroy.

from gold telluride, one of the few elements that combines with gold.

Telluride was a prosperous boom town. Its mines, now idle for the most part, produced better than $200,000,000 worth of gold. How much the miners high-graded for themselves on the side is anybody's guess. Probably a quarter of a million that was never counted in the overall take.

The town's night life began early and lasted late. The gamblers, tin-horns, hangers-on, girls of the red-light district and most of the other citizens didn't see the sun during the winter. It came up about ten in the morning and went behind the high hills about two-thirty in the afternoon. The snow was piled so deep that you couldn't see across the street.

There were twenty-six saloons and gambling houses on the main drag. About the largest was the National. It had wine rooms and the largest faro bank in the city. It is said that the four Chinamen who ran the laundry beat the bank every time they played.

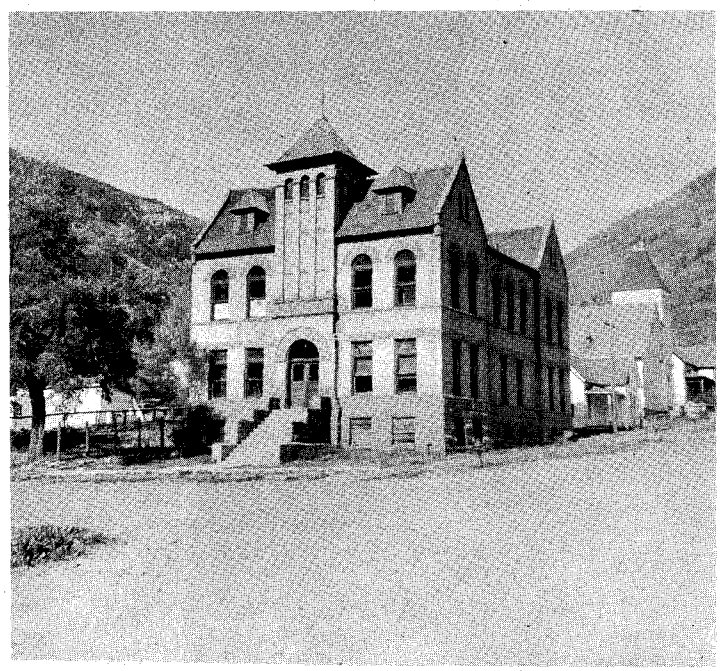
And like some other ghost towns, Telluride had its big trouble right at a time when it was most prosperous. A fire destroyed part of it in 1884. The citizenry replaced their burned-down wooden houses and stores with stone and brick—and built them so solidly most of them are still standing today. In 1881 Telluride had its newspaper and one or more newspapers continued to be published until 1929 when the last editor and publisher gave up the ghost and walked out, leaving his worn-out presses for someone else to use. But no one ever got up sufficient courage to tackle the job of printing another paper.

There were no religious organizations in the town at first, but the Salvation Army reaped a harvest. They would come into Telluride on payday, have four or five girls, really dolled up. Their leader would lay the drum down, usually in front of the National or Tremont gambling houses. The singing invariably attracted a crowd. The girls with the tambourines circulated through the audience and gold pieces of all denominations would be thrown in the drum.

In 1881 a railroad reached Telluride, a miracle in engineering achievement. It went on to Ophir and Lizard Head and down the Dolores Canyon through some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. But magnificent scenery doesn't keep a railroad in operating money. Eventually, when the mines closed, it folded too. Only the track-bed remains.

OTTO MEARS, who financed and built the railroad, and several others in

(Continued on page 54)



The old courthouse in Telluride.

Remains of the Tomboy Mine, one of the great gold producers of Telluride. These ruins are at an elevation of almost 12,000 feet, accessible to present-day Telluride by a road traversible only by jeep.

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Doc Holliday's was a turbulent and dangerous life, made more exciting by the antics of Miss Elder. Doc could predict the turn of a card and take the measure of a man across a gun, but he wasn't so good at second-guessing Kate.

Kate's love was as uncertain as an uprooted rattlesnake—one time she saved Doc Holliday from being guest of honor at a necktie party; later she was passing out invitations!

DOC HOLLIDAY didn't feel too good that night. It was late, and the poker game had been in progress since early evening. He spread the five cards in his hand slowly, looking at them one by one. Then he pushed them together again and leaned back, hoping to catch a wink from Kate Elder, who was on the other side of the dirty Jacksboro saloon.

But his mind wasn't completely away from the game, and he saw the man across from him creep his hand towards the discards and, with pretended disinterest, turn up the corners to see what cards had been thrown away.

"Okay!" Doc threatened, "Lay off the deadwood. This is the last time I'm tellin' ya. Next time ya pull that the pot's mine, understand?"

Nobody argued with Doc—they all knew the rules of the game as well as he did—no tampering with discards while there's play on the table.

But, a few hands later, the man across

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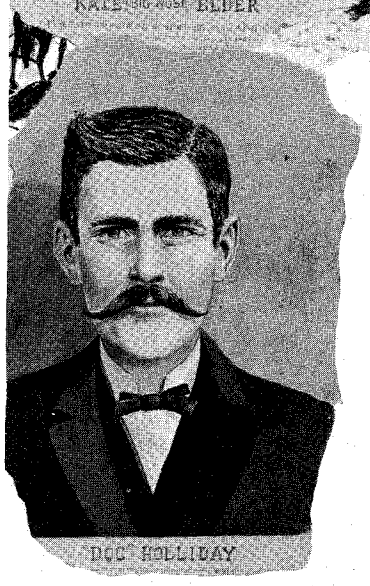
The Unpredictable Kate Elder

By HOWARD KEGLEY

Illustrated by Dave Kinney



the table from Doc Holliday peeked at the discards again. Doc acted fast. His left arm shot out, surrounded the pot, and pulled it towards him. His rival reached for his gun-side.

Doc was ready; he clapped his right hand to his chest and lunged across the table. His knife blade had ripped into the cheating player's abdomen before the fellow's gun cleared its holster.

Within seconds the saloon was a-roar. The Jacksboro marshal and his deputies were on the spot within minutes, threatening to use force if the place didn't calm down. They arrested Doc for murder and carted him off to the rooming house above the saloon, while friends of the murdered man muttered threats from the street below. Probably the smart thing for them to have done would have been to smuggle Doc out of the building, get him on a horse and ride hell-for-leather to the county jail in Albany. But they hesitated too long; with each passing minute the quickly-formed vigilante committee in the street below, equipped with enough rope to hang a regiment, was increasing in numbers and threatening to go up and take the prisoner away from the guards.

But Kate Elder, Doc's "sometime" girlfriend, had ideas of her own. Kate was a pretty girl, young, big-boned and buxom, with a nose so determined and handsome she was known among the saloon-girls as "Big Nose Kate." She had lived in lawless territory long enough to have a concept of mass psychology, and knew how she could save Doc.

Slipping out the back door of the saloon, Kate ran down an alley, saddled up a couple of good riding horses and led them to a dense willow thicket in the Brazos river bottom. Then back she went to Doc's room, belted a six-shooter around her waist and, as she walked toward the saloon again, stopped a stranger on the street and borrowed a match. Behind the saloon was a rickety old arrow-weed shed which had been used to shelter buggies. It was dry as tinder.

Kate scratched the match on an iron hinge and touched the tiny blaze to the thatched roof. Up leaped a tongue of flame, then another, and within seconds the shed and several adjoining buildings were ablaze. Someone screamed "Fire!" Dozens of voices took up the warning, and soon the mob in the street was scattering in all directions.

Kate had the stairway to herself as she went up to the room where Doc was being held prisoner. All but one of his captors had dashed into the street when the fire alarm had sounded.

Big Nose Kate was a strong girl, and hadn't any scruples about violence. She buffaloed Doc's guard with one strong swing of her arm. Then she and Doc dropped quietly from a rear window to the ground and made their way to the horses she had waiting.

WHY WAS KATE ELDER willing to burn up a town, and risk her own life in the doing of it, to save Doc Holliday? Well, for one thing, she was infatuated with him—in love with him as much as temperamental Kate could be in love. He was glamorous and suave, "classy" in comparison to the rough cowhands and gunslingers she was used to associating with. And he was sickly, and not unkind, a man who needed to be cared for.

Not that the maternal instinct was too strong in Kate Elder. "She had certain charms—a true and loving heart, a ready laugh, no brains to perturb her with weighty problems, a fine, healthy body, a marvelous vocabulary of cuss words and a deep and abiding fondness for cheap whiskey," according to one source.

Also, she probably figured Doc was the best fish in the pond. He could buy her expensive clothes, and, masquerading as his wife, she would gain a certain amount of prestige.

So she and Doc stuck together—for a while, at least. They went to Dodge City, where Doc hung out his shingle and resumed the practice of dentistry, his original profession. But not for long!

They fought ferociously, tooth and claw, because of her amours with men who admired her self-sufficiency. Completely fed up with her freedom of action, Doc finally ripped down his shingle, flung it in a trash heap, told her she could "go to the devil," and left town. No sooner had he gone than Kate was crying bitterly for a sight of "his dear, sweet face" and before many days had passed, she was in hot pursuit of him.

How many times she overtook Holliday in the next few years isn't known, but it was at Tombstone, Arizona Territory, that their respective misbehaviors again came to public notice. And this time Kate, who had burned down a town to keep Doc alive, turned the tables on him. Maybe they'd had a fight and Kate was vengeful, or maybe she'd just been hitting the bottle too heavily. Nobody knows. But anyway she almost got Doc invited to a hanging party where he was honored guest.

A TOMBSTONE STAGE had been held up, and the shotgun guard murdered. Doc, pretty much in disfavor with the community anyway, was prime suspect. The local sheriff and another politician hit on the idea of getting something out of Kate—and they did. They bought her all the booze she could drink and sat by while she indulged in a big cry.

She was probably liquored to the point where she didn't have any idea of what she was doing, except perhaps to enjoy self-pity, when she signed the document they offered her, declaring that Doc had told her he'd held up the stage and shot the guard. This not only got Doc into jail, but it got him indicted by the grand jury for murder.

After spending a fat roll of currency for defense attorneys and getting Kate on the witness stand, sober, to testify she hadn't known what she was signing when she put her name on the incriminating document, Doc beat the murder rap. But he was through with Kate, and this time for good.

Kate was not the brightest young woman in the West, but she knew she'd killed her goose. Right after court adjourned, Doc hunted her down, gave her a thousand bucks, and hissed, "Take this dough and blow town, and if I never see you again it will be mebbe three thousand years too soon.!"

She was a passenger on the next outgoing stage.

(Continued on page 62)

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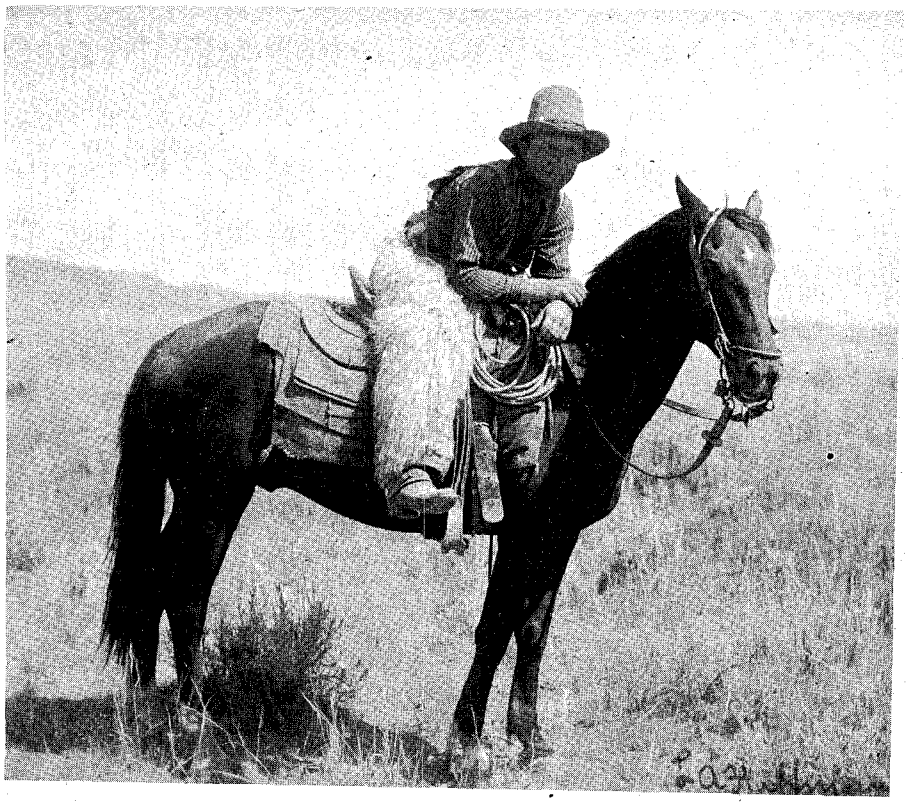
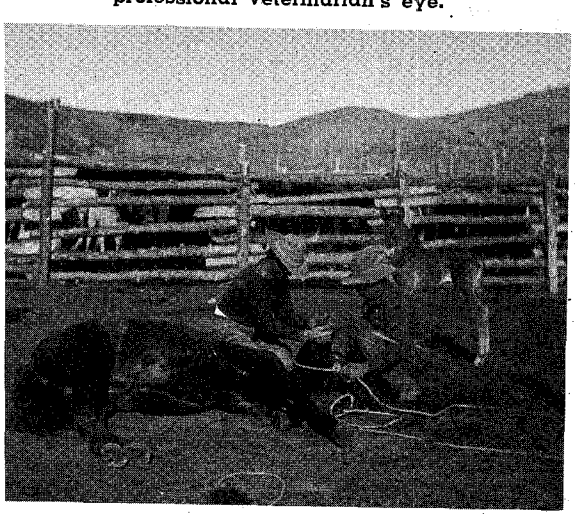


"Little Joe the Wrangler . . . . "

Sleeping easy and gunslinging don't go hand in hand. The real old-time cowboy knew that

"Nother Man's Life Don't Make No

A cowboy didn't always sit on his horse, singing to cows and wolves. He watched over his dogies with a practiced, almost professional veterinarian's eye.



Editor's note: This is a chapter from a book in preparation entitled THE OLD-TIME COWHAND: AT WORK AND AT PLAY, and is written in the vernacular.

SOME FOLKS THINK that because a man wears a pair of boots and a big hat he's bound to be a cowboy. This kind of thinkin's one of the things that gives the cowboy such a wild name. In the early days there was a lot of men runnin' the range that wasn't cowboys. The West was grazin' ground for gunmen and desperadoes 'cause they liked the freedom of a new country. Study the lives of any of the old Western desperadoes and you'll find mighty few of 'em were actual cowboys, though the cowboys had to suffer for 'em.

Many of 'em didn't even belong to the West, but were foaled in the slums of Eastern cities, came from penitentiaries, or from the armies of the Civil War, and had flocked West because there was a longer distance between sheriffs. Most of 'em came to dodge a strangulation jig in some other section of the country.

Them fellers hived up in town, not the range. The range was too lonesome for their breed. To read some magazine stories on the West, or to see movies and TV, you'd think the thieves and killers was so thick they had a bill-of-sale for the whole damned country. The good citizens didn't like this breed and most of 'em died young. Mighty few of 'em got a chance to quit this life in bed with a preacher hoverin' over 'em and a doctor takin' their pulse-count. When they was put to bed it was with a pick and shovel, usually with a pill in their stomach they couldn't digest, and there wasn't nobody to let 'em down easy with their hats off. There wasn't many tears shed at a Boot Hill buryin'.

A man who wore his guns low didn't do much talkin' with his mouth. He was mighty short on conversation. He knowed that high talk led to gettin' leaded. He mostly talked in quiet tones because his nerves were always under control—they had to be! His finger might have the trigger itch, and maybe he had no more conscience than a cow in a stampede, but he was wise as a pack rat all the same. He liked a shade start and wasn't too good to get you from a sneak if he thought he could get away with it, but the West's code of fair play put hobbles on most of his coyote work. The West still has men who've got a sensitive disposition and who're impulsive with a gun, but the old-time hell-on-wheels is a thing of the past. He either wiggled his finger once too often, or else the better citizens took all the slack out of his rope.

WHEN A GUNMAN saw the leadin' citizens of some town takin' down their ropes, he got a sudden hankerin' to sniff Gulf breeze and rolled his tail south, or he headed in the direction advised by Mister Greeley. When he hit the breeze for a healthier climate he didn't stop for

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Soft beds and cowboys were strangers to each other. It was sleep on the ground, and if you were real lucky, a tent to drink coffee around and duck into in case of rain.

"There'll be beef for supper tonight!"

By RAMON F. ADAMS

Photos Courtesy L. A. Huffman

Soft Pillow At Night"

no kissin', and maybe kept some sheriff ridin' the hocks off his hoss. When he seemed settled in some town for a few days he kept his eyes on the horizon like he was expectin' some sheriff to bulge up on 'im. Maybe the town ahead didn't look like no health resort as long as a certain sheriff spread his blankets there, and he'd keep his hat well down over his eyes till he found out if they had the same sheriff they had a few years back.

Sometimes he packed a pair of them "bring-'em-close" glasses, and when he saw a posse on his trail he started fixin' for high ridin'. Or when he was ridin' the trail and looked over his shoulder to see a sheriff-lookin' man followin' 'im it shore had a stimulatin' effect on his rate of travel. Sometimes the sheriff got close 'nough for 'em to swap lead and then there'd be 'nother hoss race. Together they stirred up more dust in five minutes than Noah's flood could've settled in forty years, and they didn't pay no more heed to distance and fatigue than a steer does to cobwebs.

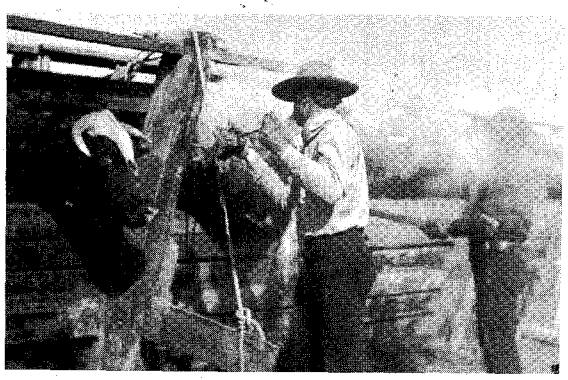
To the pulp cowboy, life seems to be jes' one long battle. He shore must draw down good wages to burn up all that powder with cartridges at the price for which they sold. Had all their killin's actually taken place in such a thinly settled range the survivors would've been as scarce as hiccoughs at a prayer meetin'.

I HATE to take all the romance away from the cowboy, but the cowman never packed two guns like they do on TV and in the movies and pulps. In real life he packed only one and that was all there was any need for. He didn't need all that ballast to keep 'im in the saddle. The old-time professional gunman sometimes packed 'nough hardware to give 'im kidney sores, but the man who packed the most guns was considered the biggest coward in camp. It was a rare case where two guns had any advantage over one, and the man who could really use *one* was scarce. When among strangers, he had to be mighty careful with the motion of both hands. He was kinda handicapped in doin' the little things other men could do. 'Bout the only advantage of two guns was the threat of an ace in the hole, or as a show of force when a lone man stacked against a crowd. A gunman "lookin' for someone" might bog 'imself down with all this weight, but the cowhand had ridin' and ropin' to do and he rode light unless there was war in the air and he was drawin' fightin' wages.

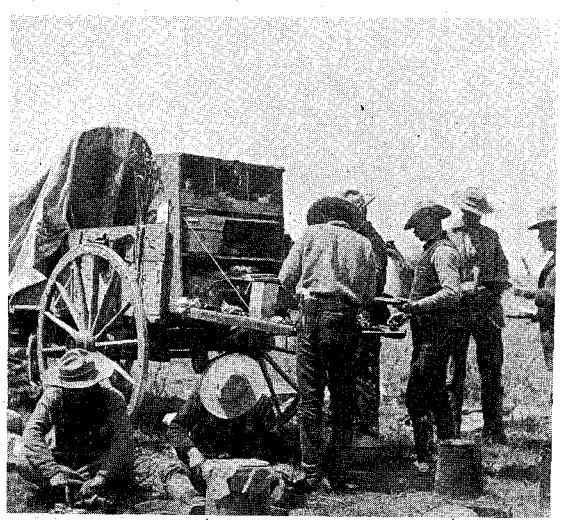
Most cowmen never packed an ounce of iron. Many who did pack guns never found any use for 'em. Their trigger fingers went to sleep for lack of exercise. Mighty seldom a cowhand had to be lookin' over his shoulder at anybody on the trail, or have any fear of sheriffs and warrants. Mostly when he was workin' he left his six-gun in his war-bag at the wagon.

Them same writers would have us believe that the cowboy spent one day in

(Continued on page 47)



Above: Muscles were more of an asset than guns for the real ol' time cowboy. He used a pitchfork and branding iron more frequently than a six-shooter. Below: Though he may have complained a great deal about "Cookie's" way of fixing biscuits, the cowboy liked to eat and enjoyed the sharing of companionship that came along during the chow hour.



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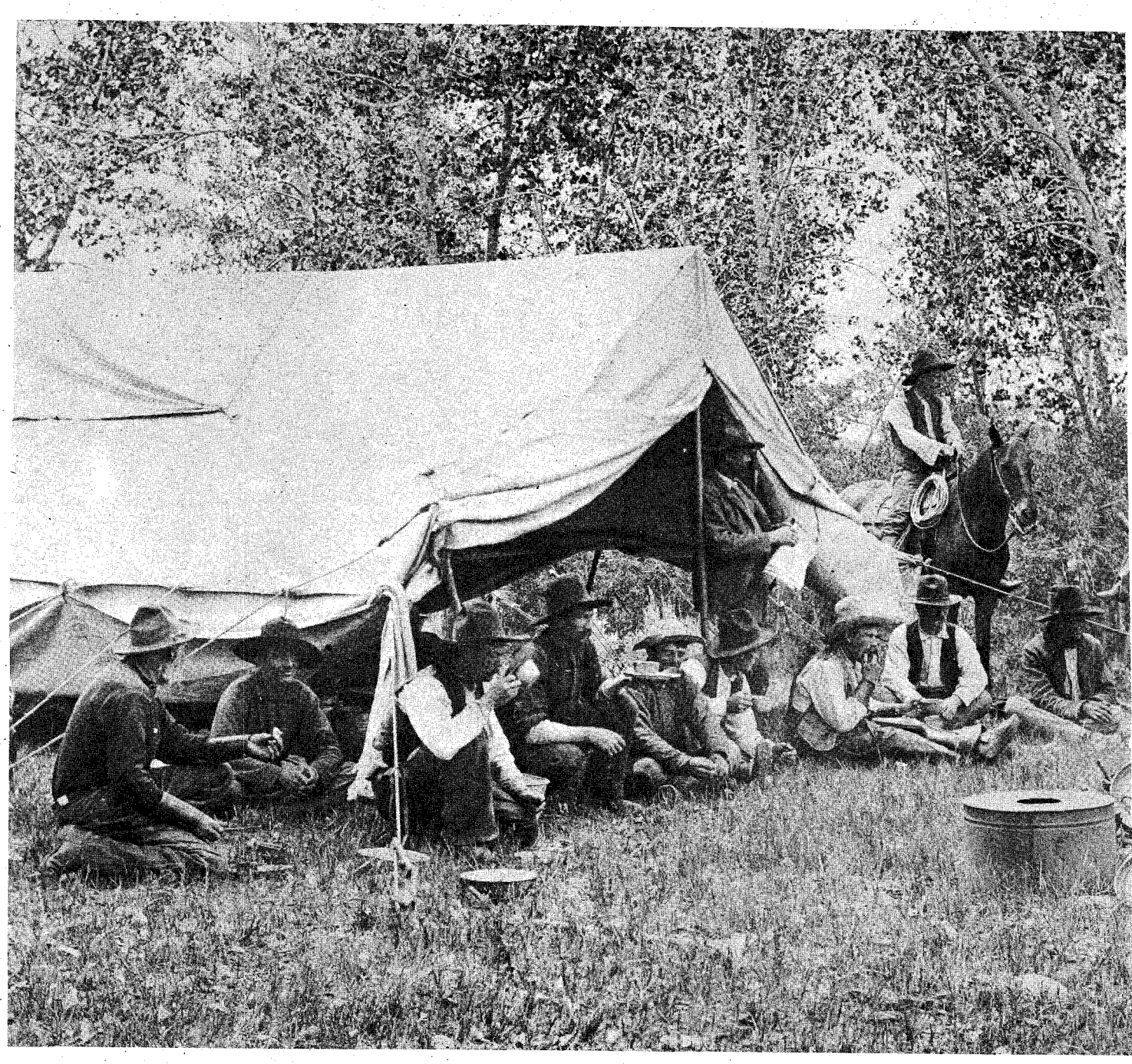
Lonesome, Sad and

By SHIRLEY RATISSEAU DIMMICK

The cowboy's diversions were few and simple. Song was important to his way of life, reflected his moods and was the expression of his desires and hopes.



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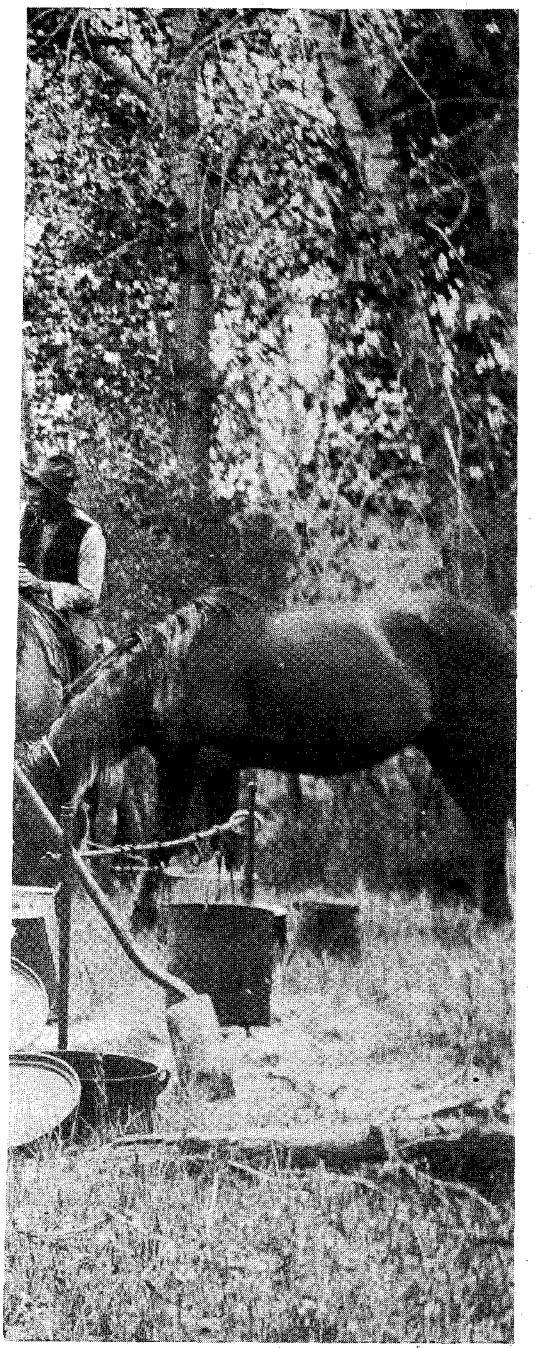
Blue

Here are the authentic Library of Congress versions of the songs and ballads that emerged from the western cowboys' solitary life.

Photo Courtesy L. A. Huffman



Beat the drums slowly and play your fifes lowly,
Play the dead march as you drag me along . . .
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I done wrong . . .

EVERY NOW and then we hear snatches of cowboy songs that echoed over trails of long ago. From whence they came no one knows. We remember a line here and there, recognize a vaguely familiar tune. Most are blotted out by the years, but a few remain intact. Just about all are lonesome, sad and blue. Take this one, for instance:

What keeps the herd from runnin'
Stampeding far and wide?
The cowboy's long, low whistle
And singing by his side . . .

There was more to it than that, but the rest has vanished with the years.

Men of the Old West were a clan apart. Like the oft-repeated saying, "Good friends will fight beside you till Hell freezes over, and then skate with you on thin ice." They were good drinking buddies, fellows with whom you could throw a first-class whingding, and they needed song to go along with these sprees. None of the conventional tunes seemed to fit their particular needs, so they made up ditties they liked better. Some ballads were full of cuss words. Others were rhythmic, sprinkled with staccato yells that stirred up lagging cattle. To round out a robust trail-driving song, it took many a whoop like the following:

Whoop-awhoop-a-hey!
The cowboy's life is a dreary life,
Though his mind it is no load.
And he always spends his money
Like he found it on the road.

If ever you meet Jim Garner
You must meet him on the square,
For he is the biggest cow thief
Who ever tramped out there.

But if you want to hear him
Roar and spin a lively tale,
Just ask him about the time
Whoop! when we all went up the trail!

There is a definite niche in the history of America for the frontier ballad and cowboy song. Beginning with the first riders who started their trek through history, their songs were handed down from generation to generation, but with each passing year a little has been forgotten and only fragments, in some cases, remain.

These tunes help tell the story of the West. Isolated and lonely, they were for entertainment and expression of emotion, but they contained information on conditions of pioneer and range life. The following was used in many parts of the West as a dance tune. Sung to waltz music, it took the place of *Home Sweet Home* at the conclusion of a cowboy ball. The "fiddlin' music" was silenced and the entire group sang as they danced.

Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne,
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.
My foot's in the stirrup, my pony won't stand,
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.
I'm leaving Cheyenne, I'm off for Montan';
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.
I'm a-ridin' Old Paint, I'm a-leadin' Old Fan;
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.
With my feet in the stirrups, my bridle in my hand;
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.
Old Paint's a good pony, he paces when he can,
Goodbye little Alice, I'm off for Montan'.

THESE SONGS were unique and genuine—unpolished, salty and unrefined. Sung in range vernacular, they were never meant to assault the ears of polite society. There was variety, too, for the cowboy never got hogtied when it came to making music—his tongue got plumb frolicsome.

Dan Taylor is a rollicking cuss
A frisky son-of-a-gun,
He loves to court the maidens,
And he savvies how it's done.

He used to be a cowboy,
And they say he wasn't slow.
He could ride the bucking bronco
And swing the long lasso . . .

Early songs told of the life of the cowboy, the ranch community, the boss, the straw-boss, wranglers and cook.

(Continued on page 34)

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Wild Old Days

I KNEW CHARLIE RUSSELL

BY BYRON CLAUDE STORK

I REMEMBER Charlie Russell, the "Cowboy Artist of Montana", quite well. We were both young men at that time, he several years older than I. His first job in Montana was at the Miller and Waite Ranch near what is now Utica. It was herding sheep and irked Charlie from the start. This is understandable to all of us old cowpunchers as we all hated sheep and sheepherders at that time.

Charlie was only sixteen when he came out to Montana. After a strenuous journey by railroad, stage and wagons, he finally arrived at Bill Corall's place in a pretty worn-out condition. Charlie never wanted to travel by wagon again. He said, "I'll leave those four-wheelers to the sod busters. When I travel, old Monty and a pack horse will do for me."

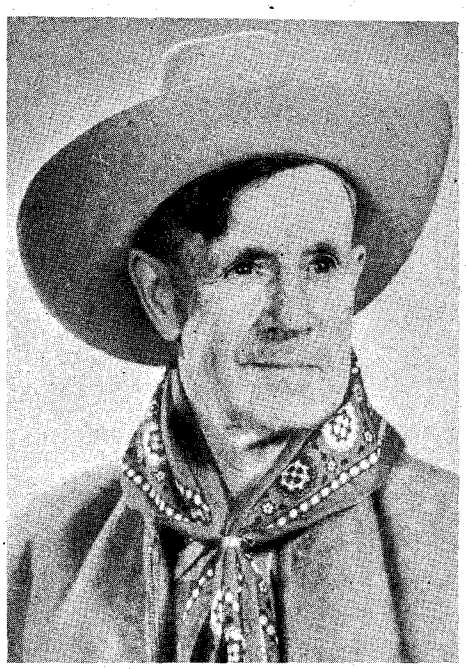
We used to hear a lot of stories about Charlie—that he was lazy and only wanted to play around with paints and wax. Well, if I could have painted like he did, I guess I wouldn't want to work either with a shovel, pick or hay fork. For a lazy man though, he did right well as he held his night herding job with the Judith Roundup for eleven years. Later, his 'playing around with colors' paid off pretty well. He became the world's greatest painter of the Old West with its real cowboys, its trappers, freighter scouts and Indians and we old cowpokes can almost smell the trail dust in those pictures and hear the click of those horns.

Years ago, I priced one of his water colors of an Indian buffalo hunt. It was $10 and we only got $35 per month so I just postponed the deal. If I had that picture now, I could buy a farm with it.

The first time I met Charlie was in Great Falls, Montana. I was just a kid and I had ridden in on a little mouse-colored cayuse. He had black-tipped ears and what we used to call 'black stockings,' that is, black around the ankles. He had a black stripe down his back clear to his tail. He had one black eye and the other one was what we called a 'glass eye' which was nearly all white. I guess he could see all right with both eyes because he always raised h—— when anyone else rode him. I could tell he was an old-timer so I called him Methuselah after the character in the Bible who lived 900 years. But he was a good horse in any man's language and I liked him.

I was just leading Methuselah into the Park livery stable where Charlie Russell and two of his cowpuncher friends were having some kind of a hassle about something. As I led my horse by, Charlie noticed his peculiar markings and said, "Kid, what you got there—some kind of a goat?" Now I never let anyone make fun of a horse that had just carried me fifty miles so I said, "No, he ain't no goat nor is he an old spotted cow like you're riding!" Charlie was riding Monty, a pinto. Charlie slapped me on the back and said, "That's right, kid, always stick up for your horse. He's often your best friend," and turning to his quarreling pals, he said, "Come on, fellers, we've got business at the Mint Saloon. Besides we don't want any shooting here among all these horses. Come on, fellers, the drinks are on me."

Charlie was always like that—a peacemaker. He was also a great story-teller, something of a philosopher and the "Greatest Cowboy Artist" of them all. And once a friend, always a friend, no matter what.



Byron Claude "Shorty" Stork, "Spokane's Painter of Western Scenes."

HE DIDN'T THROW THE RACE!

BY PETE STEELE

THIS STORY was taken from the memoirs of an old hard rock miner by the name of Joe Small who first discovered silver in the famous town of Tincup, Colorado.

Tincup in those days was a pretty lusty town. Miners, prospectors, gamblers—the kind of men who'd bet on anything, and usually did—waged money on flea races, how many bubbles in a glass of beer, the length of a rattlesnake's ears, anything. They lived hard and played hard; there wasn't anybody from anywhere who could live harder and play harder. Or do anything better—drink, sleep, run, anything.

So naturally the day two strangers came in on the stage from Leadville and let it be known they were two of the toughest, swearingest, most daring men in all Colorado, the local miners were out to prove the contrary. One of the strangers, boasting about himself at a local saloon, said his name was "Speed."

"Now where d'ya ever pick up a name like thet?" somebody asked.

" 'Cause I kin outrun anything livin'," the stranger answered, "man, rabbit or jackass."

That started an argument. "Why, we got a kid here kin make you look like a slow horse backin' up a steep hill he's so fast!" one of the Tincup miners asserted. "Hain't we boys?" he asked his local compatriots, all of whom immediately agreed. So they went out and fetched a young miner, name of Skoffer—something like that—and the race was set. The Tincuppers bet all their available money on the local champion—bets being taken by "Speed's" partner. A course was set up down the main (and only) street in town.

When all the bets were down and the two contestants had stripped off their shirts and shoes and were ready to go, somebody fired off a gun to start them and the race was on.

Skoffer ran hard—as hard, probably, as he could—but he was no match for the stranger from Leadville. "Speed" waltzed across the finish line with a half-watermelon smile all over his face and one hand out, fingers snapping for the money he'd won. Skoffer just kept running—he had to. The miners had lost a lot of money, and were swearin' up and down he'd thrown the race on purpose. They gave him till sundown to get out of town.

Now, in those days, only one stage a day came to Tincup, so Skoffer trotted on outta town and bedded down in an old crick-bottom for the night. He would of been all right, prob'ly, but apparently he tried using a bear cub for a pillow and roused the old she-bear up. She took out after him, and Skoffer was off on his second race of the day.

He could only think of one direction to run in—back towards town. He came barrelling down the main street, the she-bear half a step behind him, screamin' his bloody head off for help. But he was runnin' so fast this time he was already past before the surprised populace, still smartin' over the money they'd lost, could get out to the street. He disappeared, she-bear still warming him with her breath, with a final echoing shout:

'You s—o—b's! I 'spose you think I'm throwin' this race, too!"

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BARELY POSSIBLE

BY GERTRUDE McDANIEL

A PUEBLO, COLORADO, attorney received the following letter, which was reprinted in the Pueblo *Chieftain* a fews days later.

"Kind Respected Sir:

"I see in the papers a man named J-S was attacted and et up by a bare whose cubs he was stealing and the she bare et him up in the mountains near Rye. What I want to know, did it kill him when he was et up or was he only partly et up, and of this place and all about the bare. My first husband was of that name. I supposed he was kilt in the war but the name of the man the bare et up was the same. I want to know for I have been married three times since and there ought to be divorce papers if the bare hadn't et him all up. You'll know him if he wasn't all et up. He has six toes on his left foot, sings base, has a spred eagle tattoed on his front chest and an anker on his right arm, if the bare didn't et up all these parts of him. If he wasn't all et up don't tell him I'm married to J-W mabe you'll tend like I'm ded, but find out all you can about him and the bare, that is if the bare didn't eat him all up. My respects to you and the family. It being a she bare I fear he was all et up. Please ancer bac.

"P.S. Was the bare kilt? Was he married again? Did he leave any property worth my laying claim to or was everything et up?"

This letter I don't believe was ever answered.

THOSE WONDERFUL LIARS!

BY JACK MacDONALD

A NEIGHBOR OF mine once lived in Arkansas, on the Texas border and was very fond of Texans. He liked them, he said, because they were chesty, cheerful and such wonderful liars.

I asked him how he could tell when a Texan was lying.

"It's easy," he said. "A Texan can look you straight in the eye and put a friendly hand on your arm—but that won't prove anything.

"He may shift around on his feet, make a lot of big gestures, or slap you on the back—and you still won't know whether he's telling the truth or not.

"But—when the time comes that he begins to move his mouth, then you **know** he's lying."

A DOG'S LIFE

BY NAT McKELVEY

SIX-SHOOTER SMITH, hairy and hard, a giant of a man with an appetite for hard liquor and mountains of food, one day quit his job as a boxcar wrangler for the Southern Pacific.

"Damned if I can see," he groused, shaking his bear-like head, "why I should lead a dog's life chasing bums for the railroad."

In Smith's elemental mind, the easy way to make a living was to lay over in Tombstone with the "wild bunch." He went to the mining town, drank oceans of red-eye, gambled like a veteran and helped pull off a few minor crimes. But the company he kept proved too fast for him. One night, as the result of an argument with square-jawed Butch Cassidy, Smith had a pistol furrow ploughed in his scalp. Elsewhere seemed more healthy, so he lit a shuck for Deming, New Mexico.

Six-Shooter arrived in Deming, proddy as a grizzly mama relieved of her cubs. He entered the best restaurant in town, plunked himself at the grease-stained table and bellowed for a waitress.

When the cringing table maid, her voice quavering, asked what he'd have, Six-Shooter Smith yelled: "I want a humdinger of a Porterhouse steak, a gallon of whiskey and a dog!"

The waitress backed away, murmuring agreement. But instead of fetching Smith's order, she brought the eat-house manager, a barrel of a gent with a spit curl, blue Irish eyes and determination stamped on his bulldog face.

"Stranger," he warned, "I can furnish the steak and whiskey, but what the hell do you want with the dog?"

Smith glowered sourly. "Why," he snarled, "every damn fool in Deming knows that only a dog could eat your steaks!"

Smith's words touched off a general ruckus. Punchers, loyal to the cafe, started throwing furniture. The manager began feeding Smith knuckles and all bedlam held sway for about five minutes.

When Six-Shooter came to, he was lying in a gutter, his head throbbing, his eyes burning. Frustration lit a fire in his emotional boilers. On wobbly legs, he made his way to a nearby saloon where he tried to dry up the bar. When he had gained sufficient whiskey courage, he jerked out his six-gun, waved it around the room, bellowing all the while.

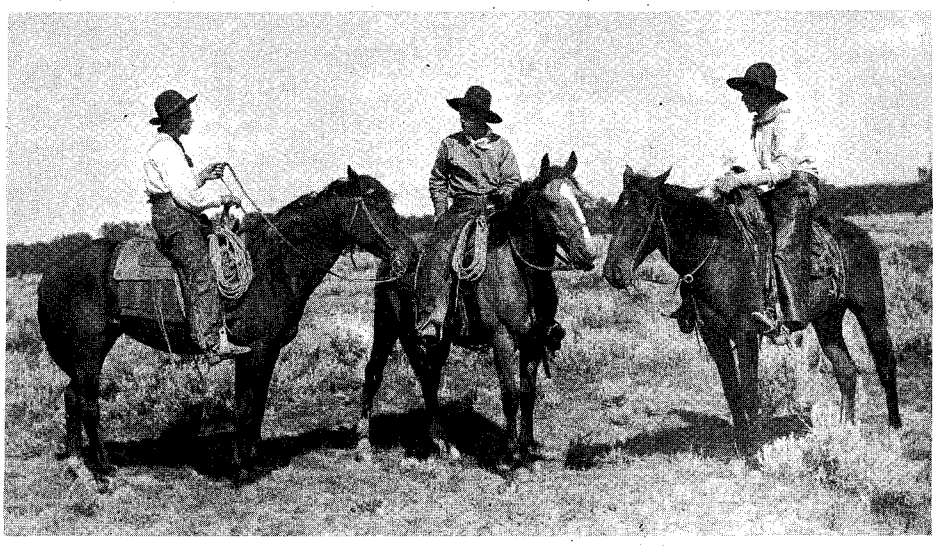
"I'm a bull rattler, an' this is my day to rattle!"

In the melee that followed, Smith's gun barked once, the slug tearing through the foot of an innocent bystander. Punchers who could have shot the drunken desperado, disarmed him instead. A kangaroo court went into immediate session.

Minutes later, a tall gangling waddy raised a horny paw, commanding silence.

"Trial's over," he announced. "This here's our findings." He paused for effect, then dashed on. "We conclude this here Six-Shooter Smith is too damn careless with his gun. Some day, he's liable to kill somebody. Therefore, we sentence him to be banished from Deming and to return to his former job of boxcar wrangler." Turning to the cowed bad man, the jury foreman burned him with a glance. "Now you git!"

Six-Shooter Smith, after such a short owlhoot career, "got", heating his axles like a man chasing jackrabbits. He returned to the S.P., to the dog's life of chasing hoboes from the railroad's rambling boxcars.



Cowboys gathering for a few minutes conversation, taking time out from their solitary range riding to enjoy the company of their buddies. Another of the famous L. A. Huffman photographs.

TRAIL TROUBLE

BY FRED GIPSON

J. D. TALLY of Corpus Christi, Texas, tells about a killing on the old Chisholm Trail . . . .

"This were back in '81. We're trailing 300 head of coaster steers belonging to Mag Ellison of San Marcos. Jack Robinson is trail boss. We're bound for the Injun territory with these cattle.

"We've crossed the San Saba River. Out of a brush rides a gent calling hisself Bill Hardin. Brags that he's shirttail kin to John Wesley Hardin, a Texas outlaw we know about. Looking for a riding job, he says.

"We're working short-handed, on account of one man's done got mad and quit and another's let a horse get down on him. Ankle's busted and we're hauling him in the wagon. Robinson signs on this Hardin gent.

"Robinson's got three darky boys working for him. One is his pet waiting boy. When the boss is in camp, this darky is sure to be on hand to do his saddling and unsaddling. That's a thing I never heard tell of before or since—a trail boss with a servant.

"Now this Hardin has his own outfit, complete with horse, saddle, hog-leg sixshooter he wears low on a gunbelt sagging with shells. He's got a pair of rawhide hobbles he uses to hobble out his night horse with. Keeps them hobbles in

(Continued on page 43)

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Lonesome, Sad and Blue

(Continued from page 31)

Ride into the branding pen,
A rope within their hands,
They will catch them by each forefoot,
And bring them to the brands . . .

The so-called "dogie songs," used during the long watches by night-guards to soothe nervous and spooky cattle, were soft and low. These songs came from the heart.

Whoopie-ti-yi-yo! Get along little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own,
Whoopee ti-yi-yo, get along little dogies,
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

They feed down in the coulee, they water in the draw,
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.
I eat when I'm hungry, I sleep where 'ere I can,
I'm going to Montana just to throw the hooley-ann.

Your mother was raised way down in Texas
Where the Jimson weed and sandburrs grow;
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,
Till you're ready for the trail to Idaho.

Theirs was a raw existence, and their humor was sometimes rough around the edges. Cow camps of the early days held many types of men, and there seems to have been a song about every type. Like the old-timers who knew lizards by their first names, many men knew all of these songs with their endless verses. The men who came West (for whatever reasons) are now immortalized forever. One such man rode to fame on *The Zebra Dun.*

Such an educated feller,
His thoughts just came in herds;
He astonished all them cowboys
With them big jaw-breakin' words.
Old Dunny was a rocky outlaw,
That had growed so awful wild,
He could paw the white out of the moon
Every jump for 'bout a mile.

You can bet that between the time Old Dunny quit the earth and came down again there was one "heckova" story in the telling.

ALONG THE WINDING cattle trail a new country trudged westward. New states were settled, and a piece of Mexico rode off with the help of some cowboys and became Texas. The 49'ers made it to California and a brave people followed the early cattle trails to Washington and Oregon. The bull-whacker sang his "Root Hog or Die," known as the *Bull-Whacker's Song.*

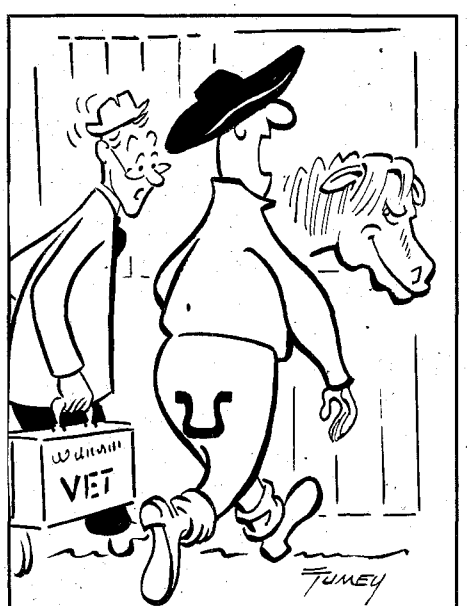
I'm a lonely bull-whacker
On the Red Cloud line;
I can lick any son-of-a-gun
That will yoke an ox of mine,
And if I can catch him
You bet I will or try
I'd lick him with an ox-bow,
Root hog or die.

It's out on the road
With a very heavy load,
With a very awkward team,
And a very muddy road.
You may whip and you may holler
But if you cuss it's on the sly,
Then whack the cattle on boys,
Root hog or die.

It's out on the road
These sights are to be seen,
The antelope and buffalo,
The prairie all so green.
The antelope and buffalo,
The rabbit jumps so high
It's whack the cattle on boys,
Root hog or die.

Now perhaps you'd like to know
What we have to eat.
A little piece of bread
And a little dirty meat.
A little black coffee,
And whisky on the sly;
It's whack the cattle on boys,
Root hog or die.

There's hard times on Bitter Creek,
That never can be beat.
It was "root hog or die"
Under every wagon sheet;
We cleaned up all the Indians,



"He's feeling better today."

Drank all the alkali,
Little pig, big pig,
Root hog or die.

Oh, I'm going home,
Bull-whackin' for to spurn,
I ain't got a nickel,
And I don't give a durn.
'Tis when I meet a pretty girl,
You bet I will or try,
To make her my little wife,
Root hog or die.

There was old times in Texas,
It was there that I suppose,
In Austin town I met with my
Little Texas Rose.
She could smile, she could love,
She could roll a pretty eye.
So whack the cattle on boys,
Root hog or die!

Editors note: Rummaging through old Western songbooks, our memories, and other sources, we uncovered about thirty-eight versions of "Root Hog or Die"—several have appeared in previous editions of TRUE WEST. Therefore, we present the "official" one above as a final wind-up.

EVENTUALLY THE big ranches were cut up into small farms, and the nester came to stay. The end of a way of life was told in song, and most of this music vanished with the Indian war-whoop and the buffalo.

But now comes the rising generation
To take the cowboy's place.
Likewise the corn-fed granger,
With his bold and cheeky face.

There were songs to be remembered, as soft as a young calf's ears. Many were so moving, simple and direct, that they were as unexpected as the fifth ace in a poker game.

The bawl of a steer, to a cowboy's ear
Is music of sweetest strain.
And the yelping notes of the gray coyotes
To him is a glad refrain.

And his jolly songs speed him along
As he thinks of the little gal
With golden hair who is waiting there,
At the bars of his home corral.

For a kindly crown in the noisy town
His saddle he wouldn't change.
No life so free as the life we see
Way out on the Yaso range.

His eyes are bright, and his heart is light,
As the smoke of his cigarette.
There's never a care for his soul to bear
No trouble to make him fret.

The rapid beat of his broncho's feet,
On the sod as he speeds along,
Keeps living time to the ringing rhyme,
Of his rollicking cowboy song.

Hike it, cowboys, for the range away.
On the back of a bronc of steel;
With a careless flirt of the raw-hide quirt
And a dig of a roweled heel!

The winds may blow and the thunder growl,
Or the breezes may softly moan.
As the cowboy's life is a royal life,
His saddle a kingly throne.

Saddle up, boys. For his work is play,
When love's in the cowboy's eyes,
When his heart is light, as the clouds of white,
That shine in the summer skies.

There was beauty in the tranquil life of the limitless plains over which the cowboy rode, and the great blue sky under which he slept. These things taught him simplicity and calm directness. And who are we to say they don't ride there now, their voices returning to our ears the faint songs still.

Oh we buried him there, on the lone prairie,
Where the wild rose blooms, and the winds blow free,
On a wet saddle-blanket, lay the cowboy-ee.

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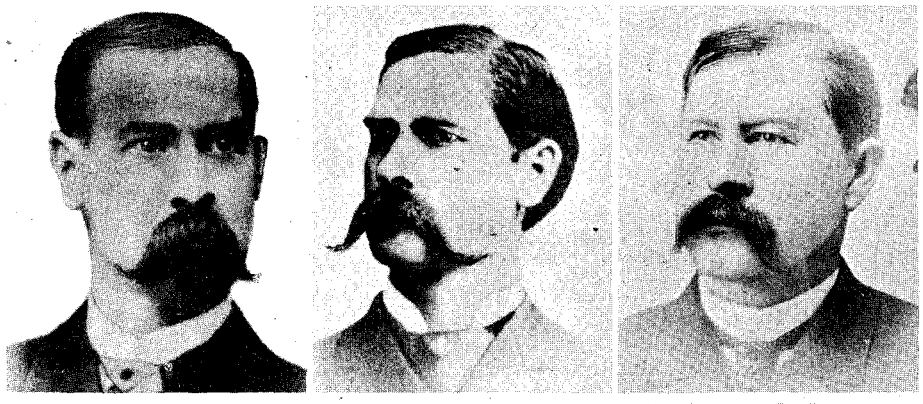
What Really Happened at the O.K. Corral?



The Earp brothers: James, Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan

Here's how the **Tombstone Epitaph** reported this highly controversial fracas the day after it happened.

By FRANK MASON

Photos Courtesy Ed Bartholomew Collection

NO OTHER EVENT in the history of the Old West has been more publicized than the gun fight at Tombstone's O.K. Corral. It has been told in frequent magazine and newspaper articles and in TV productions too numerous to list here. And there are as many versions of it almost as there have been writers, for no two have been exactly alike. This has resulted in so much confusion that magazine readers are not sure "who shot who and why," back on that twenty-sixth day of October, 1881.

John P. Clum, founder and editor of the Tombstone *Epitaph,* was a stickler for facts. He reported Tombstone's affairs as he saw them. Being on the scene and knowing the participants as well as he did, who else could have reported the fight more factually and with less chance for error? It is conceivable that he may have been somewhat biased in favor of law and order, yet he was never known to exaggerate or to omit any facts regardless of his own political or social leanings. He was an editor who could be counted upon to stick to the truth, and this is the way he saw it. Under the heading, "Yesterday's Tragedy," he wrote, in the accepted fashion of his time:

STORMY AS were the early days of Tombstone, nothing ever occurred equal to the event of yesterday. Since the retirement of Ben Sippy as Marshal and the appointment of V. W. Earp to fill the vacancy the town has been noted for its quietness and good order. The fractious and much dreaded cow-boys when they came to town were upon their good behavior and no unseemly brawls were indulged in, and it was hoped by our citizens that no more such deeds would occur as led to the killing of Marshal White one year ago. It seems that this quiet state of affairs was but the calm that precedes the storm that broke in all its fury yesterday, with this difference in results, that the lightning bolt struck with its full and awful force upon those who, heretofore, have made the good name of this county a byword and a reproach, instead of upon some officer in the discharge of his duty or a peaceable and unoffending citizen.

"Since the arrest of Stilwell and Spence for the robbery of the Bisbee stage, there have been oft repeated threats conveyed to the Earp brothers—Virgil, Morgan and Wyatt—that the friends of the accused, or in other words the cow-boys, would get even with them for the part they had taken in the pursuit and arrest of Stilwell and Spence. The active part of the Earps in going after stage robbers, beginning with the one last spring when Budd Philpot lost his life, and the more recent one near Contention, has made them exceedingly obnoxious to the bad element of this county and put their lives in jeopardy every month.

"Sometime Tuesday Ike Clanton came into town and during the evening had some little talk with Doc Holliday and Marshal Earp but nothing to cause either to suspect, further than their general knowledge of the man and the threats that had previously been conveyed to the Marshal, that the gang intended to clean out the Earps and that he was thirsting for blood . . . with one exception and that was that Clanton told the Marshal . . . that the McLowrys were in Sonora. Shortly after this occurrence someone came to the Marshal and told him that the McLowrys had been seen a short time before just below town. Marshal Earp, now knowing what might happen, stayed on duty all night and added to the police force his brother Morgan and Holliday. The night passed without any disturbance whatever and at sunrise he went home and retired to rest and sleep. A short time after, one of his brothers came to the house and told him that Clanton was hunting him with threats of shooting him on sight. He discredited the report and did not get out of bed. It was not long before another of his brothers came down and told him the same thing, whereupon he got up, dressed and went with his brother Morgan uptown. They walked up Allen Street to Fifth, crossed over to Fremont and down to Fourth, where upon turning up Fourth toward Allen, they came upon Ike Clanton with a Winchester rifle in his hand and a revolver on his hip. The Marshal walked up to him, grabbed the rifle and hit him a blow on the head at the same time, stunning him so that he was able to disarm him without further trouble. He marched Clanton off to the police court where he entered a complaint against him for carrying deadly weapons, and the court fined Clanton $25 and costs, making it $27.50 altogether. This occurrence must have been about 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Close upon this came the finale, which is best told in the words of R. F. Coleman who was an eye-witness from beginning to the end. Mr. Coleman says: 'I was in the O.K. Corral at 2:30 p.m., when I saw the two Clantons (Ike and Bill) and the two McLowrys (Frank and Tom) in an earnest conversation across the street in Dunbar's Corral. I went up the street and notified Sheriff Behan and told him it was my opinion they meant trouble, and it was his duty, as sheriff, to go and disarm them. I told him they had gone to the West End Corral. I then went and saw Marshal Virgil Earp (Virgil was City Marshal and Wyatt was Deputy U.S. Marshal) and notified him to the

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Black Judas

(Continued from page 23)

terms. The President, acting upon the special recommendation of the court at Camp Release, commuted Godfrey's death sentence to ten years in prison. On December 26, 1862, thirty-eight Sioux Indians were hung in Mankato; the sentence of one man being rescinded by Lincoln the day before.

Godfrey remained in the temporary stockade in Mankato until April, 1862. Then the Indians were taken to Davenport, Iowa, to stay in prison until the spring of 1866. Godfrey gained his freedom at that time when all the sentences were revoked and the Sioux were taken to Nebraska for release.

One result of this trial was that the court recorder, Isaac V. D. Heard, was to later give a description of Gusa Godfrey in a book concerning his experience as a volunteer soldier and court official. In his book *History of the Sioux War* Godfrey is described as having "very dark complexion, curly hair, lips of medium thickness, eyes slightly crossed, but not enough to disfigure." During the trial Godfrey's outstanding piece of clothing was an old plush cap with large earflaps. Beyond this information in Mr. Heard's book, no other description of Godfrey seems to have ever been recorded.

GODFREY LEFT THE SIOUX as soon as possible and roamed the Nebraska plains as an outcast. Very little is known of his life for the next thirty years, except that he eventually joined in with the Santee Indian tribe. Gusa was accepted as a blood-brother of the Santees and he even went along when the tribe was forced to live on a reservation near Springfield, Sarpy County, Nebraska. Living on the reservation wasn't too bad for Godfrey because it was better than being a nomad on the plains, and it gave him protection.

Unlike the other Santees, Godfrey didn't dare go into the town of Springfield or visit the nearby city of Omaha. He feared for his life among the whites. Too many people in Nebraska knew of his record and how he boasted to the Santees of enjoying the killings back in Minnesota. Despite his acquittal of the murder charge, many people refused to believe anything about Godfrey except that he was a cold-blooded killer who was lucky enough to escape the noose. Gusa's smartest move was to stay right on the reservation. He was protected by federal, not state, law and a federal court wouldn't go easy on anyone who would kill a would-be Indian in revenge for his activities years earlier.

On one occasion several men traveled to Springfield from Minnesota just to kill Gusa Godfrey. Their trip was in vain. They eagerly waited for Godfrey to come to town, but he wouldn't budge off the reservation. The Minnesotans didn't feel like facing a federal offense to go out and find Godfrey, so they gave up and went back home after a long period of waiting and looking.

Another smart move on Godfrey's part was to marry a young Santee squaw. The sixty-five-year-old man could then live as a ward of the United States Government on the rations and annuities due his seventeen-year-old bride. Gusa Godfrey also owned a farm on the reservation, and here he lived the life of a protected outcast until his death in 1909 at the age of seventy.

In 1904 Godfrey was named as the real villain of the 1862 massacres when Judge Daniel Buck published a book called *Indian Outbreaks*. The judge was the leading citizen of Mankato, Minnesota, a former justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, and a veteran of the 1862 conflict. Chapter Twenty in his book, *The Mulatto, Godfrey,* should have made this honored judge a candidate for a libel suit. The judge was on safe ground; the old mulatto living in Nebraska wasn't bothered by the book and everything printed was essentially the truth. Judge Buck's theme was expressed in the strongest language possible. He deplored the fact that such a black-hearted villain should escape his just punishment, and the judge stated, "There could be but very little doubt of his guilt of murdering helpless men, women and children."

The facts in the life of Gusa Godfrey contain many paradoxes. Here was a man who turned his back on the two races that made up his ancestry to go and live with still another race. This move was so complete that Godfrey fought against the United States, and yet he later enjoyed the benefits of federal protection and support. For a time he even turned against all the Indians to serve as a witness to save his own life, and then he went back to the Indians to spend the rest of his life with them.

In his lifespan of seventy years, he seems to have made the full circle. Unwanted as a child, he was given a home by the Bailey family. Certainly unwanted as an old man, he was given a home by the whole nation.

Perhaps it is fitting—some men, and Gusa Godfrey was one, just aren't worth killing.

The Lost Six-Shooter Mine

(Continued from page 13)

fanned out across the desert, looking for the twin tall rocks, examining every wash and ravine they came across. They found nothing, and the stories about the Lost Six-Shooter Mine grew to their now legendary proportions.

ACTUALLY, LITTLE is known about Perkins' discovery. Where, exactly, did he make his find? No one knows. Close to Quartzsite? Or nearer the place the body was found? Again there is no answer. What is known is that Perkins was found, dead, his six-shooter gone and his holster stuffed with gold.

Perkins' body was found north of Quartzsite, lying in plain sight, half-covered by sand. Apparently he had been making his way north when overcome. He was facing north, his arms outflung as if reaching for something that wasn't there. While he was apparently headed north, there was no telling just where the seven-mile wash he described in his notes lay, or where the tall rocks were.

Perkins might not have been found at all had it not been for his horse, which wandered into the Planet corral and was found there. A Planet employee by the name of Bill Bear, along with a Mojave Apache companion, back-tracked the horse and found the body. Perkins had died about a mile from the Bouse-Parker wagon road, several miles west of Bouse and northeast of the dunes area.

According to Bill Bear, Perkins was new to the country, and did a damn fool thing starting out across the desert with a storm coming on. As a result he lost his life. His horse, desert-wise and small, like all the Planet's horses were, could last a lot longer without water than a man. But Perkins apparently realized that the little animal would have dropped if he'd tried to ride it, so he just held onto its tail as long as he could, then dropped and died. The horse went on and made it to the Planet corral.

Bill Bear thought the gold ledge must have been in the dunes area, where it would be periodically covered and uncovered by the wind-blown sands. Bill never looked anywhere but in the dunes for the ledge. The outside territory had been gone over by others with no success. A coat and pistol could be buried in the dunes in a hurry and would be hard to find later. Probably only the rusted pistol would survive, and it might be encrusted with salts from the sands and unrecognizable.

SOMEWHERE OUT AMONG those dunes that gold ledge remains, unexploited to this day. Who knows—somebody may go out and find it yet. Anything is possible in that country. The outcrop on the Bonanza Mine at Harquahala was two inches by one foot. Hundreds of prospectors had walked over this fabulous fortune before it was found.

Perhaps Perkins' gold ledge is a similar phenomena.

It has been a puzzle men have tried to solve for seventy-six years.

There are two Lost Six-Shooter Mines in Yuma County—the second found by Billy Orme. Billy left his six-shooter at his find, as a means of laying claim to the discovery. His six-shooter had his name engraved on the handle and was a means of identification.

Just what became of Perkins' gun is not known. He may have lost it, or discarded it to make room for the gold ore, or actually used it as a mine-marker, as legend has it.

Orme's find was of silver, Perkins', of gold. Strangely enough, both are in the same county and same general area, although some sixty miles apart.

Some of the gold found by Perkins is today in collections of ore samples owned by various collectors around Yuma. One specimen was on display in a Yuma bank for a number of years—a most convincing reminder that "gold is where you find it."

Legends have a habit of growing up from scattered facts, and a legend had grown up around the Lost Six-Shooter Mine of Perkins'. All sorts of tales are rife about it. One version is that Perkins left a detailed map of the mine, which isn't so. He was too confused to have drawn a map of anything at the time. He was plain lost or he wouldn't have died as he did. What he did leave were a few scribbled words that served only to further confuse those who read them. But there was gold in his holster and it came from somewhere out in that desert.

Perkins' Six-Shooter Mine may never be found. But the legend—the mystery that began seventy-six years ago—has already become a permanent part of Western folklore. A strange tangle of truth and fiction, facts and speculations—a secret known only to the Yuma deserts and the whimsies of their shifting, unchartable sands.

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Ask True West --

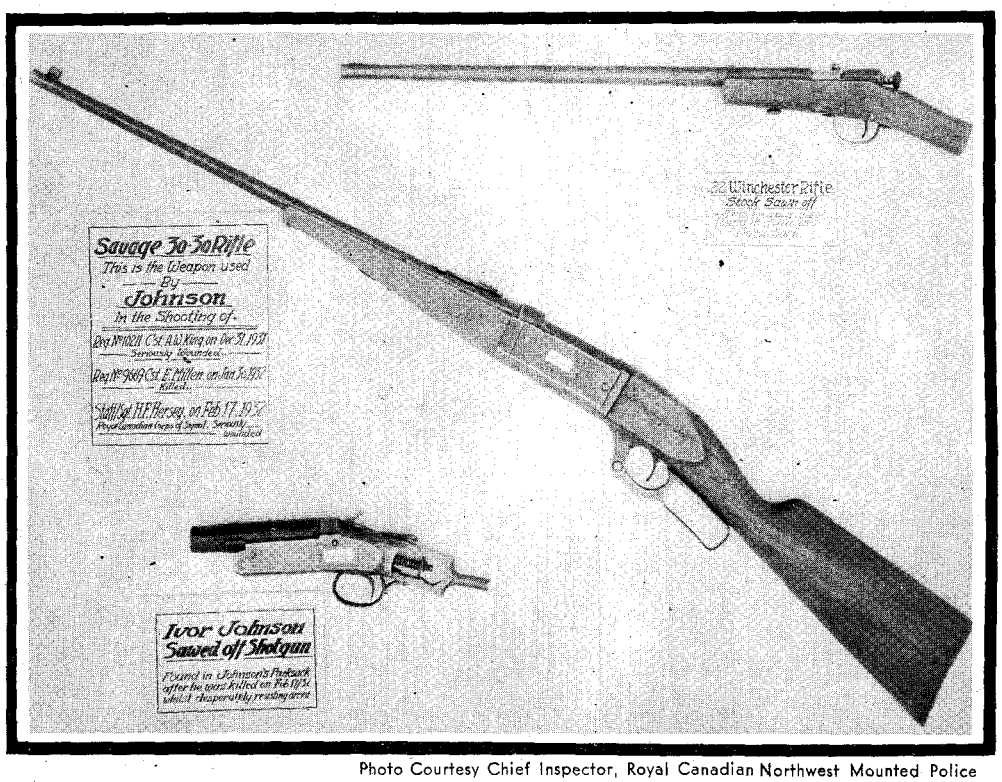

Photo Courtesy Chief Inspector, Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police

The pictured weapons were found among Albert Johnson's possessions: a Savage .30-30 rifle, a sawed off shotgun, and a .22 caliber Winchester rifle with the stock sawed off. Johnson used the .30-30 to kill Mountie E. Millen and wound Mounties A. W. King and H. F. Hersey.

Editor's Note: We get so many questions about the Old West here at True West that we thought it was about time to come up with a few answers. So if you want the facts on the frontier, "Ask True West." We'll probably get about 9,000 questions, so make your question of wide and general interest so we can print it, 'cause we dang sure can't publish 9,000! Address queries to: "Ask True West," c/o George D. Wolfe, 509 East Scott Avenue, Knoxville 17, Tennessee.

Question: Who first discovered gold in Alaska?—E. F. Dearing, Dunedin, Florida.

Answer: George W. Carmack has this distinction. After eleven years of fruitless prospecting throughout the West, he made the big strike near the mouth of the Klondike River August 17, 1896. Carmack fared better than some others who have been first in the field yet ended with little or nothing. Carmack salted away a cool million dollars in gold. The nuggets which were used to make the Golden Key which President Taft pressed to open the Alaska Exposition June 1, 1909, were taken from Carmack's gold. George Carmack was born in California in 1860 and died in Vancouver, B.C., June 5, 1922, wealthy and honored as a real benefactor.—*National Cyclopedia of Biography.*

Question: When was the first Stetson hat made and sold?—Mrs. Hampton, Los Lunas, New Mexico.

Answer: John B. Stetson made the first hat in the summer of 1862, on the plains of Colorado, when he was on the way to the gold fields. Stetson made the hat from fur shavings, mostly to show that it could be done. The hat caught the eye of a Mexican bull-whacker who paid Stetson five dollars in gold for it. The Stetson was born!—*The Stetson Story.*

Question: I'd like to know Geronimo's real name and where he was born.—S. K. C., Oklahoma.

Answer: Geronimo was born on the Janos River, Mexico, exact year undetermined. He was a member of the Janos tribe and of mixed blood; therefore he was not a hereditary chief. His name was Goylothay. He was nick-named Geronimo (from Jerome) for fondness for talking, based on the Spanish lore of the eloquence of Saint Jerome—Joe Chisholm, *Brewery Gulch.*

Question: Who was the Mad Trapper of Rat River?—Brooks Channing, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Answer: The Mad Trapper who went berserk near Aklavik, Yukon Territory, during the winter 1931-32, was known to local Indians as Albert Johnson. After his death (by police gunfire) the R.N.W.M.P. sent his fingerprints to authorities throughout Canada, Europe and America, but his real identity remains unrevealed. "Johnson" indeed gave the Mounties one of their toughest fights—Phillips *Living Legend;* R.N.W.M.P. *Bulletin;* files Portland *Oregonian.*

Question: Is it true that Sitting Bull was buried in quicklime?—B. T. Fowler, Enid, Oklahoma.

Answer: The answer is yes. "Five gallons of chloride of lime and a good helping of muriatic acid," according to Walter Campbell, based on the statement of J. F. Waggoner, an eye witness.—*Sitting Bull,* pp. 310.

Question: Was the squaw, Sacajawea, ever married to the man she lived with?—H. G.

Answer: This little yarn that she was married was set to rolling a good many years ago by Grace Hebard, but the late Bernard DeVoto scorned it and we'll stand by his knowledge. In running this question down we were somewhat surprised to learn that there have been more monuments and memorials erected to the Snake squaw than to any other woman in our history.—DeVoto's *Course of Empire.*

Question: Would like to know anything you can tell me regarding Billy the Kid's girl-friend, Deluvina Maxwell.—Mrs. E. C. Martin, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

(Continued on page 58)

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

area really have.

I surely hope that you will not introduce liquor ads into your publications. Western supply houses like Miller-Stockman; Fred Mueller; Weinberg's Western Wear; Western Ranchmen Outfitters; The Silver Spur; Jackie Wolfe Ranchwear; Luskey's; Circle 8 Western Duds, etc., would certainly increase their sales in the East if they put big ads in your magazines.

With best wishes for your magazines as they are, I am—F. C. R., Boxford, Massachusetts.

YOU'RE NOT JUST A-WUFFING! We sure need more publicity! Every day we get letters from all over the U.S. from people who have found TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES for the first time. WORD OF MOUTH is the finest advertising in the world. If you'll tell your friends—man, what a help! So many people just can't understand. They say, "If you make a better mousetrap . . ." All right, let me give you an example. What if you found an old woman who was the best cook in the whole world. What if you found a way to get this exquisite flavor into cans. Say you'd be putting out a product so much superior to that on the market there would be no comparison. Do you think there would be a wild rush to your brand? It would take a million dollars in advertising to get you in the race—and even then, ten years later people would be "discovering" your brand and asking you why in tarnation hadn't you let them know about it!

We don't claim to be the best in the world but I do know that if every person in the U. S. who is interested in the Old West could read a copy of our magazines tonight (without it costing us a fortune to get it into their hands)—well, you guess! It costs about as much to get each new subscriber as he pays for the magazine. That's why you must have advertising to back this up. And you just can't quit—any magazine that isn't going forward, getting new subscribers, etc., is doomed. It's those that come in as a result of your selling that count; we could use a million of those!

On those western supply houses you mention, great. But write the manufacturers, too—blue jeans, western hats, boots, and your own State Advertising Bureaus, etc. Would that help if you kept it up—man, yes!

Dear "Old Joe",

Yes, take liquor ads. Maybe some won't like it but very few would actually boycott you. People who read TW and FT are addicted to them. We move often—every six months or so—and wherever we go, we ask the newsstands to carry your magazines.

Just looked through the magazine (TW) again and I see you do have a bit about asking your magazine dealer. Wonder why I missed it? Personally, I think the subscription page is the least read in the magazine—except by people who are going to subscribe.

This cover (June TW, by Grandee) is the best you've had. It has a quality look about it.

How about a contest? We're contest bugs, and there are millions of us. Keep up the good work.—R. and C. G., Jefferson, Massachusetts.

Maybe you're right at that. Perhaps we better put that bit about asking your dealer somewhere else in the magazine. See, we actually get hundreds of letters saying they can't get TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES at such and such a place. The only known remedy for this is to ask that particular dealer the name and address, or phone number, of the wholesaler—and the man who supplies him. If the wholesaler gets enough phone calls, cards, etc., you can bet your last dollar he'll see that your newsstand is supplied. Or, if he doesn't get enough, then he'll raise the ante. Seems the dealer himself calling the wholesaler does no good—don't ask me why. But you, the American people, can get what you want any time you go at it the right way. WE'LL SEND THAT WHOLESALER ANY NUMBER OF COPIES HE NEEDS TO SUPPLY THE DEMAND! All he's got to do is even hint to the National Distributor (Kable News Co., 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.) that he needs more and he'll be flooded!

Contest? We've got one going on in FRONTIER TIMES right now. And we're thinking about more for both magazines. Any suggestions?

Friend Joe:

It is not my idea to try to tell you how to run your business, but on the matter of liquor ads I say, no. I have never been a prohibitionist and would not attempt to estimate the number of gallons of intoxicating liquor I have consumed in my life, and why, I don't know, but somehow that kind of advertising in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES just wouldn't look right. You are now publishing the only two magazines in the U. S. that have just a good old, honest, country boy flavor, with nothing in either that could be offensive in any way to anybody. That could have a whole lot to do with the way the circulation of your magazines has increased, so don't spoil it, Joe.

You say about one-third of the people you have heard from are against liquor ads. If you run liquor ads I will say that you will lose a good portion of these subscribers, but if you come flat out and tell them that you are not going to have ads for whiskey, beer, etc., in your magazines, I will say that you will not only hold every one of these subscribers but that they will be so happy about it they will get other subscribers for you who think like themselves. On the other hand, if you do not run liquor ads, I will say that you will not lose one subscriber among those who do not object to them.

But I do have a criticism to make on the cartoon on page 38 of June TRUE WEST. There is nothing "Western" about it. And it's commonplace, besides. Can't figure how it got by you.—N. G. H., Houston, Texas.

Oh, you dreamer! (No offense meant!) You say that if we do not take liquor advertising it will make all those who are against it so happy they'll send in subscriptions from friends, etc.

IF EVERY PERSON AGAINST LIQUOR ADVERTISING IN THESE MAGAZINES WOULD SEND IN JUST ONE SUBSCRIPTION A YEAR WE'D HAVE IT MADE!

And, do you know something, every

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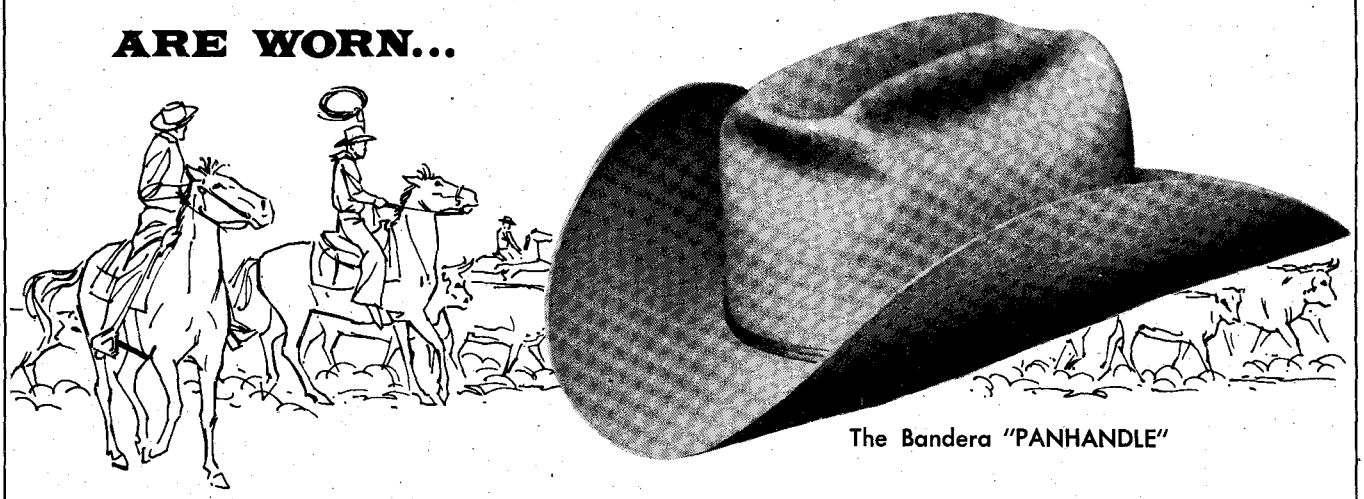
WHEREVER WESTERN HATS ARE WORN...



BANDERA IS THERE!

Authentically styled in the true Western tradition, Bandera Hats are worn with pride by Westerners everywhere. Men of action choose the Bandera "Panhandle." Ruggedly handsome with its distinctive Panhandle crease, raw edge brim and high side roll, this one's crafted of fine imported fur felt for long-lasting good looks. Try one on at your Bandera dealer's. Or write for name of nearest dealer. BANDERA HAT COMPANY, 1006 Jennings, Fort Worth, Texas.

BANDERA HATS

one may, in his own mind, decide to do so—but you are dealing with PEOPLE. People MEAN to do something but they just don't get around to it. Like getting Christmas presents early, like writing Aunt Maude who pleaded for a letter two months ago, like—well, you know what I mean. Let's say a magazine has 1,000,000 readers. Let's say half of them are against liquor advertising. So we make a push to get that half to send in one extra subscription. They all mean to do so. About 300 subscriptions result! There are exceptions, of course. I would like to see one in this case but a man never knows when he can DEPEND on an exception. Anyhow, it's a good thought and, who knows, maybe this time COULD be the the exception!

About the cartoon, I agree. Long story. We're on a campaign right now to improve our cartoons, and use ONLY those strictly Old West in nature.

Dear Joe,

Can I just give my opinion on your No Liquor ads. I know I am an Englishman but I reckon I rank as an old subscriber. Up to now I have never had the luck to get a letter published in TRUE WEST.

I agree with Mrs. R. D. of El Paso, Texas, and also Mr. Sanderson of Texas. We in England are not a drunken nation, but we have our liquor ads, too. The trouble now is TV. Pubs, Inns, etc., are losing customers and they are putting out more ads to draw back the customers. What holds the people to the TV? I would say without doubt it's western films—the same as in the U.S.A.

The saloons in the western towns were just as much a part of life and American history as our famous Inns. England would have very little history if you took out the historical Inns. I look at it this way and have traveled a bit. As much religion can be practiced in a Saloon Bar or Inn as in a church. And all folk who drink are not villains in God's eyes or mine. I have met some fine people who drank—both Americans and Limeys. And I remember them as some of my dearest friends.

As for the chap who sends the TRUE WEST to American boys in London, M. I. W. of Laramie, Wyoming, tell him that boys in England can sit in a room in some of our pubs and drink a soft drink alongside a chap drinking whiskey. It is not against the law. Remembering your history, what about Portuguese Phillips on the famous ride to Laramie. Whiskey saved his horses' strength in that blizzard and got the message through that saved many lives. In the Second World War I served and fought alongside the American boy—fine soldiers—good pals—and we drank plenty of liquor. For mostly medical reasons. Use the ads in Western settings.—H. E. C., Teddington, Middlesex, England.

P.S. Is it not a fact a lot of the churches built in Western towns were put up with the money you collected in the Saloons to build them?

Gentlemen:

May I put in my two cents worth on accepting whiskey ads. I am not beyond taking a drink—I don't think whiskey is the best beverage on earth nor do I think it is the worst. I have all but the first four issues of your magazine. I have always looked at your magazine as a clean one. I don't think the ads would affect me, but it is a magazine I can lay down and don't have to worry if my grand-daughter picks it up. I recently bought a magazine that carried an article on one of the famous old characters of the West—the article was a good one and true in so far as I could check—but as I turned the pages I found that the back half was full of semi-nude women. I am not beyond looking at them, but I do object to a twelve-year-old having them available.

Your magazine has been kept so spotless clean that I hate to see smudges in it. I have contended that I have been temperate even when I take a drink. This is disputed by some of my good Christian friends. I contend that I do not have to be a teetotaler to be temperate and I have never been able to get very much from a Sunday School lesson or sermon taught or preached by a pot-bellied person when they would try to base a temperance lesson or sermon on total abstinence. As I understand it, we should be temperate in all things and I think you find that the Bible mentions gluttony nearly as many times as drunkard and I feel that there are possibly more people who are eating themselves to death as there are drinking themselves to death, but I have no way to prove it.

I know that your magazine is the only western I can buy for 25c and it is bet-

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ter than most of them and good as any. No doubt with the advance price of paper and labor it could use a few extra shekels and I hope that you will be able to find some other way to get them.

I have a collection of historical pictures of Dodge City consisting of scenes, plates, portraits, and documents that exceed one thousand. I have sold quite a few for publication. The surprising thing is that I have never sold a portrait of any of Dodge's honest, staunch, early-day citizens. All I have sold have been of those with shady backgrounds. The collection has so many portraits of the better people and I made a special effort to get them, thinking I would be able to sell them. Doesn't anyone want to read of the better element or do they have to be gamblers, murderers, fancy women, and riff-raff?

I know a lot of people that won't buy a magazine that carries whiskey ads. The loss of a few sales at each newsstand possibly could offset the extra cash the ads would bring in.— R. E. E., Dodge City, Kansas.

Actually, it's amazing! At first it ran about one-third against, two-thirds for. Then when the July-August issue came out giving these statistics, THE BOMB BURST! Letters POURED in—from every state in the Union and many foreign countries. And the funny thing about it, the trend reversed overnight. Maybe the wets saw they were winning and slacked off. Perhaps it amazed the drys. Whatever it was, I know one thing, we got a cloudburst that had our little organization flat snowed under—and they're still coming in by the sacks-full.

Percentage after the reversal? About thirty percent for, and seventy percent against. Another thing, these letters are not the crackpot type. They are sincere and from the heart. They have an objection to liquor advertising in our magazines and they are explaining why—very little hell fire and brimstone stuff. That's a little surprising, also. Many of them actually have no strong objection to drinking, but they hate to see a little speck on what they term the two cleanest magazines on the stands.

Well, we've weighed the values closely (you've GOT to these days!) and we've decided to hold off—at least, until we HAVE to. We would never have to if you folks would actually do what you say you will, There is no way that I know of to word this and keep it from sounding like a threat, so I'll just talk plain American. No matter how it sounds, it's the truth! If you folks will back us like you say you will, we'll never need liquor advertising. If you slack off and we have to accept it to survive, then we'll do so.

Let's put it this way. Say you are terribly allergic to poison ivy. So you get into a flood. You've been down twice and you're going under for the third time. Then there is this strong, healthy poison ivy vine hanging down from a tree whose branches you can't reach—but you can reach the ivy. Would you just go ahead and drown or would you reach up and grasp the ivy?

Maybe that isn't a good comparison, but it should give you a look into our situation. We aren't just on the verge of foundering, but this rising of costs situation, with our prices remaining the same —it's getting rough. Everybody is standing in line for his share. The postoffice has made THREE increases in second class postage in the past several years and are making sounds like more for the future—and so on and on.

So a guy has **got** to figure. If you keep raising your prices, without increasing your number of pages, you get in trouble. Most magazines take care of this rising cost by more advertising. We are young yet—**very** young in the advertising picture. A new account is the hardest thing on earth to get in the budget. I think advertising executives must have a conference and any man who mentions a new magazine gets hung by his toes overnight! We can shout all day about how much good we could do them, write ten thousand letters—and it wouldn't do as much good as one letter from you saying you've bought their products all these years, and why can't they do you a favor in return? Mention both magazines, tell them what you think of them, and give sort of a picture as a whole on how they are regarded by everyone you know. IF YOU'D KEEP THIS UP—even one letter a month—it would get the job done!

Maybe we'd better list the things that would help out more, one by one. You can't be expected to take on the entire load, but pick out two or three items, STAY WITH THEM, and if enough of you do it, you won't have to worry about the type of advertising we carry in the future! Realize we understand this is sort of like asking you to pay your fare and then help push the train, but you dadburned wonderful people have offered your help (sort of like that spirit of the Old West!) and by golly we do have an ox in the ditch, so we're mighty much obliged!

1. I think this is the most important way of getting results in the whole advertising picture. TALK TO DEALERS! Any dealer who sells anything western can help us by asking salesmen why the companies they represent aren't in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. Of course you are going to have more luck with the dealers you buy from, but don't pass up the chance to chat with any dealer of western wear, trinkets—anything western. Get your friends to do so also—telephone calls, letters, personal chats. If you'll keep at this over a period of months, you can't imagine the help it would be! Don't try to get him to advertise, but ask him to use his influence with companies whose products he sells —he can talk to their salesmen when they are taking his order for their products.

2. Second in importance is writing the manufacturers direct. Western hats, blue jeans, boots, all types of western wear, as well as guns, fishing tackle, outboard motors, your own State Advertising Bureau, etc. Many manufacturers write us that they are not with us because their dealers haven't mentioned our magazines to their salesmen. So if you talk to local dealers, then write the companies too—boys, that would get the job done. I know this is a lot to expect, but you have asked, by the thousands, to be told what to do and that you'll get at it like a biting sow! Make yourself a list of the big boot, blue jean, western hat, and general western wear advertisers from some of the other western-interest (horse, etc.) magazines, keep writing them one letter a month for a year, send a carbon to your local dealer each time, and SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

3. Actually, one of the most important points of all is to continue to do business with our advertisers who are with us right now. They've made the difference! We just flat wouldn't be here today without them. Stay with 'em, please.

4. If every reader who doesn't want to see liquor advertising in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES would send in just one subscription (other than your own) per year, that would be a TREMENDOUS HELP! And if newsstand readers would make sure to influence one more regular newsstand reader, that would be the same type help. By the way, do you find TW and FT covered up on newsstands? We do! It wouldn't hurt at all to dig them out and let people have a CHANCE to buy them.

5. Renew promptly. After sending out about three notices—it's costly!

6. When you do not have enough copies at your newsstand, ask the owner the name and address of the wholesaler. You can generally find him under "MAGAZINES, Wholesaler" in the yellow pages of your phone book. Call and ask for more copies—and keep calling until they're there. One call won't do it. If there are no copies at all on your favorite newsstand—call fast and get as many of your friends as possible to call. Don't overlook super-markets. Write us also (complaining like the dickens!). We'll forward your letters on to our national distributor.

This is getting too long. But it just may prove something. If ALL you guys will do just a little, you'll see the power of the American public—and, man, HOW you'll see it! The danger lies in putting it off, "letting Frank do it," and that kind of thing. Just one time, if you can feel that this thing is a miserable failure unless you YOURSELF lend a hand—then we've got it made!

Honestly, we should have stayed out of the durned publishing business if we couldn't have made it on our own, but we didn't have much sense, and less money, and if you guys don't have any more sense than to keep helping us along, one of these days we might grow up. The day old Joe writes a dry-eyed letter I bet there'll be a mixture of rejoicing and heart failures all over the nation!

I'll keep you up on results. It may take some time. You don't change situations overnight. But if you'll help on these six points, (or even two or three) and keep helping, you'll see two of the finest, the cleanest and the most dedicated Western Americana magazines evolve in the form of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES that have ever been attempted in this country. We've got the sincere desire—we just ain't rich and we need your help! S'long.—Joe

---

RUSSELL COLLECTORS BEWARE

Collectors of the works of art by Charles M. Russell need to be on their guard against phony Russell bronzes. The latest one to appear is called THE HUNTER'S TROPHY and although it carries a facsimile of the Russell signature, the original model was done by the late Earl Heikka of Great Falls, according to the Historical Society of Montana. A number of other fakes recently offered for sale from the same source are recastings of Russell's bronzes.

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FOUR MORE GONE!

You have been able to order Nos. 5, 8, 13 and 17 in the past for 50c a copy. They are gone now. That makes sixteen issues out of print! Three more are going fast.

The instant our supply of a back number is exhausted, many dealers and collectors charge from $1 to $5 per copy (and get it!)—so stock up, boys, while we have some left.

This magazine is like a fiddle—it definitely gets more valuable with age. If we only had a good supply of those first fifteen issues! We have been offered up to $30 per copy for the most valuable numbers—and they are only five years old!

SPECIAL!

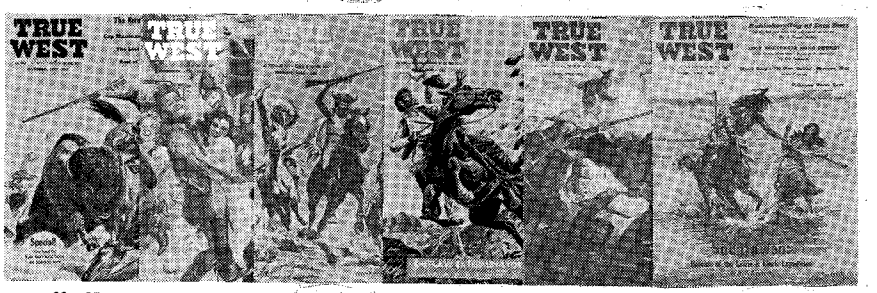
Why don't you invest in **TRUE WEST?** Lay in a supply now while we have them, and let them value with age. Like life as a whole, we have none of some, too few of too many, and too many of a few—so are willing to sell you certain issues at special prices. Even though they are listed at 25c each, we'll sell copies of Nos. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 of **TRUE WEST** and all issues listed of **FRONTIER TIMES** (with the exception of 1FT) at **JUST 19c PER COPY!** At the rate our back issues are going, even one year from now they could be worth 50c per copy—and that's no bull.

INVEST IN TRUE WEST!

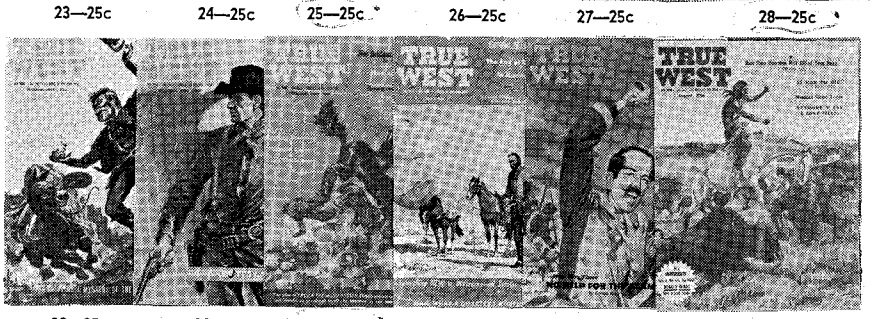
If you want to make an investment in back issues, we'll quote wholesale rates if you buy fifty or more. The following may sound silly but it's true (we know!)—they are as safe as good bonds and infinitely more valuable from a money-making angle.

Along with your order, why not turn to page 59 and take care of your gift subscriptions and perhaps extend your own. Then you can cover the whole shebang with one check, money order or germy bills!

15—50c 16—50c 18—50c 20—25c 21—25c 22—25c

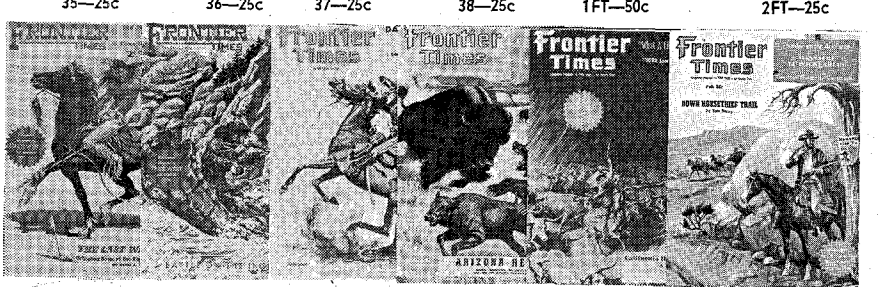


23—25c 24—25c 25—25c 26—25c 27—25c 28—25c



29—25c 30—25c 31—25c 32—25c 33—25c 34—25c

35—25c 36—25c 37—25c 38—25c 1FT—50c 2FT—25c



3FT—25c 4FT—25c 5FT—25c 6FT—25c 7FT—25c 8FT—25c

9FT—25c 10FT—25c

Man, it isn't much trouble! We get cussed every day for not having certain numbers—so we're tellin' you, Podner—they're going fast. Order now and you won't be cussin' us later!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

BOX 5008-TW • AUSTIN 31, TEXAS

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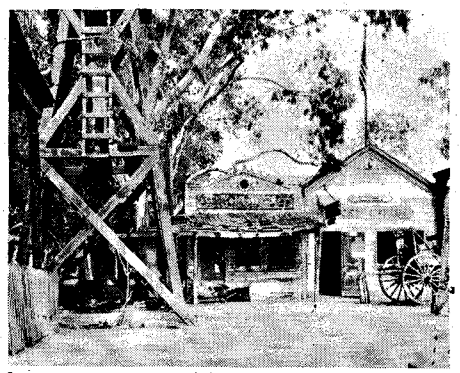

"Ghost Town" is a true replica of early gold mining towns. Many thrills await you as you wander through the streets of this old town. Hours of Free Entertainment.

WRITE FOR FREE PICTORIAL BOOKLET

KNOTT'S BERRY FARM & GHOST TOWN

P.O. BOX 338-A Buena Park, California

ACCURATE
EXCITING
ADULT
20

FULL COLOR AUTHENTIC
OIL PAINTING REPRODUCTIONS

NEW 8½x11 HARD COVER EDITION
HANDSOMELY BOUND

Book of factual and authentic biographies of the West's most famous characters. The only book of its kind with full color reproductions of the original 4' x 5' oil portraits by the famous western painter Lea McCarty, the first man to paint the gunfighters as they really were.

$5.00 per copy—order from

DALE McCARTY
305 Jean Drive, Santa Rose, California

MEN'S NAVAJO BOOT

Original boot of comfort, inspired by the Navajo Indians. Rugged wearing qualities. White latigo rawhide soles, hand-moulded and laced for tough outdoor wear. Ties with rawhide thong, has silver conchas.
sizes 6 to 12

Rust, brown suede, or natural smooth leather with rawhide sole $10.95

Same boot with soft sole $6.95

Send for free Moc folder

WESTERN BRANDS

Dept. TW-1024 ESTES PARK, COLORADO

TW and FT at 19c PER COPY?

Where else on earth can you buy copies of *TRUE WEST* and *FRONTIER TIMES* for 19c per copy? For a list of specials, see page 41

Truly Western

Oklahoma's Wax Outlaws

Gentlemen:

I like both your magazines very much but there is something I would like to check over. It's about the Geronimo piece. According to the story, he actually defeated an entire cavalry regiment with only twenty braves.

In the 1904 World Fair in St. Louis, I met Geronimo in Pawnee Bill's side show. The day after that, President Theodore Roosevelt visited the fair. He met the old chief in the arena and was accompanied by General Leon Wood, General Miles, Pawnee Bill, newspaper reporters and interpreters. After shaking hands with every man in the group except General Miles, Geronimo fell on his knees and hugged Teddy's leg. He begged him to release his brothers who were dying like flies in the Florida swamps. Roosevelt promised to look into the matter and see what he could do about it, but he told him right out that there was no chance of them being allowed to go back to their old hunting grounds. The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* brought out the story the following day and mentioned that hundreds of Apaches were exiled in Florida

Why would the whole tribe be punished for the deeds of twenty renegades?

Also, could any of your readers inform me of the identity of three outlaws done in wax that were on exhibit in Tom Phillips' Dude Ranch and museum close to Bartlesville, Oklahoma? I saw them in March, 1940. The reason this comes to mind is because of some cowboys I encountered on the Katie Flyer one night in April, 1904.

After the train had left the depot at Muskogee, Oklahoma, I noticed three cowboys enter—one from one side, two from the opposite side. When the train slowed at Vinita to take on water, they left the baggage car platform and flattened out on the coal of the tank car. We did this so that when they put water in the train, we wouldn't get wet.

Well, sir, while I was lying there in the coal, I looked up and noticed two holsters sticking out from under the coat of each cowboy. Almost all men carried one gun in that territory, but if he carried two, that meant those guns were resting on an outlaw's hips.

I decided right then to make friends cause I didn't care for any trouble. So, next chance I got, I tried to spark a conversation.

"Howdy," I said. "Where you fellows headed?"

All I got was a grumbled salutation and silence. But soon, the engineer ambled over and said to me, "Hello! I see I have quite a bunch on this trip. I should get something for my trouble . . . like a chew of tobacco."

"Mighty sorry, sir," I answered and, looking over at the cowboys, added real loud, "I'm just flat broke and don't have a plug anywhere." That was slightly exaggerated but with $33.00 in my pocket, I didn't care to advertise it in case the train was robbed and those guns made me feel like it just might happen.

When they kept on whispering to each other, I tried to act cool and indifferent but I kept my back to the baggage car. Considering all possible escapes should they jump me, I finally decided that if such a thing came to pass, I'd just yell my lungs out to bring help.

While I was still pondering my situation, I noticed something white go flying out of the car in front. The cowboys noticed it too and it caused them a lot of concern. We were just going through Selma, Kansas, but the next regular stop was Parsons, Kansas. Before the train came to a stop at Parson, those fellows jumped off the train and headed for a ravine.

I climbed on top of the baggage car and saw a bunch of armed men standing on the depot platform. They were joined by the armed engine crew. The sleeping car porter saw me and, pointing my way, shouted to the rest, "There's one! Up on top of the baggage car!"

It didn't take me too long to reach the platform and maybe would have taken off myself when I heard another voice yell, "Let him go! We don't want him!"

The train pulled out again and the rest of the trip was sheer delight but when I saw those wax figures at Tom Phillips' Museum, I immediately thought of the three cowpokes who surely had planned to rob that train.—Albert Enzmann, Forbertown, California.

Hawk on the Chisholm

Dear Sir:

My father was born about 1856 in Virginia, reared in Tennessee and moved to Texas at seventeen. He worked for Captain King as fence rider but quit to work for John L. Chisholm.

My father, E. M. Hawk, told of one trip over the Chisholm trail. Seems there were several herds and dad was following with one. They drove for three days and nights to reach a watering place. They were almost exhausted when some cowboys from the herd in front rode back. They asked father and his fellow trail hands to keep on driving the cattle—even if it looked like they'd die from thirst. That seemed the best solution cause all the cattle were doing was milling and bawling for water.

Well, they pushed them on harder and when the cattle got within smelling range of water, they broke into a run. The boss told the hands to slow them down to a walk and he told father to bring up the drags, tired and slow ones.

Father said you never did see a thirstier bunch of cattle—they had to keep the stock from drinking too much too quick before they could even enjoy some of that liquid refreshment.

Another time, on a drive through Cameron and Cooke Counties, they found a Chisholm bay still wearing his hobbles but fat and slick from being out the year. The boss took a shine to him so he saddled the bay for a ride. It wasn't long before the horse let the rider know just how he felt about him.

(Continued on page 59)

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WESTERN PRINTS

by BOB KISER

Western Scene A Kiser Creation ®

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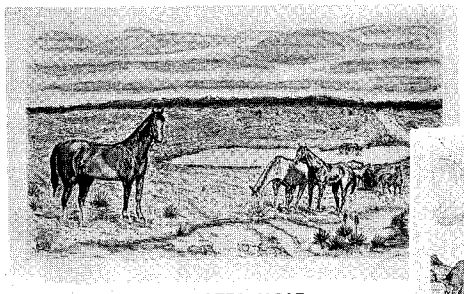

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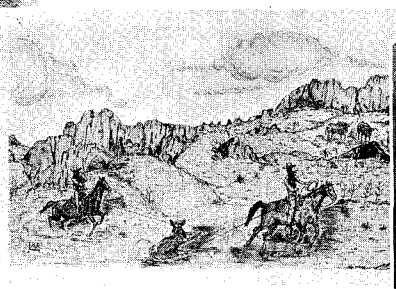

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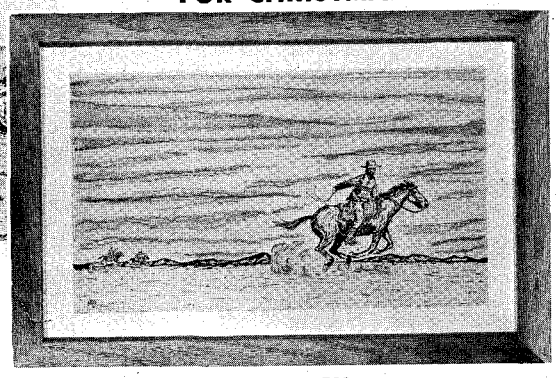

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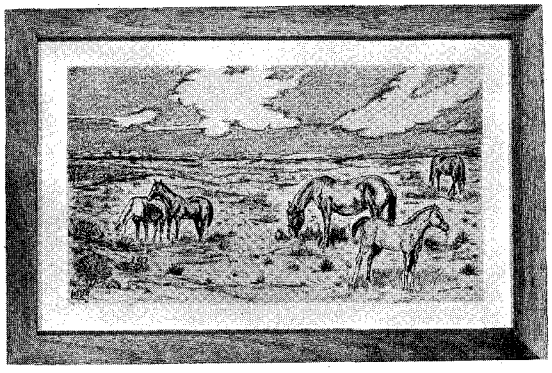

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 33)

the wagon.

"One night we bed the herd down. The steers is laying easy, like cattle will when they've got a paunch full of grass and good water. We ride into camp. Hardin goes to the wagon for his hobbles. They're gone.

"'Hardin turns on the boss' pet darky. Wants to know where them hobbles is. Darky boy, he tells. Claims the boss tells him to put them hobbles on a horse of his.

"Hardin sets out to cuss the darky boy. Stands with his hat slanted at a hell-bent angle across his head, his yeller eyes blazing like a mad cat's. Slaps the darky boy flat on his back. Says to hell with Jack Robinson. Says get up and get them hobbles and don't never tamper with them agin. Says there'll be war in camp if he don't.

"The darky boy gets up and gets Hardin's hobbles for him.

"I don't hear him, but I lean to the opinion that Robinson tells this darky boy he don't have to take Hardin's cussing. If he does, it's a mistake.

"A couple of nights later the hobbles is missing agin. Hardin sets out to cuss the darky boy agin. The darky is wearing a six-shooter this time. He reaches for it, but he ain't half fast. Hardin's done drawed and triggered. Done shot this darky boy three times before he can fall.

"Jack Robinson, he comes up off his pallet under the chuck wagon, grabbing for a Winchester propped agin a wheel. Hardin says, 'Don't crowd your luck, Robinson.' Robinson sees what he means and lets his Winchester fall in the dirt.

"Hardin backs off a piece, holding his six-shooter at belly-level. Swinging it slow from side to side, so we all get a look down its muzzle. Says, 'Settle up with me, Robinson—I'm quitting this outfit and I want my time.'

"Robinson says he can't. Says he ain't got cash enough on hand. Hardin tells him to shell out what he's got. Robinson looks toward a second darky who's standing there with his mouth open and the whites of his eyes rolled up. Says, 'Dig out my money sack.'

"'And bring me my slicker, along with it,' Hardin tells him.

"Hardin gets his slicker and Jack Robinson's money sack. Backs up to his horse and mounts. Rides to a tree where a couple of horses is standing tied. Unties them, leads them off from camp at a slow walk. Rides twisted in his saddle, never once taking his eyes or six-shooter off us. Circles the herd. Stops on a little rise of ground, off a couple of hundred yards and raises his hat, real gentleman-like. Hollers us all a goodby.

"That's the last time we ever lay eyes on him.

"Us boys chop a hole in the ground with an ax; shovel the dirt out with the lid of a Dutch oven. Plant the darky boy deep as we can, wropped in a saddle blanket. Put a white cow skull at his head for a marker. Would of prayed, if anybody had knowed the words.

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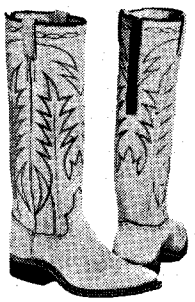

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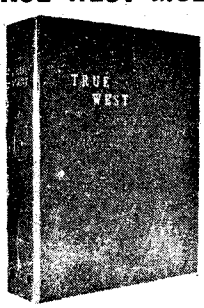

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What Really Happened at the OK Corral?

(Continued from page 35)

same effect. I then met Billy Allen and we walked through the O.K. Corral, about fifty yards behind the Sheriff. On reaching Fremont Street I saw Virgil Earp, Wyatt Earp, Morgan Earp and Doc Holliday in the center of the street, all armed. I had reached Bauer's meat market. Johnny Behan (the Sheriff) had just left the cow-boys, after having a conversation with them. I went along to Fly's photograph gallery, when I heard Virgil Earp say "Give me your arms or throw up your hands." There was some reply made by Frank McLowry, when firing became general, over thirty shots being fired. Tom McLowry fell first, but raised and fired again before he died. Bill Clanton fell next, and raised to fire again when Mr. Fly took his revolver from him. Frank McLowry ran a few yards and fell. Morgan Earp was shot through and fell. Doc Holliday was hit in the left hip but kept on firing. Virgil Earp was hit, in the third or fourth fire, in the leg which staggered him, but he kept up his effective work. Wyatt Earp stood up and fired in rapid succession, as cool as a cucumber, and was not hit. Doc Holliday was as calm as at target practice and fired rapidly. After the firing was over, Sheriff Behan went up to Wyatt Earp and said "I'll have to arrest you." Wyatt replied, "I won't be arrested today. I am right here and am not going away. You have deceived me. You told me these men were disarmed; I went to disarm them.' "

"This ends Mr. Coleman's story, which in the most essential particulars has been confirmed by others. Marshal Earp says that he and his party met the Clantons and the McLowrys in the alleyway by the McDonald place; he called to them to throw up their hands, that he had come to disarm them. Instantaneously Bill Clanton and one of the McLowrys fired, and then it became general. Mr. Earp (meaning Morgan obviously) says it was the first shot from McLowry that hit him. In other particulars his statement does not materially differ from the statement above given. Ike Clanton was not armed and ran across to Allen Street and took refuge in the dance hall there. The two McLowrys and Bill Clanton all died within a few minutes after being shot. The Marshal was shot through the calf of the right leg, the ball going clear through. His brother Morgan was shot through the shoulders, the ball entering the point of the right shoulder blade, following across the back, shattering off a piece of one vertebrae and passing out the left shoulder in about the same position that it entered the right. This wound is dangerous but not necessarily fatal, and Virgil's is far more painful than dangerous. Doc Holliday was hit upon the scabbard of his pistol, the leather breaking the force of the ball so that no material damage was done other than to make him limp a little in his walk.

"Dr. Matthews impaneled a coroner's jury, who went and viewed the bodies in the cabin in the rear of Dunbar's Stables on Fifth Street, and then adjourned until ten o'clock this morning.

"The moment the word of the shooting reached the Vizini and Tough Nut mines the whistle blew a shrill signal, and the miners came to the surface, armed themselves and poured into town like an invading army. A few moments served to bring out the better portion of the citizens, thoroughly armed and ready for any emergency. Precautions were immediately taken to preserve law and order, even if they had to fight for it. A guard of ten men was stationed around the county jail, and extra policemen put on for the night.

"The feeling among the best class of our citizens is that the Marshal was entirely justified in his efforts to disarm these men, and that being fired upon, they had to defend themselves, which they did most bravely. So long as our peace officers make an effort to preserve the peace and put down highway robbery—which the Earp brothers have done, having engaged in the pursuit and capture, where captures have been made, of every gang of stage robbers in the county—they will have the support of all good citizens. If the present lesson is not sufficient to teach the cow-boy element that they can not come into the streets in Tombstone, in broad daylight, armed with six-shooters and Henry rifles to hunt down their victims, then the citizens will most assuredly take such steps to preserve the peace as will be forever a bar to further raids."

THE EDITOR OF the *Epitaph* made no mention in his account of the sawed-off shotgun Doc Holliday was known to carry under his coat, and which many said he used during the O.K. Corral fight. Sheriff John H. Behan said during his testimony at the coroner's inquest:

"When Ike Clanton broke and ran I did not know where he went. I found him afterwards in Emmanuel's building on Tough Nut Street. I saw a shotgun with Holliday before the fight commenced, as they were coming down the street. He had it under his coat. I did not see the gun go off and if I heard it, I did not distinguish it from a pistol."

Some writers have steadfastly insisted that Doc Holliday's only weapon was his trusty sawed-off shotgun, but if it was, the principal eye-witness, Coleman, did not mention it in his statement made immediately after the shooting.

The testimony at the trial of the Earps and Holliday, which lasted for thirty days, and cleared them of any wrong doing, leaves much room for speculation one way or the other. For practically every allegation made, there was a witness who said it was not so.

But for the account of the shooting, the details of which became highly confused during the trial, the *Epitaph's* editor recorded them the next day and nothing he said in the story was ever refuted or questioned by anyone except those opposed to the Earps. It stands today as the only on-the-spot account of the affair.

"Wul, I'll swear! We done climbed the wrong hill again!"

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The Day Crazy Horse Got Whipped!

(Continued from page 19)

in direct defiance of Colonel Carrington's orders and headed on for Montana. The C.O. did not deign to send troops after him.

Again time dragged endlessly. Nelse kept outriders watching for the Sioux, but it was not until the early afternoon of October 29 that Indians were sighted. The herd was progressing through a deep valley when twin war parties were spotted on the ridges high above. The Texans went into action with smooth, swift efficiency, bunching the herd against a sheer, towering cliff where it would be safe from attack from the rear. The wagons were circled in front of the herd; riders guarded both flanks. The broad expanse of the valley spread on both sides and in front; nowhere could the Indians attack from cover without exposing themselves for several hundred yards to the withering fire of the breech-loaders.

"This is a showdown," said Story grimly, "but we got two things going for us. One, these Sioux ain't never tangled with Tejanos before and two, we got good breech-loadin' rifles and they won't be expectin' steady fire. Remember the way we licked the Comanches: half of us fire first, then reload while the others are firin'. Take cover now. We'll be watchin' and waitin' for quite a spell yet, I expect."

An hour passed with no further enemy sign. Nelse had passed up the noon meal in an attempt to get the herd through the dangerous valley before nightfall, and now some of the boys demanded grub of the cook. No sooner had old Sandy begun to rustle up sourdough biscuits and sonuvagun stew at the tail-gate of the chuckwagon than a large band of mounted warriors came whooping hell-for-leather down the opposite slope and charged toward the wagons with their ponies at a dead run.

"Hell!" grumbled Sandy. "I might've knowed it—no sooner do I start chuck than them red devils show up to spoil things." Disgustedly, he took his rifle from inside the wagon and sprawled beside his mates on the firing line.

Story watched the onrushing Sioux with cool, keen appraisal. "All of three hundred braves—maybe more," he muttered. "Plenty, they figure, to do the job. They're so damn sure of themselves they're not even bothering to split up on us. Mighty certain they're goin' to ride right over us after they take our first volley. Hold your fire until they top that last rise three hundred yards off. Then you thirteen men to the right of me fire along with me, spreading your shots along their line. Then you thirteen men to the left, fire, and so on. Shoot low, so you'll get a hoss if you don't get a man. Ready now, here they come! *Fire!*"

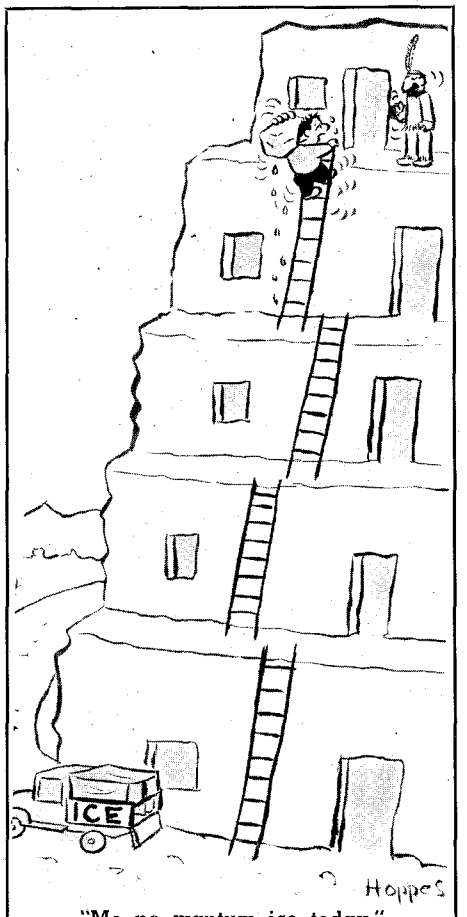
Fourteen Remingtons crashed a volley as the yelping Sioux topped the rise. Seven braves went spinning off their mounts at the blast; three horses went down. Six warriors toppled at the second round; eight at the third. The head-long charge wavered and broke under the fast, deadly hammering of the .50 caliber breech-loaders; the Indians appeared dazed by the steady, murderous fire. An eagle-plumed chief waved his bow in a signal and the Sioux whirled their mounts and raced out of range to hold an excited powwow.

Nelse grinned at his men. "Reckon these Injuns got plumb spoiled fightin' soldiers with muzzle-loaders. They'll be back—but not so bold this time. If they do get close, remember your six-guns. If they break through us and spook the herd, we're goners!"

The Sioux came whooping back, again and again, but never did they break through the Texans' mercilessly accurate fire. Not until nearly half his attacking force was down, dead or wounded, did the chief call off the assault.

"Damn good thing for us he didn't suspect our gun barrels were red-hot," muttered Story. "Wonder what he'll do now?"

NELSE DIDN'T have long to wonder. Out from the dejected group of the surviving raiders, rode the chief on his



"Me no wantum ice today."

magnificent pinto. He'd left his bow behind and held his empty right hand high, palm forward in the universal peace sign of the Plains tribes. His left hand adroitly guided the pinto in an intricate pattern of graceful dancing steps as he advanced.

"He wants to parley," guessed Story. "I don't savvy much sign lingo. Anybody know it well enough to talk to this feller?"

"Si, Señor Nelse," murmured Mañuel.

The cowboys watched curiously as the chief halted his pony halfway between the low ridge and the wagons where so many of his braves had fallen. He pressed his right hand over his heart, then pointed it at the dead and wounded warriors around him. Suddenly he lifted his eyes to the westering sun and began a weird chanting.

"What the hell?" grunted Story.

Cardenas, at Nelse's side, removed his

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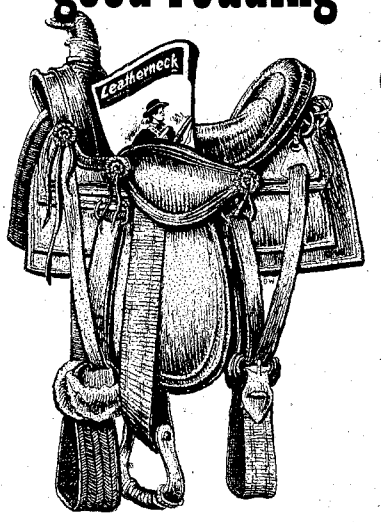

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sombrero. "Señor, he is singing to his Great Spirit of the courage of his compadres. A brave man, this, to ride unarmed within easy range of our rifles."

"Si," agreed Nelse. "Mucho hombre, for sure. But now what?"

Finishing his chant, the chief brought his compressed right hand pointing upward close to his forehead, then turned the hand in small horizontal circles left toward the sun. Next he placed the right index and second fingers astride the left hand, and followed by holding both hands straight out toward the white man and clasping them together.

"He is Crazy Horse!" whispered Mañuel excitedly. "He wants to make friends with us."

"*Now* he wants to make friends with us!" grinned Story sardonically.

Slowly, as if anxious that they did not misunderstand, Crazy Horse again made the sign for horse and moved both hands rapidly in the flowing motion of horses galloping. More rapidly then, he held his left arm straight out to imitate a rifle barrel, snapping his right index finger just beneath it and to the rear, as if pulling a trigger. Next came an expressive roll of his lithe body over the side of his horse, signifying men falling off their mounts. Last, he brought his compressed right hand to his chest pointing downward over his heart, then swung his hand out and downward toward the ground, turning up the palm.

"He is telling us of the attack, of many braves being killed and wounded," translated Mañuel. "The last sign means his heart is laid on the ground in sorrow."

Even as the vaquero spoke, Crazy Horse leaned over his horse's neck and made a scooping motion with both hands. Next he pointed to his warriors, and finally made a sweeping motion to the ridge across the valley floor.

"Well, I'll be damned!" marveled Nelse. "The ol' boy wants to make a deal with us, if I read his sign talk right. If we let him carry off his dead and wounded without firing on him, he and his outfit will high-tail it off into the badlands and leave us alone. That the way you make it, Mañuel?"

The vaquero nodded. "That is right, Señor Nelse."

Story glanced at his crew. "Well, boys, what do you say? Shall we play along with this redskin or not?"

The cowboys were silent. Mañuel spoke first, softly as always. "This Indio is a caballero, Senor. I would trust him. Quien sabe? To do as he asks may mean we will have no further trouble with his people."

Buck Harris spat tobacco juice at a Sioux arrow sticking upright in the earth a yard from his nose. "That there gut-stabber casts my vote. I'd sure like to get back to Texas again without one of them doodads stickin' in my gizzard!"

The others spoke then: "Let 'er ride! Bueno! Deal the cards!"

"Okay," said Nelse, tight-lipped. "Mañuel, tell Crazy Horse he's made a deal."

Cardenas stood up, making first the peace sign with his right hand empty and palm forward. Then, slowly and carefully, he made the sign for "good," holding his right hand back up and flat, in front of and close to his heart, pointing to left and moving his hand briskly well out to front and to right, keeping it in a horizontal plane. Then, with equally deliberate care, he flashed the sign for "go," holding his right hand flat in front of his body, back to right, pointing front and downward, moving hand to front and raising fingers to front and upward.

Instantly the chief made the "thank you" sign, extending both his hands, backs up, in a sweeping curve outward and downward toward Mañuel. Then he turned and waved to his watching braves.

Steadily but warily the Sioux moved in, singing in unison an eerie lament.

"A prayer for the dead," whispered Mañuel.

Gently the Indians picked up their heavy casualties, wheeled their horses and climbed the valley wall back into the grotesque wasteland of soaring, rocky pinnacles, gnarled ridges and broken gulches from which they had so recently and dramatically emerged. The Texans watched in fascinated silence as the last warrior of the barbaric caravan disappeared over the rimrock.

"Okay, boys!" barked Nelse, breaking the spell. "Throw 'em on the trail and let's travel. Winter's comin'. Let's move!"

WHETHER DUE to Crazy Horse's pledged word or to the deadly, fast-shooting Remingtons, Story's rugged outfit was not again attacked in force.

Near Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, a small band of young braves cut off an outrider ranging a mile ahead of the herd and riddled him with arrows. This was the only man lost on the entire long drive from Texas. Again Nelse had to restrain his enraged riders from chasing the Sioux to their destruction. "Wouldn't do poor Slim a mite of good if you ran into an ambush and lost your hair too," he reminded them. "Get back on the job and keep pushin' them longhorns! You want to freeze to death by gettin' snowed in on these high plains? Vamos, you locoed kiyotes!"

Muttering, the boys rode back to their appointed posts at point, flank and drag of the big herd. "That's better!" yelled the boss above the bawling of cattle and the high-pitched yips of the riders. "You fellers might just grow up some day and turn out to be men instead of fool kids. Get 'em movin'!"

The boss himself, with Mañuel Cardenas' assistance, dug Slim's grave and erected a crude wooden cross. "Take care of him, Lord," asked Nelse simply when the job was finished. "He was a good cowhand."

Mañuel prayed briefly in Spanish, crossed himself, and hung Slim's ten-gallon hat on the cross. Vaquero and boss swung to their saddles and rode after the herd. Neither spoke nor looked back.

On December 9, 1866, six weeks and 372 miles out from Fort Phil Kearney, Nelse Story led his wagon train and bawling steers into the booming gold camp of Virginia City, Montana Territory. Before the last steer had passed through the single street, the whole herd had been sold to the beef-hungry citizens. That night barbecue fires blazed in front of every saloon in town as the butchered carcasses turned slowly, exuding a tantalizing fragrance, over the flames to an accompaniment of whoops and pistol shots.

"Beef, beef, beef! Come and get it!" chanted the joyous spit-turners. They might not have been so generous if they could have but known that this was to be the last trail-herd of steers to pass through the Sioux hunting grounds until 1870.

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'Nother Man's Life

(Continued from page 29)

the saddle and twenty-nine in the saloons, shootin' up the back-bars and fillin' up the town's Boot Hill. Thus the Eastern reader got the idea that he was a man quick to shoot, one who held life cheap while paintin' the town red. He was a man who stole cattle from his employer, bulldozed inoffensive people, was a bold, bad man and a holy terror at all times.

As a class, cowboys weren't such lawless bein's as they've so often been painted. They were hardy, fearless and reckless products of the condition by which they were surrounded, but not vicious as a class. Their life was one of hardship, isolation and self-denial; yet through it all, loyalty to the interests of their employer was steadfast, and whatever might be the privations of their occupation they met and endured 'em uncomplainingly.

The average cowhand would run his bootheels over side-steppin' trouble, but when he did fall from grace and stampede to the wild bunch it wasn't long till he was jes' two jumps ahead of a sheriff. And once he started ridin' the high lines he couldn't quit no more'n a loser in a poker game. He was sometimes forced to ride over trails that'd make a mountain goat nervous and in a country so rough an ordinary man couldn't find his saddle seat with a forked stick.

Most modern stories 'bout the West have the gunman packin' a nickle-plated gun with a fancy ivory stock, but he shunned a bright gun like he would a swamp, because the sun shinin' on it would give 'im away like a shirtful of fleas, and make 'im as prominent as a new saloon in a church district. He usually packed a .44 or .45 single action Colt with a blue barrel and a plain cedar stock.

The average cowman never whittled away his gun makin' commemorative notches of his victims in spite of the way romance wants it. A few of 'em carved some scallops for the sake of brag, but with ever' notch they shortened their own lives, for sooner or later some other flannel-mouth would have 'im fingerin' music out of a harp for the rep'tation it'd bring 'em. But with all its gun totin', the cow country wasn't so quick on the trigger as the rest of the world thought, and the cowman wasn't sufferin' with a chronic case of trigger itch.

You read in some story where the hero "fired six shots so rapidly that the report blended into one continuous roar." How them romancers can imagine! In the first place, men of the West never packed but five beans in the wheel. The hammer was always down on an empty chamber. He did this for safety to insure against accidental discharge of the gun while in the holster, because of the hair-trigger adjustment of the gun. Gunmen have too much respect for guns to take unnecessary chances and a man who packed six cartridges in the cylinder of his gun, as one said, "Jes' didn't know dung from wild honey." If he couldn't do the job in five shots it was time to get the hell out of there. As for the "continuous roar," common sense shows us that the old single-action couldn't humanly be cocked fast 'nough for such rapid shootin'.

Of course fannin' a gun could fire bullets pretty fast, but this trick was seldom

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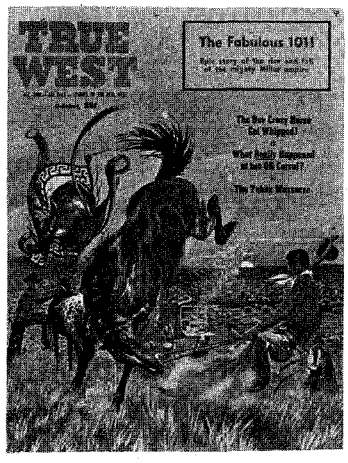

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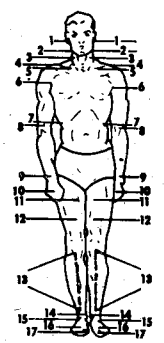

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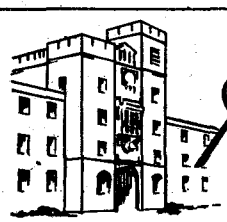

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used in real life. This was done by holdin' the gun in one hand in the usual way and strikin' the hammer back repeatedly with the heel of the other hand, thus bringin' the hammer to a full cock. If the trigger was removed, held down or tied down, the hammer wouldn't stay cocked, but as the hand continued with a rapid circular motion to strike the hammer again it fell and fired the shot. Maybe fannin' makes good readin' and a heap of gun-fanners have shot their way through the pages of romance, but when a man's life was at stake he didn't depend on the inaccuracy of such shootin'. The stunt's interestin' in theory, but is of doubtful practical value. When a large caliber gun was fired, the recoil after each shot caused it to buck up into the air. Though it was possible to work an unloaded gun fast in this way, in actual shootin' the gun won't stay still to be slapped, at least not long 'nough for accuracy.

Maybe, too, you read in some story how a man used the butt of his six-gun for a club in a saloon brawl. It shore makes me wonder why he wastes all this time and motion reversin' his gun to club a feller when he could comb that same hombre's hair with the barrel, and still be ready to shoot in case his skull was ivory. The West never used the butt for a club because the barrel was more potent, quicker and a lot easier. This is what he called "buffaloin'."

Again, no old-timer gettin' the bulge, or drop, on a man and wantin' to disarm 'im would for an instant think of askin' his captive to do what modern tale writers require 'im to do, to "hand over your gun, butt first." The old-timer knowed that "butt first" meant a finger in the trigger guard, and that a quick snap of the wrist would spin or flip the gun with the muzzle pointin' forward and a bullet borin' into 'im. Chances are that before he could reach for the gun he'd be wingin' his way to St. Peter to take harp lessons. The old-timer jes' ordered his enemy to simply drop his gun, together with his belt and back away from the spot where they fell.

A FAV'RITE THEME of romancers is speed on the draw. It's true some men who lived by the gun practiced in makin' their draw faster and used all manner of methods to make this trick easier, such as special holsters, filed sights and such, but the cowboy gave little thought to them matters, because he didn't figger or gettin' into fast gun work. With the professional gunman it was different. He had good reason for practicin'. To the tale-writer, and not the historian, is due the commonly believed windies as to the uncanny speed and deadly accuracy of all cowboy shootin'. Maybe some cowhands spent a heap of their wages on cartridges, but the average looked on it as a waste of money.

The average cowhand in real life was only an ordinarily good shot. Others, with talent and practice, became good at it. Even then they wasn't like the cowboy in fiction who always hit the enemy "right between the eyes." It's uncanny how the fiction cowboy can shoot the gun out of the villain's hand and never take aim. Now a gun barrel makes a mighty small target. Jes' try hittin' a hangin' rope sometime and see how easy it is to miss. It's true that if you're at close range you can hit a man in the middle where he looks biggest without takin' aim, but if you're at some distance you'd

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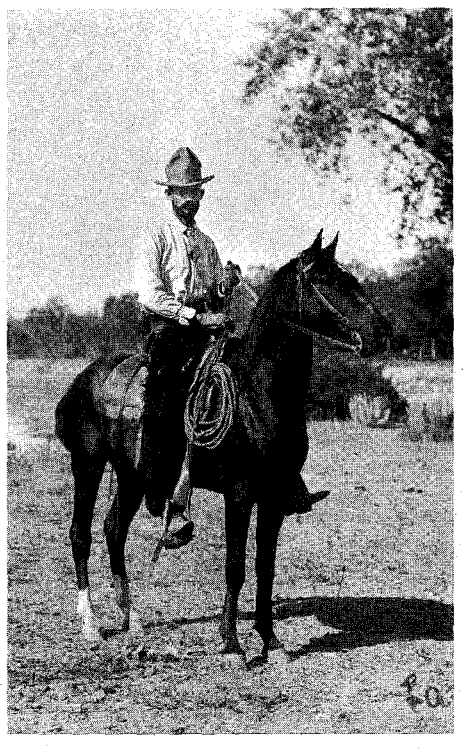
better take aim if you want to live long 'nough to pull 'nother trigger.

The old-time range man wouldn't have felt completely dressed without a gun hangin' at his side. He packed one so long he'd a-felt plumb naked without it and would've caught cold. But contrary to pop'lar opinion, the cowboy didn't pack an iron for the purpose of killin' men. There were wolves and snakes to be killed, and crippled stock or mad cows to be shot, when a gun meant a matter of life or death. There was times, too, when it was needed for givin' signals of distress when help meant a lot. The one time he hated to use it was for a mercy shot when his hoss fell and broke a leg. The early-day cowhand needed it in the days of Injun raids and later when rustlers got bold. He might wear it all his life and never need it, but when he did he needed it bad. It was kinda embarrassin' to be caught short.

A heap of men practiced trick draws, rolls, spins, the border shift and fannin' jes' for the fun of it and to get used to the feel of a gun, but in a serious fight they jes' drawed, aimed and shot as fast and as straight as possible. The real gunfighter had nothin' but contempt for the gun- fanner and the fanner had small chance to live against the man who took his time and pulled the trigger once. It's kinda refreshin' to run across a western story that ain't filled with blood and barroom battles. But by most stories you'd think the cowboy's biography would have to be tallied on asbestos paper, and writers seem to forget that there's plenty of action and romance in the West without fillin' their stories with booze, bullets and badmen. They're 'bout to let the cowboy disappear behind the burden of firearms, faults and frenzy till he's no longer seen as the plain, fun-lovin', bow-legged human that he was.

Very few cowboys lost any sleep over such matters as quick draws. In the first place he wasn't gunnin' for nobody and nobody was gunnin' for 'im. The average



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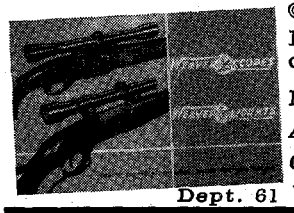

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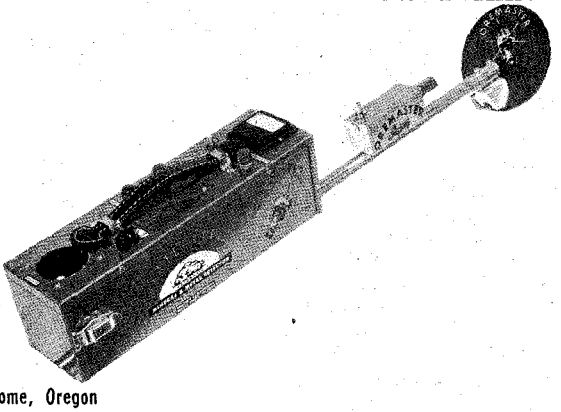

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cowhand didn't figger on gettin' into fast gun work, and he could skin his gun quick 'nough to do what shootin' he did on the range. More men've been killed bluffin' with their guns than was ever killed because they didn't have one on. A man who packed a gun jes' for show or because it was customary, but who couldn't use it, was shore usin' a careless way of committin' suicide. The winner in a gun fight was the man who took his time and shunned tricks and grandstand play like he would poison, and the one who kept the bridle on his temper always shot the truest.

Only a fool spent his time makin' the town smoky, but there was always someone willin' to scratch an itchin' trigger finger and the man who liked to dabble in gore soon got his appetite for lead entirely soaked up. A heap of the cowhand's troubles happened in some saloon. But when he had to go into a barroom to build up his courage, he mighty often had to prove it, and when there was any shootin' somebody was apt to buck out in smoke with sawdust in his beard. Sometimes friends took sides and there'd be a reg'lar feud, and at the end, the town's undertaker'd be ridin' high on the wave of prosperity.

Mighty few cowhands liked gun play. They rarely practiced fast draws and the fancy tricks of the gun-fighter. If they used a gun in a fight it was most often used to buffalo some feller. Gettin' your hair parted with a six-gun barrel would sometimes leave you with a knot on your head that'd sweat a rat to run 'round, and it'd put you to sleep as gentle as a dead calf. But eventually you'd wake up and you wouldn't have to be ridin' the coulees and waterin' at night.

Ridin' the owl-hoot trail didn't appeal to most cowboys. Like the old sayin', "'Nother man's life don't make no soft pillow at night," he knowed that the folks who have to ride at a high lope miss all the fun 'long the trail. Some think it takes nerve to be a gun-fighter, but nerve is jes' a case of which end of a six-gun you happen to be lookin' at.

The Fabulous 101!

(Continued from page 12)

of the Indians jumped from their horses and struggled to the death with the wagon men. By then the audience was wild-eyed with the women fainting here and there. Those who did not faint were hysterical. Panic was about to break when Joe gave the signal for the Grand Finale. In thundered a company of 600 cowboys in best bib and tucker and Indians in fine feather and doeskin.

AS ITS FAME grew, the 101 Show went to Madison Square Garden, to Convention Hall in Kansas City for the November horse show, then the following year to the Jamestown Exposition in Virginia and the Chicago Coliseum. By then Joe had the show fever.

Back at the ranch he worked to improve the show. He added to it such Indian characters as Flatiron, Standing Cloud and Long Bull of Custer massacre fame.

In April, 1908, when it toured Canada and the United States, there were 175 performers. But in Mexico the show was not well received, due to the hatred of the Mexicans for the Apaches.

Joe next took his troop to England, but there World War I broke out and the whole show was confiscated. He got his troopers back as best he could, finally selling the 101 Show to Jess Willard in 1916.

Joe went back to his farming, George to the oil business and Zack traded mules to the Army.

Molly Miller died that year and the Miller home was never the same again.

George made a fortune in oil, Zack in livestock.

Joe's dream for a bigger and better show was realized in 1925 when the 101 was revived. He hired the nation's top performers by the dozens and put the show aboard a thirty-car steel train. The show opened in Oklahoma City in April of that year, but it made no money, barely breaking even.

"Next year," Joe told his brothers. "It will pay off next year."

But the next year was worse. Due to competition the venture lost $100,000.

Joe's faith was unshaken, however. He induced his brothers to lend their financial support.

On October 21, 1927, after a disastrous season, Joe's body was found in his garage. He had inhaled deadly carbon monoxide.

Joe's death was like losing G. W. again.

Horse Chief Eagle, with a flock of tom-tom beaters, attended the funeral. Joe's horse with its costly saddle was brought to pay its last respects to its master.

Horse Chief Eagle arose and went with dignity to the flower-decked veranda and stood beside the casket and addressed the hundreds gathered on the lawn.

"Our good friend Joe is gone," Chief Eagle said in his native tongue. "I cry for him. I cry for all who knew and loved this good man. I remember his good deeds, his kindnesses to my people. I remember how he came to my father when the long journey was near and promised the best pony at the 101 for the Great White Eagle's ride to the happy hunting grounds. There was no substitute of ponies as some white men might do after my father was dead. Our friend Joe kept his word and Chief White Eagle rode with dignity into the happy hunting grounds. It was with dignity and glad hearts, I know, that those two great men met in the land beyond."

Zack and George stood there remembering how they had told Joe he was a fool to sacrifice the best pony of the string on a dead Indian's grave.

"I'd be a lying, no-count critter if I didn't," Joe had retorted. "When White Eagle and I meet again I aim to be able to look that old Indian right in the eye."

ZACK AND GEORGE tried to go on as usual but nothing was the same. Joe's death had taken the heart out of them. The ranch and farm had been neglected for the show, and was in debt. George plunged into the oil business in Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, heavily mortgaging their holdings with the desperate hope for the big kill that would make them right with the world again. Zack stayed with the show and grew more uneasy with every performance. It kept losing money and he hoped to sell it and get out from under before they were completely bankrupt. He found a buyer, but George balked when he learned the right to their name also went with the sale. Zack kept the show on the road, but things were getting tough. Damage suits confronted him right and left.

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George was killed in February, 1929, when his car skidded and overturned on the icy highway between the ranch and Ponca City.

The crash of '29 sucked Zack in deeper. George had mortgaged everything for the oil leases and no lucky strike had been made, and Joe had stocked the show with everything he could from the ranch.

In 1931, Charles Bulware made a proposal to take the show off Zack's hands for $200 a day if Zack would advance some money until Bulware's backers came through. Zack advanced Bulware $12,000. The backers proved to be a myth and Bulware the worst manager Zack could have found. Back at the ranch Zack was hounded with creditors and he tried desperately to hold the fast degenerating empire intact. Then came the black day when Bulware wired that the show was in shambles. The performers and roustabouts had not been paid for three weeks and they went after everything with an axe. The elaborate cars with the exquisite interiors that Joe had carefully designed, the harnesses, saddles, mirrors, the big tent were reduced to shreds and every vehicle crippled. Zack was glad that he, and not Joe, had to assemble the limping remains for the death march back to the 101.

In March, 1932, the livestock—every last hog, horse, steer, buffalo—and all the equipment went under the auctioneer's hammer, and somehow Zack lived through that dark year and staved off his creditors enough to hold onto the White House. Through the years the 101 had accumulated a long list of friends, but when Zack went to them he found cash was not easy to come by like in the old days.

The final curtain fell on June 3, 1936, when the White House was taken from Zack. He tried to save it by auctioning the furnishings. But the rosewood furniture and Aubusson rugs, rare paintings, mementoes that went back to Civil War days, treasures of all sorts went for a trifle. Like vultures the bargain hunters descended, grabbed and left.

"Friend Zack."

Zack whirled, expecting another hungry claimant. Horse Chief Eagle stood there, having come up soundlessly.

"My people know and weep of your trouble," he said in Ponca language. "Your father was friend to my father, and you and your brothers friends to my people. My people gathered for council when land was taken from our friend. It is time now the Poncas help our friend Zack. You have land now. On Ponca land you can start again."

The Poncas had voted to give Zack a half-section of their land, but Government officials thought otherwise, and even this friendly offer was never fulfilled. The Government was beginning to see the wisdom of having the red man hold to what he had. Nothing could be taken by white men now. At long last, the Government protected the Indian.

The big 101 was gone, with only memories left—G. W., Molly, Joe, George, Shorty Moore, the Indian friends, the thundering hoofs, the flowing fields, the ropers and riders. The White House remained, empty and abandoned. Then there was the day it was gone when the Government leveled it to basement and took its wealth of material for a housing project.

January 3, 1952, Zack let go of even the memories. The last of the mighty Millers followed the 101 into oblivion.

The Underground Hanging

(Continued from page 17)

tions of being trouble-makers.

This may have led to the dispute between Walker and Sutherland, but in that day fair gun-play was certainly not cause for legal action—unless the loser was politically prominent.

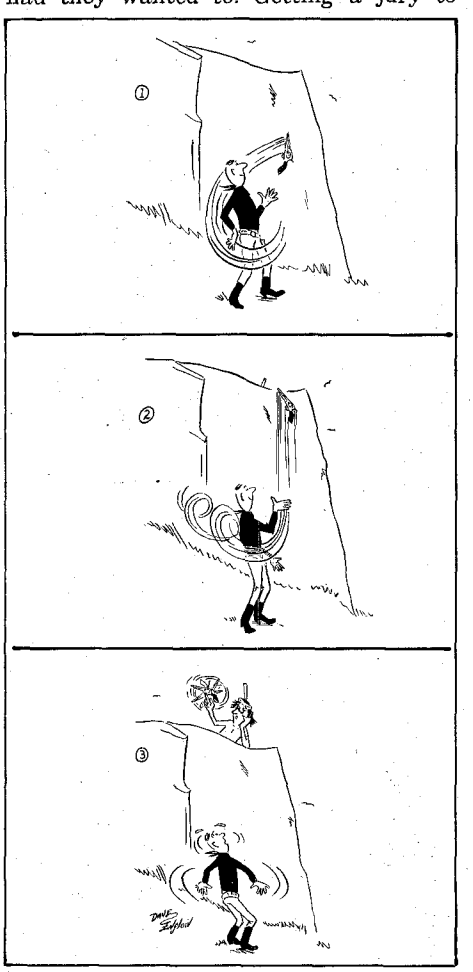
That they had help in escaping signified that they had many friends and supporters in town. They were given food, drink and shelter, probably by fellow miners, and Walker apparently wanted to stay around to continue his organization work.

However, early in the morning of the day following their capture, a band of masked vigilantes surprised the sheriff and Deputy P. E. Turner, both of whom lived above the jail. Then they went down to the dungeon-type cells where Walker and his friend were being held—cells so dark they could be used as photo darkrooms at midday. The prisoners were chained to rings in the center of the cell floors.

The lynchers bored holes into the ceiling and the victims were strung up. But the drop did not kill them, and finally they were mercifully shot.

Despite the commotion and the shooting, the town watchman, a man named Gates, did not make discovery of the corpses until several hours later.

According to rumor, members of the vigilante committee were well-known at the time and were considered community leaders in mining and business. The rumor goes, the county authorities could easily have arrested the lynchers—had they wanted to. Getting a jury to



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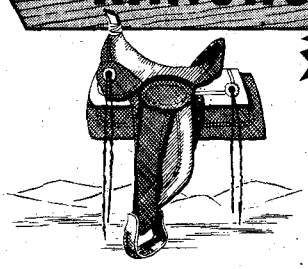

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convict these "community leaders" would have been a different story. And since the executed men had no champions to demand and get appropriate action, the sheriff and district attorney were apparently glad to forget the whole matter.

Before he died, Walker pleaded for the life of his young companion. But the vigilantes were unmoved and both were pulled to the ceiling. "All right," Walker is supposed to have said, "I'll put a curse on this town. You'll see sagebrush grow in the streets."

Belmont is now unknown except to the hundreds of ghost town fans who annually brave desert heat to travel over sandy roads to see the town's rare attractions.

The tourist attraction is the blood that splattered on the ceiling when Walker and McIntyre were shot. It's still there.

Another attraction are the iron rings in the old jail floor, to which Walker and McIntyre had been chained.

Still another is the common grave of the two "criminals." An old horse died one day, and the citizens dragged its carcass to the grave and left it there, a gruesome grave-marker. And a novel one.

Editor's Note: This is the story of a lynching, told the way it is believed to have happened—and as it is recorded in many authoritative sources. HOWEVER, certain historians and experts of note have repudiated the shooting and said that the "blood on the ceiling" is actually red paint put there by overzealous publicists to drum up wider reading interest. We are presenting the story as we got it—and will let you readers decide how "straight" this version is. How about it?

The Tubac Massacre

(Continued from page 16)

ranchers along the border. Also, he was thinking of the Gutierrez family which really had done no wrong. He wired Colonel Poston, then in Washington as a territorial delegate, pleading for help from the Army to halt the threatened invasion of Mexico by the vengeful relatives of the slain posse.

President Andrew Johnson instructed General George Stoneman to block the border and troops were dispatched and stationed along twenty miles of it.

There was no invasion of Mexico.

BUT MEXICO was to see more of Chet Cartright, for he had no intention of dropping the search for the man responsible for the slaying of the eight Americans. He returned in 1869 to Chihuahua but learned nothing of Gutierrez' whereabouts. The Apaches became so bad in 1870 that another journey below the border was impossible until late in 1871 when General George Crook succeeded General Stoneman at Fort Whipple. When the rebelling tribes were quieted down at the end of that year, travel into Mexico was again possible.

Cartright's next foray below the border came in 1873, at a time when Mexico was recovering from one of its worst financial panics. Señor Gutierrez, forced to pay high government taxes on his holdings, was "land poor." Chet Cartright called on him but found his daughters married off. He was received cordially, however.

The proposed invasion of Mexico had been handled so quietly that Gutierrez was unaware of it, Cartright detected, when he met the señor, who showed him

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every courtesy. Little did Gutierrez suspect that his guest had saved his hacienda and probably his life.

Yes, Gutierrez said, he had land for sale which adjoined the international border, a good deal for an American who might own land on the other side.

But Cartright was interested in learning the whereabouts of Gutierrez' renegade nephew and the conversation soon swung around to the former army captain.

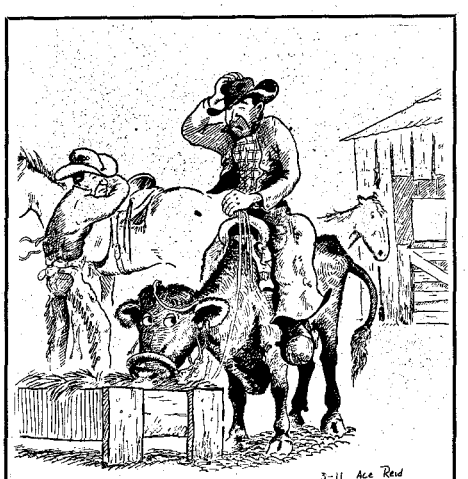
"I know no more about him than you or anyone else does," Señor Gutierrez said. "He is an outcast, a black sheep of my family, and if he came here I would not receive him. What, may I ask, is your interest in him?"

"I only wish to question him about the massacre of eight Americans north of here. My father was one of them."

"So that is it!" Gutierrez said. "Yes, he was involved in it, a very regrettable act, one for which he was cashiered out of the service."

Cartright was no longer pulling his punches. "Do you know where I might find him?"

"You have me there, Señor Cartright. I do not know. But I have a feeling he is in Mazatlan. It is a place in which he always wanted to live. And there is a



"Lucky I even found my hoss in this dust storm."

woman living there by the name of Maria DeWolf, a widow who owns a restaurant on the beach. You might find him there." There was no hint of hostility in the Señor's voice. He had given this information of his own free will and obviously what was to happen to his nephew, if anything, did not concern him too much.

CARTRIGHT, NOW nearing his thirtieth birthday, rode south out of Chihuahua, taking the road to Mazatlan, some 400 miles distant.

Later he was to ask himself why he was taking this ride. After all, he could not shoot a man down in cold blood to avenge a killing in which many men participated. In Mazatlan, so far from the scene of the crime, he could do nothing. Yet something prevented him from turning back. He had to find Mañuel Gutierrez. What happened after he found him didn't matter too much. It would at least be the end of the long road he'd followed all these years, the end of a trail that had begun when he was a young man of twenty. Ten years of effort, and now the payoff. He'd known it would

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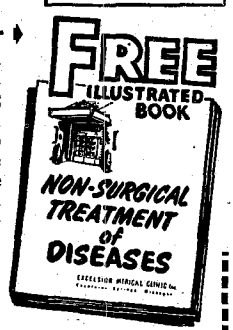

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come sooner or later. A man just couldn't fade out of sight forever.

But when he reached the coast he found only disappointment. The little restaurant of Señora DeWolf, who had been the wife of an English sailor, was empty and deserted. It had closed for two years and no one had seen or heard of the woman since her departure for an unknown destination.

Had anyone seen a Mexican man around answering to the name of Señor Gutierrez?

"Sí, señor," one old Mexican answered. "I knew Señor Gutierrez briefly. He was around for a time but when the woman left he left also. He has not been back."

Home in Arizona once more, Chet Cartright resumed his activities in connection with his freight-line business which had been going well. The old Mexican who had participated in the massacre of all eight of the posse, but who claimed he hadn't fired a single shot, was still around, driving for the Cartrights. Chet had brought him up out of Mexico as a witness in the case, but now he realized there would be little need for the fellow. Besides, he was getting old and lazy.

So back to Chihuahua the old fellow went with a bonus of three month's pay in his pockets.

IN 1877, THE year the territorial capital was moved back to Prescott, and nineteen years after the massacre of the eight men in a black canyon in Mexico, Chet Cartright received a letter unsigned, laboriously written in poor Spanish, and postmarked at Chihuahua, informing him that Señor M. Gutierrez who had ordered the killing of the eight Americans was living in Yuma, Arizona, with Señora DeWolf. The writer did not reveal how he knew this, and he gave no hint of his own identity, yet there was only one man in Mexico who could have known the address of the Cartrights and he was the old teamster they had sent back. The generosity of the Cartrights had paid off.

Maria DeWolf indeed had the restaurant business in her blood. She was found to be operating a small eating place across from the Yuma courthouse.

Sitting out front, a hat cocked over his face, was a Mexican man of about forty-five, sound asleep.

The sheriff who accompanied Cartright poked the man awake. "Is your name Mañuel Gutierrez?" he asked.

"Si, Señor!" He leaped to his feet. "What ees the trouble, Señor?"

When informed that he was under arrest for the murder of a man in Tubac in July of 1858, the suspect broke for the river bottoms.

Cartright drew a revolver from his coat and fired. The man took a few more steps, then pitched forward and lay still. He died within a few minutes.

Found on Gutierrez was a gold Waltham watch positively identified as having belonged to Cartright's father, whose death, along with that of seven others, had finally been avenged.

Ghost Town—8,700 Feet Up

(Continued from page 25)

the state of Colorado, was one of the town's most fascinating visitor-residents. The son of a Russian-Jewish mother and an English father, Mears was orphaned at four, lived with an uncle until he was eleven, then struck out on his own. A very small man, but full of energy and ambition, he spoke fluent Spanish, English and Ute—all with a Russian-Jewish accent—and learned the cooper's and mechanic's trades, became a merchant and freighter, and finally earned his fame as a builder of railroads over some of the most hazardous terrain in the world. He was responsible for the peace between the Utes and the whites and was recognized as an honest man by both.

It is said that after his first trip by train over the hair-pin turns and steep inclines of the Telluride-Ophir run, he returned from Ophir to Telluride by horse. "I only build these things," he is reported to have said, "I don't ride them."

About 1895, Telluride had a famous gunman and highwayman named Jim Clark. He helped the poor and robbed the rich. For a while he even served as town marshal. The city council was scared of him, fired him and asked him to leave town. He didn't leave, and some of the citizens by subscription got up $500 for the purpose of hiring someone to kill him. Some of his friends con-

A pack train gets ready to move up the mountainside from the main street of Telluride, Colorado.

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tacted Colorado's famous peace-officer, Doc Shores, sheriff of nearby Gunnison County and an old friend of Clark's. Shores came to Telluride, had supper with Clark and finally told him, "Jim, if you don't get out of this town, somebody's going to kill you."

Clark replied, "They sure as hell aren't going to run me out of town."

A few days later Clark walked out of the old Brunswick Saloon. Someone on top of the porch of the San Juan Saloon fired at him. Clark collapsed in the street, mortally wounded. He managed to stagger across the street into one of the cribs across from the San Juan, where he died. He is buried in the Lone Tree Cemetery at Telluride.

He was not the only Telluride marshal who was shot and killed. A miner by the name of Jess Munn, who worked at the Pennsylvania Tunnel, killed Art Gigline, one of Clark's successors. Munn had a girl who lived in one of the cribs; Gigline, apparently, had been seeing her. Munn threatened Gigline one day, and Gigline took Munn's gun away from him. Sometime later Munn found the Marshal and the girl in the Cozy Korner dance hall. An argument took place; Gigline and the girl came out of the Cozy Korner, with Munn following them, waving a revolver and shouting, "You'll never take another gun from me."

He fired four times; Gigline died immediately. Munn rushed to the livery barn, got a horse and rode to Ophir that night, where he abandoned the horse. He was picked up somewhere in New Mexico, and brought back to Telluride to stand trial. Convicted, he received a life sentence to Canon City—a short sentence really, since he was shot and killed trying to escape soon after.

Both of these shootings took place in Telluride's red-light district. Some of the names of the establishments there are still marked on the buildings: Pick and Gad, Silver Bell, Big Swede's, Idle House, The Monticarlo, Cozy Korner, Pacific Hall, Gold Bell.

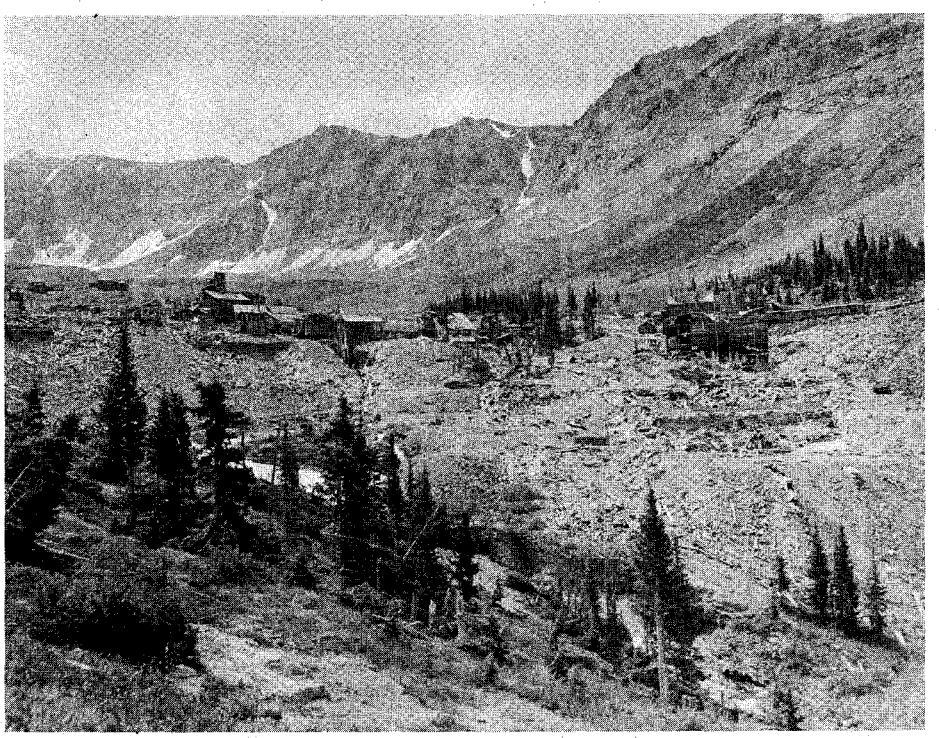
The turnover for entertainers for the numerous dance halls was so great they hired a woman who traveled all over the United States soliciting entertainers for these houses. The majority of these girls arrived in Telluride broke and had to stay until they could earn enough money to get back home. They worked on a percentage basis, getting chits or tickets from the bartender for every drink they were bought.

The Gold Bell at times brought in road shows for the miners. When the stage acts were going on, it wasn't anything to see miners tossing $20 gold pieces at the feet of the girls.

In those early days legal practices were occasionally on the impromptu side. A couple at Grand Lake, a few miles from Telluride, wanted to get married, but Grand Lake had neither minister nor judge. And, apparently, Telluride had none to spare. So the population of Grand Lake—mostly miners—got together one afternoon and elected one of their buddies, a man named Wescott, as Justice of the Peace. The ceremony began but couldn't be finished, because a Bible couldn't be found. "Judge" Wescott promptly sent a rider into Telluride to obtain one, and when he returned the marriage was performed. Immediately afterwards the groom became involved in a fight with a man named Gallagher, and Gallagher won. The newly-elected "Judge" immediately fined Gallagher ten dollars, and used the money to buy liquor for the house.

Probably no elected official in history performed two such diverse acts so soon after his taking office.

Wescott was one of the Telluride region's most colorful characters. For years he was involved in a feud with his neighbor, a man named Avery. When in his cups, Avery would stand in the doorway of his cabin and riddle Wescott's place with Winchester bullets. Wescott would hide under his bed—unless he, too, had



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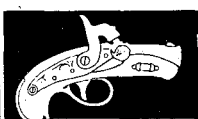

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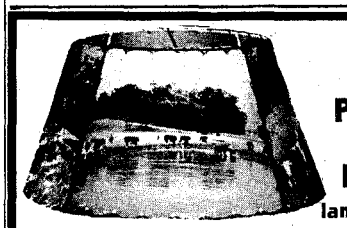

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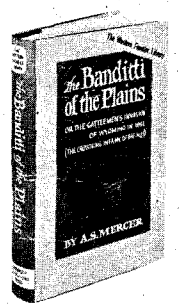

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been indulging in John Barleycorn. Then he would load his eight-gauge shotgun with nails, stove bolts and whatever else he could find around and blaze away at Avery. No one in Telluride paid much attention to their fracasing. Although they only lived about 150 feet apart their none-too-steady gun-handling was considered more amusing than dangerous. Besides Wescott's shoulder, which usually got pretty badly bruised from the recoil of his eight-gauge, the only wound ever inflicted was on Avery's posterior. A "lucky" shot by the "Judge" pinned a stove bolt through Avery's pants and into his flesh. Some helpful neighbors finally yanked the bolt out with an old bullet mould they used to pull porcupine quills out of their dogs' noses.

THOSE WERE exciting days, dangerous days, in Telluride. In 1889 Kid Curry and some of his boys took the local bank for $30,000. Twelve years later a fire at the Smuggler mine got out of control and razed a small town that had grown up close to it. In 1902 the Liberty Bell mine was hit by a snowslide; over twenty people died. In July of 1914, a cloudburst sent the San Miguel River rampaging through town, causing extensive property damage and nearly washing away the whole town.

A few years before the end of the century, two young Telluride citizens, after reading about the glider exploits of the Lilienthal brothers in Germany, built a glider of their own. One of them took off from a makeshift launching runway by the Tomboy mine, intending to soar out over the steep cliffs and land feather-softly in the valley below. But at 12,000 feet the air was too thin—he landed instead in the Telluride cemetery.

The same cemetery is also the resting place for the Romine brothers. They disagreed politically, and fought against each other during the Civil War. For many years afterwards they did not even speak to each other, but finally wound up side-by-side in the silent compatibility of death. Cold earth is a great equalizer of opinion.

I knew a couple of kids who spent the winter of 1903 in Telluride. They hustled the gambling games. One of them would dress up in an old duck coat and stand around the tables until one of the miners noticed him.

"You eaten today, kid?" the miner would usually ask.

"Nossir."

The miner would toss him a chip, worth $2.50. A few "nossir's" a night and the kids lived pretty well. They stayed at the Sheridan Hotel—the best in town—and at night would go down to the wine room where the madams would congregate after they had closed their joints, bringing with them some of their favorite girls. There the boys would wine and dine until the wee hours of the morning, and go home in a horse-drawn cab. These kids would carry stories back and forth from one wine room to another, telling one madam what another one had said about her. She would usually tip them a $5 gold piece and send the other hussy a message by them.

Prodigious feats of transportation were attained around Telluride. Roads were cut on shelves along sheer cliffs or built up on huge cribs of crossed logs. Huge pieces of machinery were dismantled into pieces small enough to be packed by mules up trails scarcely passable to a man on foot. Little mining villages grew in places, stuck like swallows' nests to the mountainsides.

Dave Woods, of the Tomboy mine, once transported three-quarters of a mile of steel cable up to the mine. He carefully computed the amount of thick cable a mule could carry, then coiled the cable into piles of that length, using Telluride's main street as a platform. Each loop lay on the street, connected by uncut cable to the loops ahead. The mules were led up and loaded, one loop to a mule. Soon a mule-train two blocks long, looking like a giant string of beads, took off up the trail. They arrived at the Tomboy safely.

Freighting was a big business in those days, a dangerous and expensive business. Some of the Telluride hauls cost their owners five dollars per ton per mile hauled! Once when a snowslide completely covered the road, the freighters simply built a tunnel through the slide and carried on business as usual until the snow melted months later.

Sometimes, during the winter, it was hard to get food into Telluride and the other mining towns closeby. Numerous stories are told about the privations there. One time four prospectors managed to run an antelope into deep snow and capture it. Within twenty-four hours they had it slaughtered, eaten and had used its hide to patch their pants. At one of the nearby mines "Judge" Wescott got snowed in and became so hungry he ate the bottom of his chair. (It was made out of woven strips of untanned deer hide.) One winter Telluride ran out of flour, but did have a load of mixed corn and wheat that somebody had intended to use for stock feed. This grain was ground up in old-fashioned coffee mills and used for making bread. During the same winter the local newspaper ran out of foolscap. To replace it they commandeered all the paper in town, including that which the butcher used to wrap meat in. The latter had to sell his meat impaled on sharp sticks, so the customers could carry it home.

LABOR TROUBLES arose in Telluride during the 1900's. Miners' unions and mine operators fought each other, using every means imaginable to gain supremacy—intrigue, crooked politics, espionage, sabotage, dynamite and the torch. Professional murderers were hired by both sides. Armed strikers fought armed strike-breakers. For a time the city was under martial law, and the attacking 'troops" high on the mountainsides threatened to roll barrels of dynamite down through the city and poison the water supply with potassium cyanide.

One strike-breaker leader showed a lot of ingenuity. Besieged with his men by strikers, he holed up in one of the mines. The strikers tried to starve them out, but the beleaguered "general" had an idea. The U.S. Mail came in and out daily by packtrain, proudly flying the American flag at its head. The "general" ordered food by mail and it came in on the pack horses, properly stamped, and after bitter debate with the mail carrier, the strikers let it through.

Later this same little Napoleon of the peaks saved a man's life by the same means. One of his men was badly wounded and needed medical attention. He cut two holes in the bottom of a mail-sack and had the wounded man dropped into the sack, legs protruding through the holes, sack tied loosely around his neck. The mail carrier weighed, stamped and addressed the wounded man to the hos-

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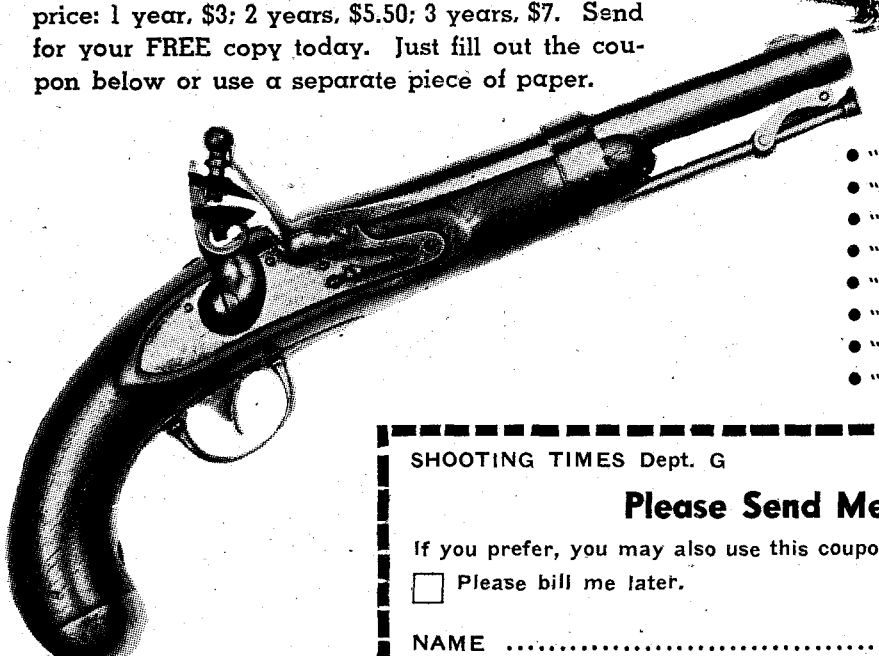

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pital and he was carried past the angry strikers aboard a pack mule.

Telluride finally settled its labor troubles. But, at about the same time, the mines started to play out and the long journey towards ghostdom began. Nine-tenths of the population left, and many of the business establishments were boarded up. Now something of a revival has occurred—but not because of gold. Some rare metals, needed for modern-day scientific developments, have been found in the old diggings and a lot of rock is being processed through the old concentrating mills.

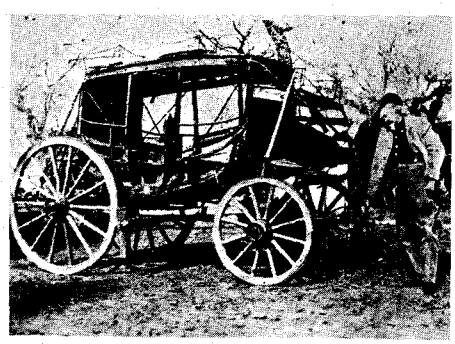
As a ghost town Telluride is a place to see, if you are ghost town minded. By car it is reached by way of Ouray on U. S. Highway 550, north out of Durango or south out of Montrose where 550 merges with U. S. 50. To reach it from the east, take U. S. 50 out of Pueblo.

And take a pair of binoculars along. If you don't, you'll wish you had!

Ask True West

(Continued from page 37)

Answer: Deluvina Maxwell, who was in Pete Maxwell's house the night the Kid was killed, was born of Navajo parents at Cañon de Chelly, about 1847. When but a girl she was captured by the Apaches. She was later sold as a captive-slave to L. B. Maxwell of Cimarron for ten head of horses. She died in Albuquerque, November 27, 1927. She always maintained that she was not the Kid's sweetheart, but a very good friend. However, she took flowers regularly to the Kid's grave for many years. Her hatred for Garrett was volcanic; and the tongue-lashing she gave him the night of the killing has become a classic of the Southwest.—From the Obituary Column Albuquerque *Tribune;* Keleher's Notes, *Violence in Lincoln Co.*



Buffalo Bill Cody posed in deep study at North Platte, Nebraska, on June 14, 1914, with the stagecoach which he had with him on the European tour of 1902-1903.

Question: I attach herewith a photograph of Colonel Cody standing beside a stagecoach. The stage shows evidence of a fire and Cody seems very downcast. Can you tell me what happened here?—Orange, New Jersey.

Answer: The photo is captioned "North Platte, 1914," but we find no record of his sustaining a fire at that time. We made inquiry of the custodian of the Cody Museum, but to date have received no information. Perhaps some reader can enlighten us.

Question: As a kid growing up in the San Joaquin I often heard of a character called Snowshoe Thompson. Would like to know if any such person existed?—A. D. Gormandi, Sausalito, California.

Answer: He sure did exist! His name was John A. Thompson, 1827-1876. He was a California mountaineer, mail-runner, humanitarian. He carried the mail across the Sierra Nevadas for twenty years on enormous snowshoes. Nothing stopped him; his knowledge of the mountains was profound; he never got lost and his feats of strength and rescues of stragglers made him a legend of the mountains. For many years Thompson was the living link with people of the eastern U.S.—*Overland Monthly,* October, 1886; *Territorial Enterprise,* November 28, 1868.

Mrs. Pullen and the Pullen House bus.

Question: What was that conveyance called that looked like an omnibus which carried passengers on the frontier, around the turn of the century?—H.K.

Answer: It was called just a plain bus. A picture of one is shown on these pages. It could carry a surprising number of people. I guess all the old-timers have heard of the lady on the box.

Question: Whatever became of Ben Thompson's shotgun? I understand it was a very valuable firearm.—Maurice Vitatoe, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Answer: Ben Thompson's English-made shotgun is in the Beeson Museum at Dodge City, Kansas. It is the weapon Thompson used to kill Sheriff Whitney in Ellsworth. It seems the gun was pawned to Chalk Beeson by Thompson's brother. W. H. Harris was Beeson's partner. Chalk Beeson was the man who organized the famous cowboy band.—By authority Mrs. M. L. Beeson

Question: When did Tom Pickett die and where is he buried?—E. Ellery, Boise, Idaho.

Answer: Tom Pickett died on May 14, 1934. He is buried at Winslow, Arizona.

Question: Who killed the bandit Murietta, and did he get a reward?—"Skyhawk."

Answer: Murietta was killed by William T. Henderson, a member of the posse headed by Capt. Harry Love, on July 25, 1853, near the eastern flank of the Coast Range. The California State Library states that rewards totaling around six thousand dollars were paid to Love. The money was divided among the posse. The amount Henderson received is unknown.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 42)

There were only two men with the herd that the bay would let ride him in time.

Father finally quit the trail and settled on some land he bought in Cooke County. When I was about nine, we moved.—George Hawk, 2765 Orange Street, Abilene, Texas.

Booger Red's Grey Wolf

Dear Joe:

Was reading a back issue of *True West* and ran across the article on Booger Red by J. Frank Dobie.

Booger and my pa were old cronies and got off some high lonesomes together. In the early 1900's, he and pa took me to a wagon yard in north Texas to see a bull elk that was penned in a box stall. Then they decided to have a drink before going to the camp grounds. Those two crazy ranahans took me into a saloon with them and the bartender fairly threw us out. He screamed, "Get that child out of here, you crazy galoots!"

We walked back over to the wagon yard and, while I had another look at the elk, Booger slipped into the saloon alone and got a pint. I admired the elk and they sipped on the bottle.

It wasn't to last long though, for the sheriff appeared with snake venom in his eye. The bartender told him that I might be a kidnap victim and the sheriff had to take me to ma before he'd let Booger and pa go.

I'll never forget it. Pa and Booger were fairly dragging their heels, and I was in tow by the sheriff who was pushing us all. Mama was mad as an old wet turkey hen but to me it was high adventure!

The nickname was tacked on Booger as a young boy when a black powder charge blew up in his face, scarring it badly. His spiel in later years at his bronc show was "Booger Red, the ugliest man alive or dead! If you say I'm not, I'll fight you till daylight in the morning."

He had a standing offer of $50.00 to any man who could ride a gelding called Grey Wolf. It was many years and many cowboys bit the dust before he was ever ridden. The Privett wagons would come to town and the call would go out for all the hard horses to be brought in—anyone with a bronc to ride got a free pass.

We had a bald-faced, stocking legged sorrel that was a good work horse but was spoiled to ride. I sneaked off and rode to town one night to tell Booger about him. He said he'd send one of his riders after him. Slim, redheaded Luther was the man he sent. Luther was tall and quiet and very sure of himself—every inch a man though still in his early teens.

That was a ride to remember with Luther spurring neck and cantle and the golden gelding lunging high and wide—bawling every time his hoofs hit the ground.

The last time I saw Booger, I was on the bronc circuit myself and heard he was camped in a little West Texas town. I rode out to see him and I'll never forget how he looked. Booger Red, the ugliest man alive or dead, was thin and old, hunkered on worn boot heels and whittling. Several ponies were tied

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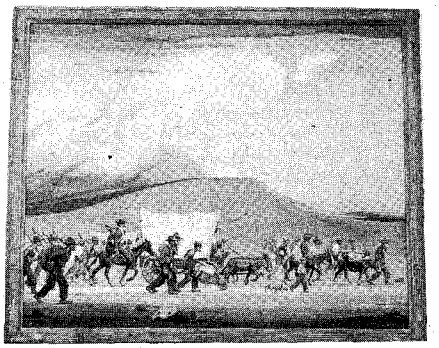

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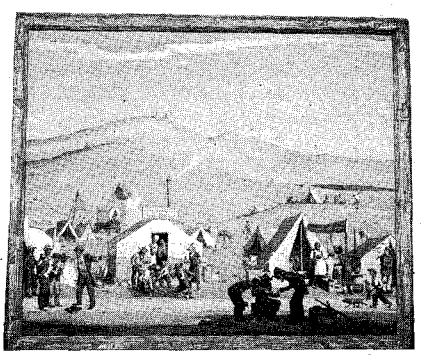

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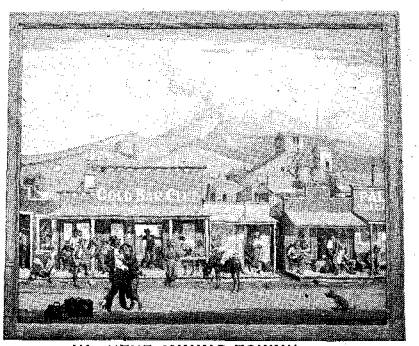

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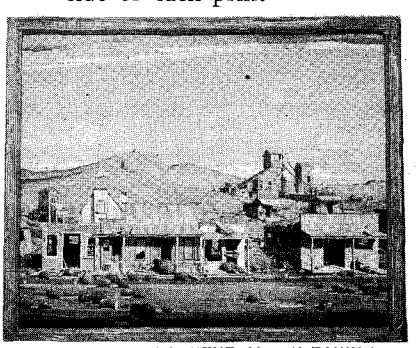

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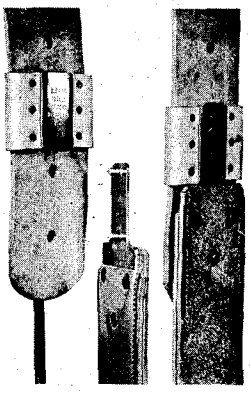

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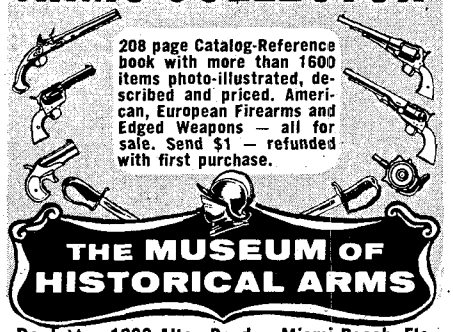

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to the wagon wheel. Among them was a bony and bowed Grey Wolf. Like his master, he was indestructible and unbroken.—R. Wayne Findley, 817 N. Jefferson, Bowie, Texas.

Bud Ballew Story

Gentlemen:

My dad was an early Texas cowboy and I was born in the state about sixty years ago. So, naturally I have always been interested in the history of the West.

I would like to read an article on the life of Bud Ballew who was chief deputy under Sheriff Buck Garrett of Carter County, Oklahoma. Buck was the brother of Pat Garrett who killed Billy the Kid. I believe Bud was the deadliest, cold-blooded killer of any peace officer of all times in the southwest. His record in the Oklahoma oil boom days was the worst since the turn of the century. He was killed in the town of Wichita Falls, Texas, by Texas Ranger McCormick who tried to disarm him in either 1918 or 1919.—L. J. Poston, 7419 Hemlock Street, Houston, Texas.

Wyatt Earp Theme

Howdy!

Last year, I did a term theme in high school on Wyatt Earp. I thought that some people might like to know some of the things that I found out while doing research on it.

Wichita city records show that Wyatt Earp served on the police force of that city for only one year. He served in the capacity of policeman, not deputy marshal—but the *Tombstone Epitaph* printed a letter which was used as evidence after the OK Corral fight signed by some of the most prominent citizens of Wichita, which stated that Earp served for over two years.

Mr. Nyle H. Miller, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, stated that Earp never served as the marshal of Dodge City, but always as assistant marshal or deputy marshal. Mr. D. L. Miller, executive editor of the *Dodge City Daily Globe* said that Earp served as marshal from July 5, 1878, to August 5, 1879. Another letter that appeared in the *Tombstone Epitaph* on the same day as the one mentioned before states that Wyatt Earp served as marshal of Dodge in 1877, 1878 and 1879. This letter was notarized by the clerk of the district court.

There is no record of Bat Masterson's ever having held a federal marshal's badge in Washington, although the *Dodge City Globe* of January 21, 1879, reported that Masterson had been appointed U.S. marshal. This gives weight to the theory that Wyatt Earp was a deputy U.S. marshal. In fact, a proclamation appeared in the *Epitaph* in which Judge William H. Stilwell of the District Court of the First Judicial District, Cochise County, stated that Earp had warrants for the arrest of men believed to be connected with his brother's murderers. Who but a federal marshal would have federal warrants?

Virgil Earp took the oath of office as a deputy U.S. marshal in Yavapai County on November 27, 1879. This appointment is recorded in the U.S. marshal's office in Tucson.

Wyatt is mentioned by the *Epitaph* as a deputy sheriff for the first time in connection with the killing of Mike Killeen by Buckskin Frank Leslie and George Perine on August 15, 1880. This conflicts with most accounts which state that Earp arrived in Tombstone on December 1, 1879, with a deputy sheriff's badge. It seems hard to believe that Earp could have served eight months before he received any recognition for his work. The *Epitaph* does not state officially that Wyatt was a deputy sheriff until October 20, 1880. Up until this time, he had been working as a shotgun messenger for Wells, Fargo & Company. He resigned this position to accept the deputy sheriff's badge.

Douglas D. Martin's book, *The Earps of Tombstone,* is an excellent little book published by the *Tombstone Epitaph.* I would like to correspond with someone who is interested in the Earp-Clanton feud.—Gary Roberts, 1606 Chesnutt Avenue, Tifton, Georgia.

Know Joe Phy?

Editor,

My father once traded a horse for a fiddle or violin. I have the violin in my possession. I think he told me before he died in 1915 that it was in Utah where he made the trade. The inscription on the violin says, "Joe Phy, Born May 22, 1845. Platte, Missouri. Was given to him by his brother Ike 1866."

If any of your readers would know about this man or his family, I sure would be interested on learning a little more about the violin.—Gilbert L. Seffler, c/o 1130 Ivanhoe Road, Cleveland 10, Ohio.

Texans In Canada

Dear Sir:

I recently ran across an old newspaper clipping that I put away some twenty years ago. It is from the "Looking Backward" column of the *Winnipeg Free Press.*

On December 15, 1878, "three tall Texan police officers, U.S. Marshal Stilwell Russell, Sheriff William Everhart and Deputy Marshal Walter Johnson, left by train for their far away state. They had been in Winnipeg searching for two notorious Texan robbers, Jackson and Underwood."

I have read many books on the Old West but I have never run across any mention of the above police officers nor the two robbers. Evidently they must have been considered pretty high on the wanted list for Texas to have sent three lawmen up here.

I would like to know were these lawbreakers ever caught, when and by whom, and what was their crime? Did the lawmen mentioned ever become well-known in subsequent activities?

I am sure that this was not a common occurrence in the Winnipeg district, although it was very much of a frontier town. At the time of the Louis Riel Rebellion (1870) it was still known as Fort Garry.

I hope some of your readers might know about this special incident because I certainly would be interested in knowing the outcome.—W. J. Larner, Box 252, Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada.

Lectures on Gun Fighters

Gentlemen:

You have the best western magazine now being published. I have been responsible for getting it going at our biggest newsstand and a large drug store.

While giving a lecture on gunfighters to over fifty people and also demonstrating the "Mexican Border Roll," the

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"Texas Twirl," or the "Ringo and Hardin Shin" to them, I also plugged your magazines.

I missed Nordyke's article about the meeting of Hardin and Hickok. However, would have to back him up. Hardin was a very dangerous man with a gun and knew every trick of the Southwest. Hickok was a play actor gunman with a nervous streak up his back. He took nine shots out of two guns to hit Coe in the groin. He knew he was a dead man in front of Wes. Of course he backed away!

I have seen a gun fight where a man held a .45, loaded with a blank, cocked and already leveled at an expert. The expert gave the signal to shoot and still fired before the cocked gun went off. I can throw a knife now, as fast as the average expert can draw and fire. Even at my age I can put a peso in my right hand, toss it up and draw and fire three shots before it hits the ground.

It wasn't the fast draw that won the shoot-out. Wyatt Earp hardly ever drew till his opponent went for his gun. Often he would give him the first shot. He lived to a ripe old age.

I rode over Northern New Mexico when its was a territory. I was a kid and was called "The Kid." I carried a Smith & Wesson .38 and a hide-out .22. Had one shoot-out against a ten-inch bowie. Only had my little hide-out. Yes, we both missed, luckily.

Someone mentioned Clay Allison in your magazine. Said what a great gunfighter he was. Clay never was a gunfighter . . . a gunman yes, but not a gunfighter. A gunfighter had a code. He was a man of great pride. He would usually give you an edge. If he lost his pride, he was done. Not Clay Allison. He was an alcoholic and wanted an edge. Usually had some of his cowboys to back him up. He was good with a knife, but never a real gunfighter. Wyatt Earp backed him down easily.

No letter is complete without a lost mine. Found one over fifty years ago in New Mexico. It's still there, I imagine. Someday when my health improves, I may look it up. It's too much bother now and don't need the money.—Bob X. North, 401 North Illinois Street No. 526, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Friend of the Outlaws

Dear Sir—

I ran across a clipping in the *Columbus Dispatch,* April 3, about Harry Hoffman, close friend of Frank James and Cole Younger.

Hoffman was eight years old April 3, 1882—that day when Jesse James was shot down by Bob Ford near St. Joseph, Missouri. He became friends with the famous bank robbers after they were released from prison. Cole Younger told of his Confederate army career and later with Quantrill's Guerrillas and the Jesse James gang on the lecture platform when he was out of prison. Hoffman thought so much of Younger because of his reformed ways that he named his son Harry Younger Hoffman. He attended Frank James' funeral in 1915 and was pallbearer at Younger's funeral in 1916.

The James gang were outlaws by necessity—as were the Dalton's. The Civil War left their homes in shambles and the only way they could get money was to rob for it. One bank was easy so they tried more. The pattern came to an end in Northfield, Minnesota, on September 7, 1876. Frank and Jesse escaped.

Harry Hoffman says there's one sure way to silence these would-be Jesse James who pop up now and then. He just asks them what was Frank's real name. Well, there's no one that knew it was Alexander—and Jesse certainly would have known that.

Jesse James, Jr., and Hoffman played together in a movie in 1920—the silent film days. It was called "Under the Black Flag." The movie was based on the James gang exploits. Hoffman played Cole Younger and Jesse played his father.

Your magazines are as far ahead of other western publications as the Thunderbird is ahead of the Model T.—Daniel H. Reckel, Sr., 809 So. Wayne Avenue, Columbus 4, Ohio.

He Needs Help!

Say, Pard,

I have recently stumbled onto something that only readers of "Truly Western" can help me with.

I need a great deal of information concerning the old L. C. Cattle Company of Gila, New Mexico. I understand it was a Mr. Lyons and Mr. Campbell who owned that brand. Any information about either the men or the company would be highly appreciated.—T. W. Clark, 1215 Wintergreen Rd., Lancaster, Texas.

Irish Cure for Rabies

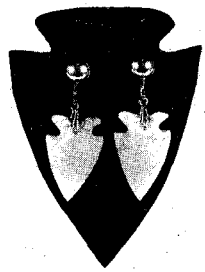
Dear Sir:

Have just finished reading your article on the madstones. Like the whiskey cure for snakebite, the madstone gets a lot of credit for two reasons: first, not all skunks, dogs, etc., that bite people have rabies and the other reason is probably the 7,000 plus of white blood cells that are in each cubic centimeter of human blood that are all capable of taking care of at least one rabies germ if they can get at it.

It is perhaps unknown to you, but the Irish peasants had a cure for rabies. It was probably discovered accidentally but it consisted in waiting till the patient began to show signs of restlessness and violence, then they wrapped them entirely in a large feather bed, careful to tie it so they could not escape or cause physical violence. Many of the victims died from suffocation or heat but also many recovered. My folks came from Ireland over a hundred years ago and I have often heard it remarked that Grandfather Daily died from being wrapped up in two feather beds and left there till he smothered from the heat.

Years later, I asked my mother about the feather bed treatment and she informed me that her grandfather said it was the only hope of a cure known at that time and that over half of the people given it recovered without any further signs of madness. Score one for the first cures with artificial fever—even though the people were too dumb to realize it.

I've talked to several medical friends of mine but they don't have the time or medical facilities to try the experiment and won't try it with a human life. In the case where a person has passed the stage for the Pasteur cure to help him, this might at least offer him a fifty-fifty chance of recovery.—Louis C. Lamb, 201 W. Wilshire Avenue, Fullerton, California.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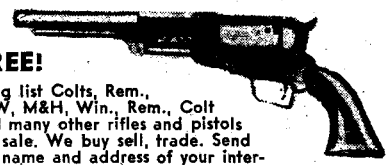
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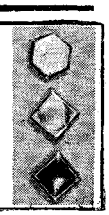
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The Cowboys' Skypilot

(Continued from page 21)

table—this all welcom of his made the camp a hangout for many homeless mountain and preairie men and his log walls and dirt roof semed like a palice to those who lived mostly under the sky . . . .

"The eavning you came there was a mixture of bull whackers, hunters and prospectors who welcomed you with hand shakes and rough but friendly greetings.

"I was the only stranger to you so after Bab interduced Kid Russel he took me to one side and whispered boy says he I don't savy maney samsingers but Brother Van deals square and when we all sat down to our elk meet beens coffee and dryed apples under the rays of a bacon grease light these men who knew little of law and one among them I knew wore notches on his gun men who had not prayed since they nelt at their mothers knees bowed there heads while you, Brother Van, gave thanks and when you finished some one said Amen, I am not sure but I think it was a man who I heard later was ore had been a rode agent . . . ."

THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE living in Montana today who vouch for the cross that Brother Van had to carry, and which biographer Smith relates in much detail in his biography, but which will be briefly told here. One night, in a rain and thunderstorm, Jonathan carried Brother Van to a ranch house out of Dillon in Beaverhead County. The young man was on his way to hold service at a schoolhouse in the vicinity, but he reasoned that no one would attend in such a cloudburst. Seeing a light in the ranch house window, he knocked upon the door. A beautiful young girl opened the door, and Brother Van found himself looking down the barrel of a gun. Although he was invited indoors, he was given to understand he couldn't stay the night since her parents were bringing back from the church meeting a minister who would occupy the spare bedroom.

"A meeting on a night like this?" Brother Van asked.

"You don't know Brother Van," she answered. "A storm like this won't stop him!"

Ashamed of himself, Brother Van, not disclosing his identity, went out into the storm, and on to the meeting house. In his heart, a strange new throb began to beat. That night he was beginning to fall in love with Jennie Johnson, a girl who not even knowing him, had such faith in him.

She returned his love, and they were to marry after she came back from finishing school, but she contracted tuberculosis and died. On his own deathbed, according to author Smith, Brother Van in his delirium talked of the things dearest to his heart—one was this long ago sweetheart (he never had another, choosing to remain single all his life) and another was Jonathan, the big chestnut who had carried him safely across Montana's vastnesses.

There are many old-timers living who remember Brother Van, men like artist Jack Wryn and photographer H. C. Eklund of Great Falls. Their memories of him are eloquent in praise of this righteous man.

"He was truly a true-blue Christian with a heart so big that he just lived for a chance to be kind and helpful to all he came in contact with regardless of their religion or philosophy. His philosophy was patterned after that of Jesus Christ, and he was filled with brotherly love," states photographer Eklund.

One of Brother Van's great friends was a freighter, a bachelor by the name of Johnny Matheson. Johnny also possessed a fine singing voice. He would sing bass to Brother Van's baritone, and he and the minister would harmonize.

Recalls Johnny's niece, Ruth Saxton, who lives in Hilger, "Whenever Brother Van came to town to conduct services, everyone turned out. And they would sit by the hour to listen in sheer contentment when Brother Van and Johnny harmonized.

"My uncle's favorite hymn was, *All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name,* and I can still hear those two men singing it! Sometime the congregation would sing the first few verses, but not many could remember all the words, but in any hymn, Johnny and Brother Van were always letter-perfect. They knew every verse, and the others would cease singing and listen to them. To hear them harmonize on the great old hymns was one of the most inspirational things in my life."

The kind and blessed deeds of this Methodist minister will be his eulogy forever. The meanest reprobate, the blackest sinner, was not so lost that on his deathbed he hesitated to ask for Brother Van; and Brother Van, wherever he was, answered. He said the prayers of the dying; he put the gnarled hands beneath the blanket; he saw the man away to peaceful slumber.

It is usual today that whenever old-time cowboys gather, their talk eventually leads to this great skypilot. Brother Van's faithful horse, Jonathan, lived to a good age, and Brother Van was sixty-nine when he passed away in December of 1919. He is buried in Forestvale Cemetery in the Prickly Pear Valley of Helena, Montana.

The Unpredictable Kate Elder

(Continued from page 27)

WHETHER Kate Elder and Doc Holliday ever saw each other again is uncertain, but if they did it was never as "me and my man." Kate had won her man and lost him—Doc Holliday was probably the only man she'd ever known for whom she felt a genuinely deep affection. Yet, Kate was Kate, she couldn't do anything about that. Her way of loving was a little too unpredictable for a man who wanted to be lonesome and unattached, like Doc Holliday.

Intimate friends have declared it was Doc's hope that one day he would meet a man faster on the draw than he was. But it was his fate to go on and take part in the now famous Earp-Clanton gunbattle at the O.K. Corral and, as the shadows lengthened in the evening of his life, to visit a sanitarium at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where, much to his disgust, he died with his boots off. Who knows but that, in those last hours, he wanted Kate suddenly to reappear, borrow another match, and save him from fate again by setting fire to the whole blamed town!

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GUNMEN AND OUTLAWS!

A Fitting Death for Billy the Kid (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) is by the old writing pro, Ramon F. Adams, bibliographer and historian. This is a highly entertaining book in which author Adams carefully examines a great many of the fantastic accounts that have been responsible for the constantly growing legend of this little no-account-cowboy-gone-bad. The book is dedicated to Old Bookaroo Jeff C. Dykes and to Martin Ismert, the great collector of the Missouri-Kansas border country. Jeff Dykes' *Billy the Kid: The Bibliography of a Legend,* (Albuquerque, 1952) may well have been the tracer that put the author on this particular trail. Certainly there is no disagreement between the author and Dykes on the facts and how they ballooned. Adams is a good man with the words and he is at his best in peeling the hide off of some of the writers who "knew" the Kid. He demolishes many of the long accepted tales about the Kid and in the light of truth, some of the incidents in his career are rather sordid. Perhaps this book should be the end of the writings about the Kid—but it usually doesn't happen that way. Once a folk-hero is created, the legend continues to grow—it will probably be so with the Kid. The legend makers will need some new sources—Adams has discredited just about all the old ones.

The California Outlaw—Tiburcio Vasquez (The Talisman Press, $5.95) compiled by Robert Greenwood, is an authentic and descriptive book about the notorious outlaw who closely rivaled Joaquin Murieta during California's dark and bloody days.

Murieta is probably the best known American outlaw, next to Billy the Kid. But there is a serious question and doubt today about the exploits attributed to this person; indeed, even as to his identity and fate.

If Murieta, then, is to us legendary, Tiburcio Vasquez is by contrast very real indeed. Like the legendary Murieta, Vasquez was the chief of banditti roaming throughout California and engaged in cattle and horse stealing, stagecoach robberies, murder, pillaging, etc. We might remark that Vasquez in several ways is the Murieta legend come true, cast in that role but in a different time by some twenty years.

The book includes the rare contemporary account by George Beers plus numerous photographs and excerpts from contemporary newspapers.

Outlaw of the Natchez Trace (Ballantine, 35c) by C. William Harrison is the

"But otherwise how did you like duty with Custer?"

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Miscellaneous

AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalogue on request from Canyon Records, 834 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix 2, Arizona.

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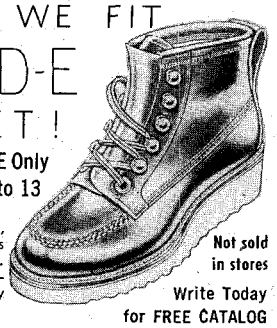

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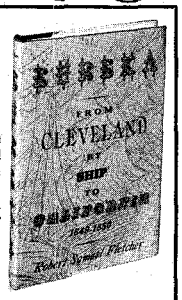

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product of diligent research on John Murrell—violent murderer, land bandit and leader of a thousand seasoned outlaws. Murrell was a specialist in organized thievery and homicide and excelled as a horse thief, kidnapper, swindler and counterfeiter.

Murrell was born in 1804. His exact birthplace is unknown but is believed to have been along the Natchez Trace in the Tennessee Valley, possibly near the town of Columbia. His skillfully trained land and river pirates terrorized business men and farmers from Tennessee to New Orleans. Accepted by all grades of society, the dapper, polished Murrell—nearly succeeded in starting a race riot that would have rocked the South and created a senseless bloody war.

This is an articulate, tensely written biography of one of the most diabolical bandits that ever preyed on a segment of the American public.

Pioneers of the Trail (Greenwich, $2) by Mrs. Artie Elizabeth Freeman is a collection of her husband's pioneer reminiscences as a cowboy, rancher and saloon-keeper. Mr. Freeman knew the Apache Kid, Cochise, Geronimo and many notables and rowdies of his time.

Freeman worked a big range and threw a wide loop. The assorted tales, however, are too briefly told, leaving the reader with the notion that a lot of good stuff has been left out.

Willie Boy—A Desert Manhunt (Paisano Press, $5.95) by Harry Lawton is the grim story of the famous posse hunt for the mad-dog of the Morongos in the Mohave Desert in the early fall of 1909.

In true Paiute custom, Willie Boy shot Old Mike Boniface, ran off with his daughter, Lolita, and fled into the arid wastes of the Mohave. For days Willie dodged the posse of whites and Indians. He existed from waterhole to waterhole in temperatures that have killed men in less than a day. During a wearisome flight he covered over 500 miles of blistering desert, living on rabbits, roots and lizards, harried by a posse under a burning sun. As a sheer feat of desert endurance, says the author, the Willie Boy episode is unparalleled.

The book is illustrated with photographs taken by Randolph W. Madison, reporter for the Los Angeles Record. These photographs provide one of the best pictorial records ever made of a western posse on a manhunt.

INDIAN LIFE

Cochiti, an Indian pueblo on the banks of the Rio Grande, about thirty miles southwest of Santa Fe, rests on the same foundations it occupied several hundred years before Coronado and his fortune hunters found it during their search for the Golden Cities. The impact of white man's culture has modified its surface but the ancient current of Cochiti life has been only slightly changed in centuries.

Honestly and brilliantly written, *Cochiti* (University of Texas Press, $10) by Charles H. Lange, is a fine addition to the ethnology of American Indians. Lange lived among the Cochiti Indians and portrays their present day life in type of community study that is used in social anthropology. He reports on their interesting customs, food, clothing, religious beliefs, superstitions, agriculture and homes. Thirty-five figures, twenty-eight plates, and thirty-four appendices supplement this original text.

The Cahuilla Indians (Westernlore Press, $7.50) by Harry C. James is volume XVIII in the fine Great West and Indian Series being issued by westerner Paul Bailey. The Cahuilla are little known outside their native Southern California mountains and deserts where they were considered to be both peaceful and industrious. But they could fight on occasion and they did, particularly under the leadership of Chief Juan Antonio. Fig Tree John is the best known of the modern Cahuilla—the late Edwin Corle wrote a very good novel about John. The best part of the book, however, is not the story of Juan Antonio or Fig Tree John or the fighting during the early Anglo period but the account of the way of life of these people. Their food gleaned from mountain and desert, their crafts, their legends and lore are described with fidelity. There are some excellent photographs and some good drawings after Cahuilla pictographs by Don Louis Perceval. Recommended.

FAMOUS LONG GUNS

Frontiersmen with guns tamed the west for the oncoming settlers that founded modern western civilization. The kind of guns used by early mountain men, trappers, soldiers, Indians and buffalo hunters are described in *The Plains Rifle* (Stackpole, $10) by Charles E. Hansen, Jr.

The term "Plains Rifle" is not used to define a certain firearm but is used to cover the variety of guns used by early westerners who hammered away on the fringe of civilization. There were many guns that belong to this age. The Hawken, the Henry, the Dimick and Gemmer were part of the "Plains" group and so were handguns and shotguns. There are vivid discussions of guns, gunsmiths and men that carried them like Jim Bridger, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Dick Wooten, General Ashley, Joe Meek, Lewis and Clark, John Colter, Buffalo Bill and many others.

There are numerous photographs and drawings of a large variety of models of fire arms used by early western Americans. The book is an excellent guide for those wanting to know when various models were invented and used.

LIE BIG!

The Peralta Grant (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75) by Donald M. Powell is the fascinating story of one of the biggest land frauds ever attempted. James Addison Reavis was a school teacher and reporter with much confidence in his own destiny. His ambitions finally led to prison, divorce and poverty but what a scare he threw into the good people of Arizona! Reavis laid claim to 12,000,000 acres of Arizona and New Mexico in 1882 and included within the boundaries of the "Barony" are the present day cities of Phoenix, Tempe, Globe, Mesa, Safford and Florence. Reavis' first claim was based on a deed supposedly purchased from the heirs. His second claim was in the name of his wife, supposedly the granddaughter of the last male Peralta owner. Reavis was a supersalesman and was able to interest many prominent people in his scheme. He sold quit-claim deeds to many of the Arizona owners of land within his grant and there always seemed to be at least one wealthy dupe to provide Reavis and his family with a handsome living. His trail of forgery and spurious planted documents led to Spain and Mexico as well as several old Southwestern Missions. He gambled and lost, but he had a lot of fun on other people's money for a dozen years. He must have been an engaging rascal.

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